WEEK ENDING JULY 16, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue **HELLDORADO** *by* WILLIAM MAC LEOD RAINE *also* **RUNAWAY** *by* PHYLLIS DUGANNE

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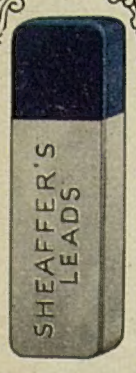

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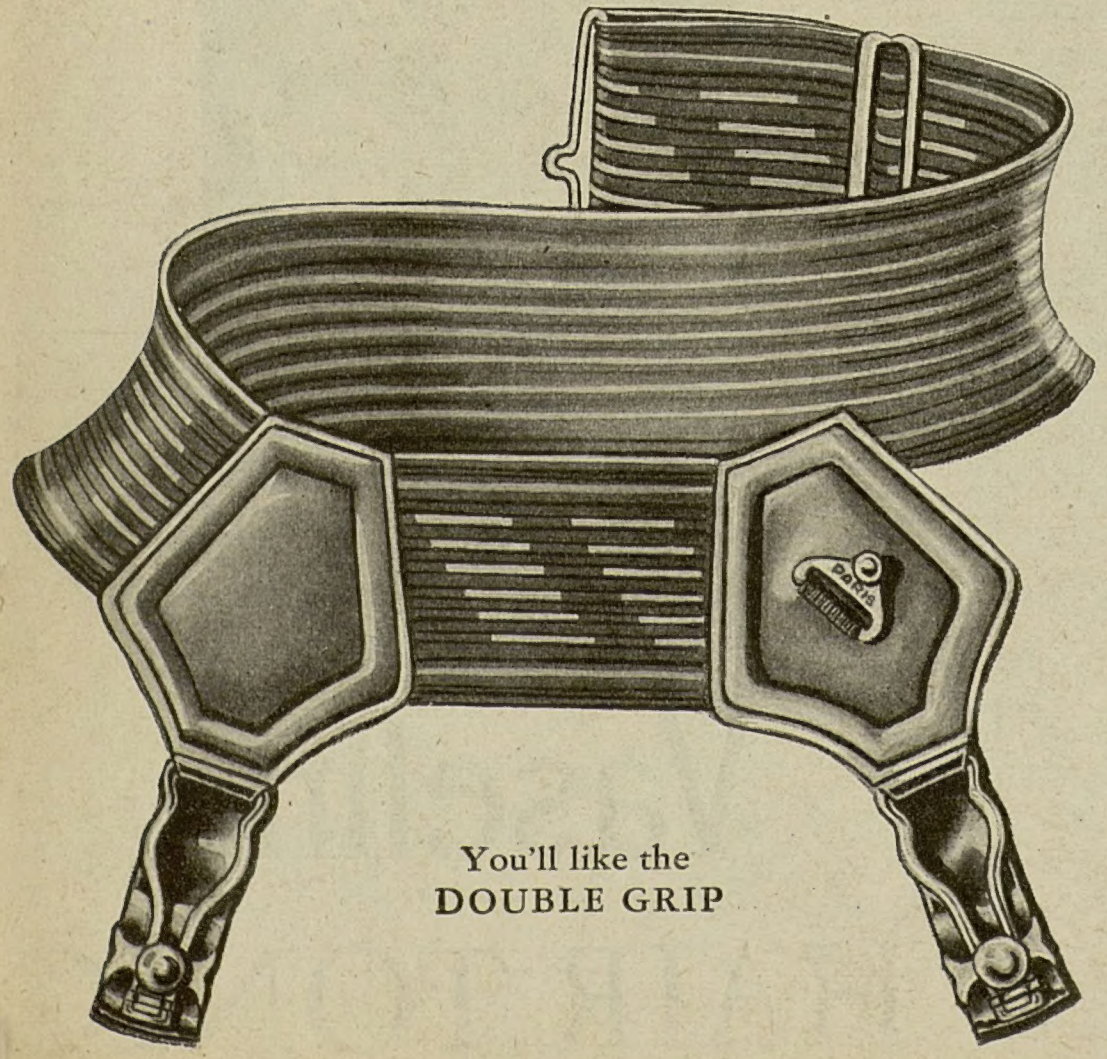

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JULY 16, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 NO. 11

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"WAR HATH ITS VICTORIES NO LESS RENOWNED THAN PEACE"

"All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers. . . . The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, of peace and plenty, of peace and civilization; but I have found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together; that, on her lips, the words were: peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death. I found that all the great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war; that they were nourished in war and wasted by peace; taught by war and deceived by peace; trained by war and betrayed by peace—in a word they were born in war and expired in peace."

Those are the words of John Ruskin, used in a lecture in which he told the pacifists of Great Britain what their course in opposing a righteous war would lead to. We cannot follow Ruskin entirely in his defense of war. Every war has its evils which are indefensible. Yet there is much to be said in favor of wars—especially past wars. No one can judge the good or evil of war until memory of personal suffering and loss has faded.

In our own history it is perhaps too early to weigh the good and the evils of the World War, but our other wars serve to show how judgment changes, and how, in retrospect, the good of wars is revealed. Our Revolutionary War was forced upon us by conditions and by an arbitrary and stubborn British ministry. The pacifist argument that wars should be prevented by arbitration falls in that case. Every effort was made to arbitrate; concessions were made, were offered; and all efforts to avert the contest failed. The resort to arms was the last resort.

There were hardships, suffering, disease, death, and starvation; yet who today believes that the results were evil? Our entire national existence is due to that war—and the name of Washington has inspired hundreds of millions all over the world. Who would argue that Washington, John Paul Jones, Israel Putnam, Lafayette, and Nathan Hale were evil in their influences, or that they fought in vain? Who will decide that Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, the Cowpens, and Yorktown were bad? Yet that was war and those men were warriors.

The dispute between the ministry and the colonies could not be settled by any conference; but if it could have been, the picture of a pudgy, fat man with glasses, and a plump, full-veined Britisher sitting at a table agreeing not to fight, would not have served to inspire Americans until this day—as the memories of those men and those battles did.

The War of 1812 was remarkable in that we lost it—or at best got a poor draw. It settled the fate of North America. Had we won decisively the United States would now occupy all of North America. Our defeat in Canada left Canada British.

The war of 1846 was frankly political and rotten—a war of conquest to extend slavery. Bad as it was, would we forget the Heights of Chapultepec or the storming of Mexico's capital? Rotten as it seemed then (and in principle now), would we have California, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona still parts of Mexico? Yet that is what they would have been had we not whipped the Mexicans and stolen their territory—just the same as we did to the Red Indians.

The Civil War brought much bitterness, suffering, and death, and hatreds—happily now almost faded. The manner in which the South rushed to the colors in the World War was not a confession that they were wrong in 1860, but that they now rejoice that their cause, for which their best died gallantly, did not suceeed.

But the South would refuse to surrender the glorious memories of Lee and Stonewall Jackson, of Jeb Stuart and Forrest. The thrill of Pickett's charge, the heroism of Antietam, and a thousand others soften the grief and wreathe the fallen.

Would North or South exchange those memories of brave, gallant deeds for a disunited country, or the continuance of slavery or emancipation by purchase? We hope against wars—and know they will come. They are bad in many ways. But of one thing we are certain, and that is, when they come it is better to win them than to lose them. And this we hold to be a self-evident truth, that any individual or nation that sacrifices its principle to avoid a scrap is degenerate. Follow the lead of the pacifists in this country, and the next war will come, just the same as it always has. It will even come ahead of time if our rivals know us to be weak. And when it comes we'll get a terrible beating from which, as a nation, we may never recover. Look at Austria today.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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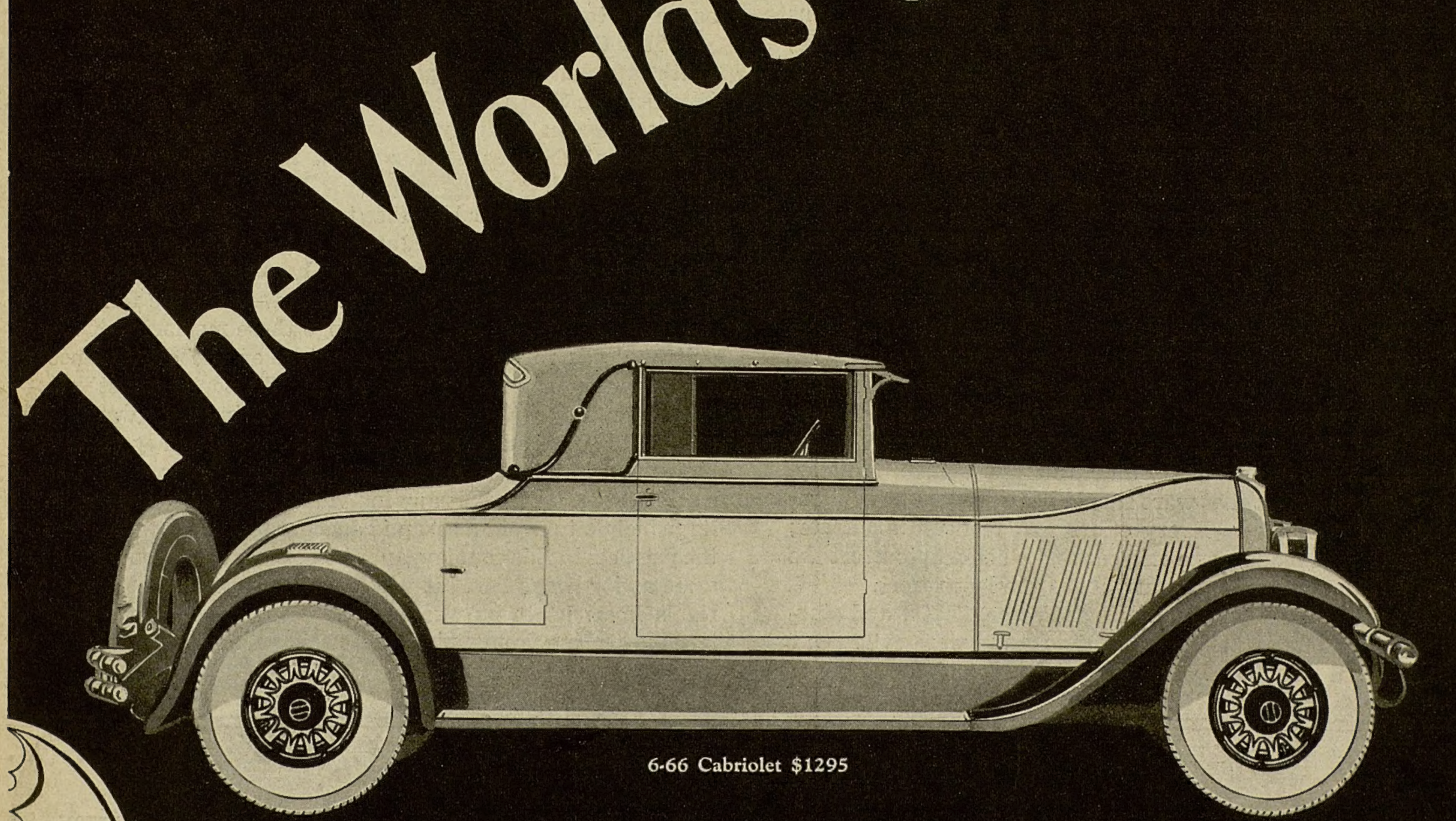

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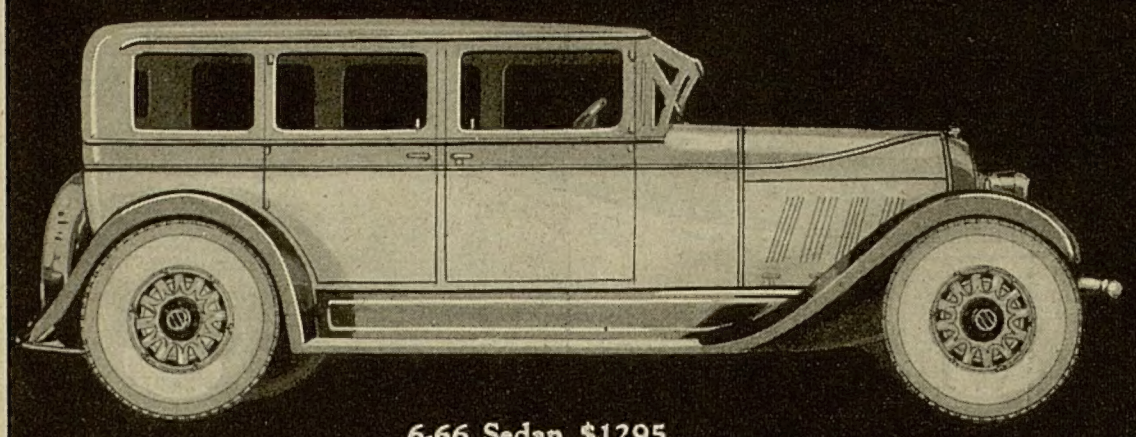

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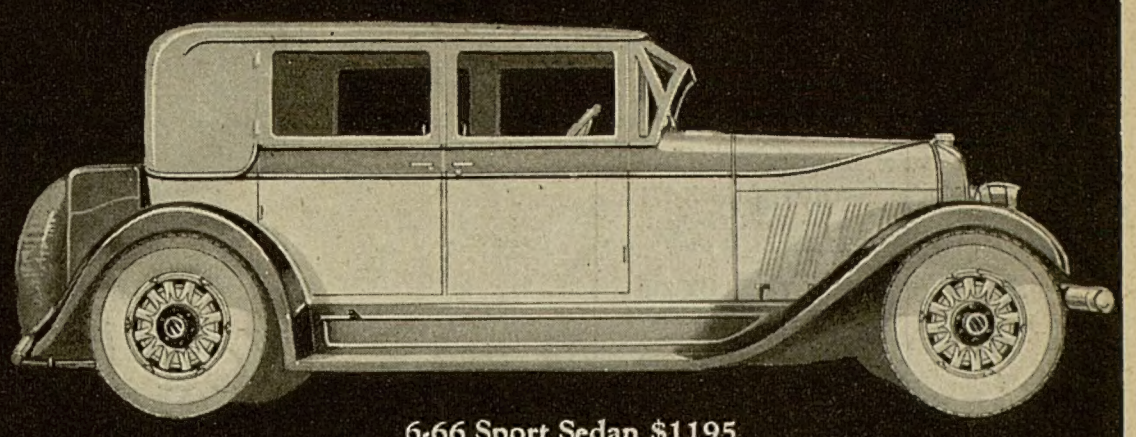

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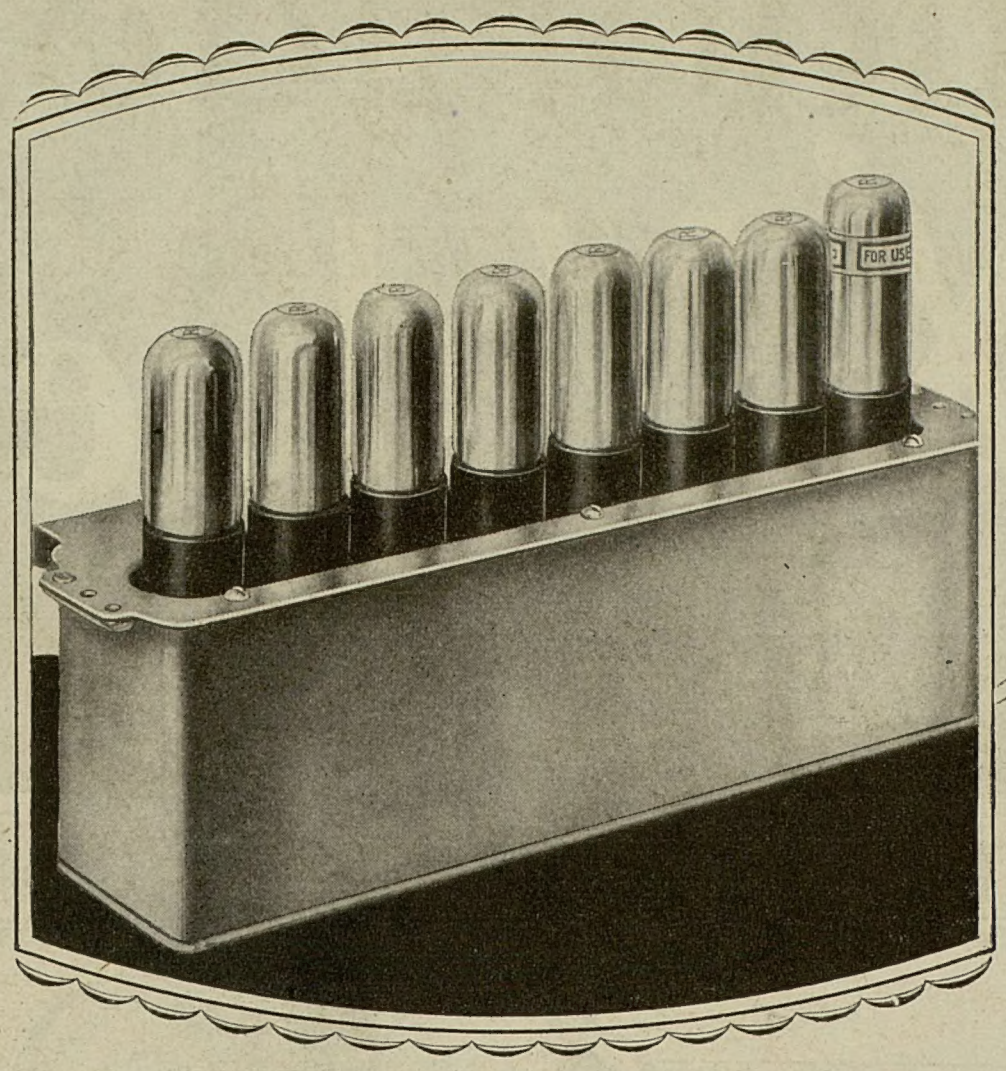

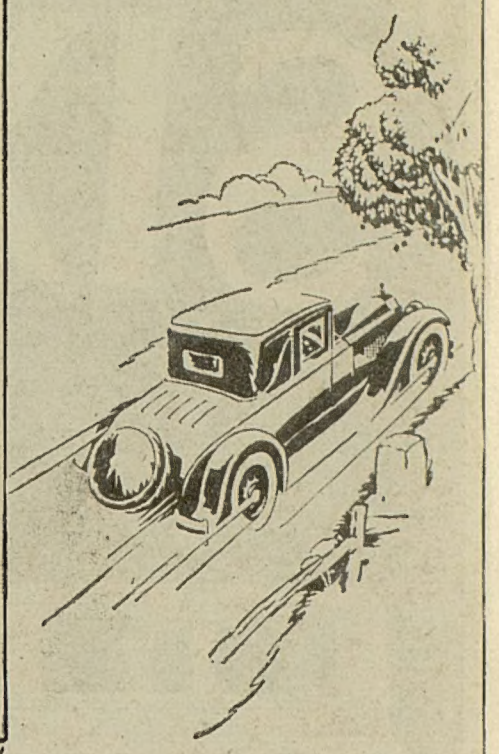

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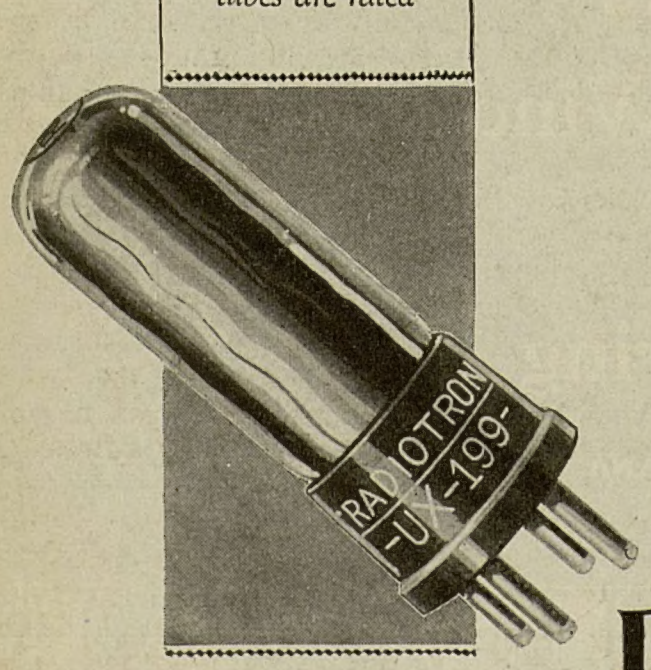

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Helldorado

Stories of Arizona's Wild Old Days, When You Couldn't Keep a Bad Man Down

Pictures by
FRANK HOFFMAN

MR. DUFFIELD did much as he pleased. There were thirteen notches on his guns.

An Article by
William MacLeod Raine

BE it understood, to begin with, that Tombstone never was a bad town. I have this on the authority of several old-timers who lived there in its high-stepping prime. William M. Breckenridge says so, and he ought to know, for, more than any other man in the camp, he carried law into the mesquite. The quiet-spoken ex-frontiersmen who may be met at the Pioneers' Society headquarters at Tucson will tell you the same.

Not a bad town. There were no holdups or burglaries. People who minded their own business were left strictly alone by the gunmen. Women were as safe as though they were in God's pocket. The gamblers were good citizens, and the wives of some of them were leaders in the church; for professional gambling was as legitimate a business as selling groceries.

A nice, quiet, clean town! When you got up in the early morning you could hear the song of the crissal thrasher, sweet and well modulated. You walked on the top of the world, beneath an intensely blue sky, in an enchanted atmosphere, and breathed air exhilarating as champagne.

Beyond the roll of hills and valleys, with their cholla and prickly pear and greasewood, rose the Dragoon Mountains, and the Mules, the Burros, the Whetstones, and Huachucas. You met miners with dinner buckets going to their work. You saw clerks sweeping out stores. Smoke rose from the chimneys of adobe houses, where mothers were calling children to get ready for school. A drooping horse stood by the hitch rack in front of the Alhambra. A hound lay in the pleasant sunshine and hunted casually for fleas.

The sound of a shot shattered the stillness, followed by an explosive fusillade. Out of the Alhambra burst a man, smoking .45 in hand. He ran limping to the horse, flung himself into the saddle, and galloped down the street in a cloud of dust. Inside the hall a man lay face down on a table among a litter of chips and cards. Another looked with pained surprise at the blood dripping from his pistol fingers. There had been an Arizona difference of opinion.

Tombstone knew such differences on the part of leading citizens. They were known tactfully as "difficulties," and the result of them as "killings." The word "murder" was harsh and offensive. There was one such difference when Curly Bill, leader of a very active band of rustlers operating in and near the Dragoons, shot Marshal White while being arrested.

There was another when Luke Short fought a duel with Charlie Storms in front of the Oriental gambling house, and left his man dead in the street. Storms was one of the best-known gamblers in the entire West, and Short already had several notches on his gun. They were the dealers at rival houses. Very likely they did not like the color of each other's hair.

There were preliminary hearings, for this was, as has been noted, a quiet, law-abiding town. In the case of Curly Bill, testimony was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HELLDORADO
Continued from Page Nine]

given by Virgil Earp that the affair had been an accident; and in the second instance Bat Masterson came to the defense to show Storms the aggressor. Cases dismissed.

FRANK LESLIE, known as Buckskin Frank, had a reputation as a killer. So had Billy Claibourne, a cowboy who had worked for John Slaughter. Frank was tending bar for M. H. Joice, at the Oriental, when Billy came in, the worse for liquor, and made himself offensive. He was ejected. Naturally, he went away,

THE stage was moving easily through a rocky defile, when a crisp "Hands up!" brought it to a halt.

armed himself with a sawed-off shotgun, and lay in wait with intent to relieve the world of Buckskin Frank Leslie. A friend brought word to Frank that the boy was stationed behind a fruit stand, ready for action.

Leslie put down on the bar the cigar he was smoking, examined his .45, and stepped quietly out of the side door, from which he soft-footed to the front along the adobe wall, caught sight of his man, and mildly called out, "Billy!" Claibourne turned, and a moment later pitched forward on his face, a bullet through his heart. The bartender returned to his duties, picking up the cigar still smoking on the bar. Mr. Leslie made comment, as he polished the black walnut top, "He died nice."

Or take the case of ex-United States Marshal Duffield, an old-timer who had kinged it at Tucson long before Schieffelin located the Tombstone, and when the Toughnut, the Visina, the Grand Central, and the Contention were sending forth their millions. He was a picturesque old ruffian, Duffield, the only man in Arizona or western Texas who dared to wear a plug hat in the early days.

Mr. Duffield did much as he pleased. He was chain lightning on the draw. Every day he drove a tenpenny nail into an adobe wall at twenty paces, to make sure his hand had not lost its cunning. There were thirteen notches on his guns. In height he stood six foot three. He was broad-shouldered, powerful, muscular.

Ordinarily he was a pleasant, quiet-spoken citizen, but when in drink he was disputatious and overbearing. Most men took one look at him—at his splendid physique, his black hair, his keen black eyes—and withdrew tactfully from any possible discussion.

But in some affray Duffield was wounded in such a way that his nerves were shattered. He recovered, in a measure, but he was a changed Duffield. This was in the '70s, when time was marked by events rather than by the calendar; as, for example: "The night afore Duffield drawed on Judge Titus," or, "The night Pete Kitchin run the tinhorn outa town."

Duffield moved to Tombstone, and tried to ruffle it bravely as of yore, but a young man named Holmes put a swift period to his career.

It will be admitted by the old-timers that Tombstone, "not a bad town," was yet not a staid New England village. Every building on one side of Allen Street was a saloon or gambling house, and these never closed, day or night.

Wild games were played, with twenty-dollar gold pieces for chips and the roof for a limit. Keno, chuck-a-luck, roulette, faro, and poker offered diverse entertainment, while bands flung music into the night. If one tired of the Crystal Palace or Hafford's, there was the Bird Cage Theater, where Eddie Foy could be seen, and where blonde Junos, working for the house, were willing to smile kindly on one while drinking champagne.

At Schieffelin Hall, if one inclined to the classical, Frederick Warde and Charles B. Hanford offered Damon and Pythias to a none too exacting public. The Can-Can Restaurant catered to palates both fastidious and the reverse. The Daling Saloon in its advertisements stressed by implication the gentle nature of its clients: "Call Frequently, Drink Moderately, Pay on Delivery, Take Your Departure Quietly." Could anything be fairer?

But if Tombstone was a nice, quiet town in which to bring up children, the same indorsement cannot be given all of Cochise County. The rich Tombstone mines had brought hard characters from all over the country. Dodge City and Abilene had struck twelve and turned good. But they contributed "Doc" Holliday, Bat Masterson, Luke Short, the five Earp brothers, and many others to the new Helldorado.

Mark Smith, for very many years the represntative for Arizona at Washington in the House and the Senate, says that in 1881 he could have counted forty killers in Tombstone, most of whom had done their killing elsewhere. It must be remembered that the population of the place was only 6,500, and that there were a hundred law-abiding citizens to every gunman. Tombstone was not bad; but Cochise County — gentlemen, hush!

Some of the toughest characters that came to Cochise were the buffalo skinners. They had taken the buffalo without price, and they undertook to do the same with cattle. Wild young Texans poured into Cochise, cowboys filled with hatred of the Mexicans on account of the history of the Lone Star State. Missouri and New Mexico were doing belated housecleaning. It was in 1881 that Jesse James and Billy the Kid were killed.

These sections offered their quota of toughs. In wagons, by stages, on horseback, they turned their faces toward Cochise County. Lincoln County, New Mexico, at its worst, and Texas in the palmy days of Sam Bass, had nothing on this southeast corner of Arizona in the years '80, '81, and '82. Lest I seem to exaggerate, let me quote from an Arizona paper dated a year or two later: "In the dark days of Cochise County, when our carnival of hell was in full blast . . ."

Incidentally, the issue of the Tombstone paper referred to mentions only one killing, one stabbing affray, one stage robbery, and one Apache outrage since the date of previous issue.

THERE were few cattlemen in the county as yet, and their ranges were poorly stocked. When four or five boys drove up a likely bunch of longhorns, few questions were asked. It was quite possible the boys had been "swinging a wide rope." Very likely they had raided into Mexico and run the herd from the range of some señor who lived in feudal style on a Sonora hacienda. What was the difference?

Galeyville, near the Chiricahua Mountains, on the rim of the San Simon Valley, was the hangout of the rustlers. They spent their time drinking and gambling here when not operating. When their money was gone they went off on another raid into Mexico for more cattle.

These they might bring up by way of Guadalupe and Skeleton canyons into the San Simon Valley.

The rustlers had squatted in the gulches, near water, and had built corrals there. Here they divided the stolen stock, rebranded the cattle, and resold to convenient buyers at attractive prices. The Mexicans at first were not prepared to resist these invasions. Later they made ready. Pitched battles were fought, with many casualties.

These rustlers had their code. They were wild and lawless. Sometimes they robbed stages. Occasionally, while drinking, they killed one another. But in the main they were easy-going, likable young fellows, few of them more than twenty-three or -four years old.

Mexican smugglers were doing a rather lively business on the border. Between El Paso and Nogales there was no port of entry, and it was easy to smuggle adobe dollars into Arizona, and American goods back. There was, be it mentioned, an export duty on silver and an import duty on merchandise. The cowboys often fell on these bands of smugglers and robbed them, sometimes after a fierce fight. Life was cheap on the border, and killing a Mexican did not count.

THEY tell a story on old Jerry Barton, constable at Charleston in 1880. Jerry was a killer, and he and Jim Barnett, J. P., ran that corner of Cochise. Someone asked Jerry how many men he had killed. Jerry was given to stuttering. He reflected a moment, and then asked, "D-do y-you c-count M-mexicans?"

Old Man Clanton and his sons, Finn, Ike, and Billy, had a ranch on the San Pedro a few miles above Charleston. The McLowrys had one in the Sulphur Springs Valley, four miles south of Soldiers' Hole. It is claimed that the Clantons looked after the interests of the rustlers on the San Pedro, and the McLowrys took charge of the stock brought up through Agua Prieta (where Douglas now stands) into the Sulphur Springs Valley.

Old Man Clanton ran one bunch of cattle too many across the line. Mexican vaqueros drygulched him and his cowboys not far from Tombstone, and left none of them to tell the tale.

The real leaders of the rustlers were John Ringo and Curly Bill (the latter legally known as William Brocius or William Graham, according to the fancy of the moment). Ringo was well educated and liked to read good books. He was at times morose and moody. When in liquor he could be quarrelsome. He was fearless, a good shot, and his word could be depended upon absolutely. He stood six foot two. Those who knew him were impressed by the pathos of his blue eyes; when in repose there was always sadness in them. It was written in his face that he would come to a tragic end, and he did; but just how he came to it, no man knows. He had been drinking heavily, and continued to do so as he rode out into the burning desert.

There are two stories. One is that he took off his boots, hung them on the saddle, and went to sleep; that when he awoke, the horse was gone; that he tore off his shirt to protect his feet from the hot sand and the stinging cacti; and that at last, tortured by thirst, he put a bullet through his forehead. The other is that Buckskin Frank, at that time aligned with the Earp faction against the cowboys, stalked Ringo, found him in drunken sleep, and shot him while he was defenseless.

But the hillmen of Cochise County, the cowboy faction, always believed that if John Ringo had lived, the Earps would never have had a chance to set the stage in the way they did for the fight with the Clantons and McLowrys at the O. K. corral in Tombstone. For he was the brains of the outlaws.

Curly Bill was of another type. He, too, stood more than six foot in his boots, and was built like a fighting man. His hair was black and curly, his face freckled. He was an amiable man in the main, and he could relish a joke, even on himself.

ON one occasion he and his crowd attended church at Charleston. It was observed that the congregation began to filter away. The minister hesitated as to what was best to do. Curly Bill explained that he and his friends had not come to make a disturbance. Whereupon the pastor changed his text. He preached on the theme that they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Curly passed the hat and saw that it was filled. Never before or since has that church seen such a collection.

Next day, Barnett, justice of the peace, met Curly, trained a rifle on him, and fined him twenty-five dollars for disturbing the peace at church. The outlaw paid, but he announced that in future he would have to stay away from church. It was too expensive for him.

As time went on it was inevitable that some of the rustlers would turn their attention to the rich shipments of bullion going out from the Tombstone mines. Among those suspected of stage robbery were Frank Stilwell, Peter Spence, Jim Crane, Harry Head, and Billy Lennord. The names of Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds have also been mentioned; they were known rustlers and suspected road agents.

It became observable that the stage was never held up except when there was a gold shipment aboard. The wise drew deductions. Somebody in Tombstone was giving notice when bullion was to be shipped.

The Earps were officers of the law, at least some of the time. Virgil was city marshal at Tombstone. Wyatt held a place as deputy United States marshal. Morgan rode for Wells-Fargo as a shotgun messenger. James, the oldest of the five brothers, ran a saloon. Warren was still a boy, though later he followed the family tradition. (He was dealing faro years later in an Arizona mining camp and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HELLDORADO Continued from Page Eleven]

was killed by another man of the same stripe. Some say the man that shot him was Burt Alvord, an Indian trailer, deputy sheriff, and train robber, whom I knew in Arizona thirty years ago. Burt was one of the few outlaws who left Arizona alive. When last heard of, he was headed for the Argentine.)

They were large men, the Earps; strong, bold, and lawless. With them as allies might be counted "Doc" Holliday, Luke Short, and others, including Bat Masterson during his short stay in Tombstone. They were a dangerous combination, for the group stood as a unit.

Gradually a suspicion arose that the Earp crowd knew more about the stage robberies than they admitted. This suspicion became active after the attempted holdup of the Sandy Bob stage near Drew's station on the way to Benson.

Bud Philpot, the driver, had changed seats with Bob Paul, the shotgun messenger. The stage was moving easily through a rocky defile when a crisp "Hands up!" brought it to a halt. Masked bandits ranged up beside the Concord. A shot or two was fired to intimidate the passengers and the guard. Then, with no provocation whatever, one of the outlaws, a slight man, fired two shots with fatal results. One killed Bud Philpot, the second pierced the heart of a passenger riding on top of the stage. The horses became frightened and ran away, so that the robbers got nothing.

The rumor spread that the masked killer was Doc Holliday. He was an embittered man, a consumptive, always too quick on the draw. As soon as the news of the holdup reached Tombstone, Johnny Behan, the sheriff, set out to trail the bandits, with Frank Leslie, Bob Paul, and Billy Breckenridge.

Marshal Virgil Earp, with his two brothers, Wyatt and Morgan, also organized a posse. The trailers started from Drew's ranch in the San Pedro Valley, followed eighty miles down the San Pedro, crossed the Catalinas within fifteen miles of Tucson, around the foot of the range to Tres Alamos, thence to Helm's ranch.

The trail winked out, but Behan's posse, augmented by the Earps, headed toward New Mexico. Evidence was brought out later, during the preliminary hearing of the Earps for the Clanton-McLowry killings, to show that the Earps had deliberately fogged the trail to permit the escape of the bandits.

There are two stories of the inside facts leading to the tragedy that followed. Both of these were sworn to later in court, one by Ike Clanton, the other by Wyatt Earp. It became known that Crane, Head, and Lennord had been with Holliday at the robbing of the stage, but that the killing had been unforeseen by them.

ACCORDING to Ike Clanton, Wyatt Earp admitted to him that Holliday had done the killing, and proposed to Clanton to assassinate the other three robbers to prevent them from telling what they knew in case they were caught.

Earp's story was that he wanted Ike Clanton to trap the three men so that he, Earp, might get the credit of arresting them in order to help his campaign for the office of sheriff.

Both of the stories agreed that Clanton was to get the $6,000 reward that had been offered for the bandits, dead or alive. Ike was of opinion, however (so he later swore), that if he fulfilled his part of the contract he would die suddenly, as dead men tell no tales.

The rustlers believed Ike Clanton's story. They felt that Earp and his gang were prepared to betray them to protect Doc Holliday and themselves. Bad blood began to brew between the cowboys and the Tombstone group. Each side made its threats.

In the meantime, before the difficulty reached the proportions of a feud, the stage that ran between Tombstone and Bisbee was held up and robbed by two masked outlaws. Billy Breckenridge and Dave Nagle were sent by Sheriff Behan to track the outlaws. This was the same Nagle who, many years afterward, shot David Terry, formerly of the California Supreme Court, while acting as a guard for Justice Field.

The bandits had covered their tracks by driving cattle across them, but they had been indiscreet. One of them had joked the passengers during the robbery by asking if they had any sugar. It was known that Frank Stilwell commonly used this word to mean money.

Breckenridge then did a fine piece of detective work. He found Frank Stilwell and Pete Spence at Bisbee. They seemed to be close pals. Breckenridge had checked up tracks found in the sand at the scene of the robbery. He talked with a shoemaker at Bisbee and learned that Stilwell, after the holdup, had had the heels taken from his boots and others substituted. The shoemaker produced the heels he had removed, and these fitted the tracks at the place of the holdup.

The suspected men were arrested. The Earps interfered. As deputy United States marshal, Wyatt claimed the right to take the bandits back to Tombstone. He did so. This increased the bad feeling between his gang and the cowboys.

The Bob Hatch saloon was the hang-out of the Earp faction in Tombstone. Word came to them that the Clantons and the McLowrys were in town.

Perhaps they had come "to get roostered," that is, to have a wild time in the metropolis of Cochise. Perhaps business had brought them. No doubt they intended their enemies to know that they were not afraid to come into their bailiwick.

EDDIE FOY performed in Tombstone's theater.

THE Oriental, a famous old gambling house.

They were hard-riding young outlaws, these cowboys, good shots, and in every way first-class fighting men. But in strategy they were no match for those opposed to them, for the professional killer's first rule is to take no chances—to shoot first and at advantage. The Clantons and McLowrys were not professional killers. They did not know the rules of the game. They were wild, reckless boys, confident of their power to take care of themselves. The Earps were killers.

The Earps at once set the stage for what was to follow. Their plan at first may have been to protect themselves, but after Ike Clanton had a difficulty with Doc Holliday in a poker game, they evidently made up their minds to force the issue. Virgil Earp, the marshal, and his brother Morgan followed Ike, knocked him down, disarmed him, and haled him before Justice Wallace, where he was fined for carrying concealed weapons.

Before the justice arrived, Ike had words with the Earps, several of whom surrounded him. According to his testimony later, they taunted him.

"Fight is my racket, and I only want four feet of ground," he told them.

Wyatt handed him a gun, the muzzle toward him. At the same time Virgil and Morgan watched him closely, the latter with his hand inside the breast of his coat. Ike knew a trap was laid for him, or so he swore later, and declined the immediate issue.

Next morning Wyatt Earp met Tom McLowry. They exchanged smoking epithets. Earp knocked the other down with the barrel of his pistol. McLowry said he was unarmed. He was knocked down again. Men led him away, stunned and bleeding.

IT must have occurred to the cowboys that they were not equipped for a clash. They made preparations to leave town. Their horses were at the O. K. corral. They finished what business they had, and saddled leisurely. But they let the precious minutes slip away, possibly in a spirit of bravado, more likely because they did not anticipate a massed attack.

Sheriff Behan was in a barber shop when word reached him that trouble was impending. He got through as quickly as possible and found Marshal Earp on Hafford's corner. Behan urged the marshal not to push the issue. Virgil's answer was:

"They are looking for a fight and they can get it."

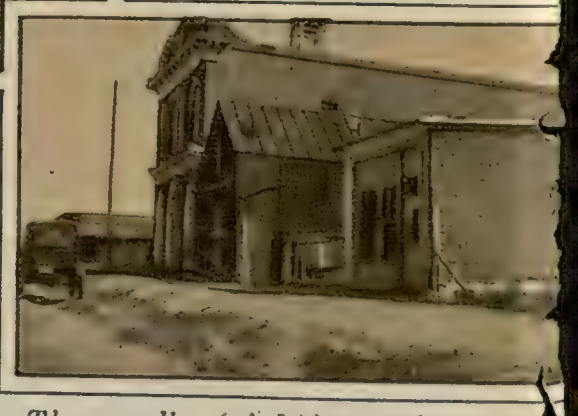
He carried a shotgun, the muzzle touching the doorsill. Morgan Earp and Doc Holliday were standing at Fourth and Allen streets.

The sheriff hurried down to disarm the cowboys. If he could do so and take them prisoner, there would be no immediate trouble.

The rustlers came out of the O. K. corral, two of them leading their horses. Behan asked Frank McLowry for his gun. McLowry said they were leaving town and objected to giving up his weapon unless the Earps also did so. Ike Clanton and Tom McLowry were not armed, and said so.

Behan knew now that he had only minutes left in which to arrange an armistice, for the Earp party could be seen coming down the sidewalk on the south side of Fremont Street below the post office. The sheriff moved quickly toward them and met them near Bauer's butcher shop. He tried to stop them, explaining that two of the cowboys were unarmed and that they were leaving town. There were four in the Earp party—Wyatt, Virgil, Morgan, and Doc Holliday. They pushed past the sheriff toward the corral.

The Can-Can Restaurant — Tombstone's Ritz.



The wall (right) against which Billy Clanton died.

Marshal Earp spoke brusquely: "You're under arrest. Throw up yore hands."

Three of the cowboys did so. The fourth, Tom McLowry, threw open his coat and said that he was unarmed.

The two parties were now standing within six feet of each other. There is no question as to what followed, according to the uncontra-

dicted testimony* of six citizens of Tombstone who saw the battle.

Almost instantly two shots rang out, so close together that they could not have been fired by the same person. Doc Holliday, carrying a nickel-plated pistol, got into action first and Morgan Earp next. A fusillade followed. The cowboys made a game fight.

Tom McLowry clung to the horn of his saddle to keep from falling while he tried to unstrap a rifle fastened there. Frank McLowry and Billy Clanton answered the murderous fire turned on them. Both were already wounded to death and knew it, but they fought as long as they had strength to lift their six-shooters.

Billy Clanton, a boy of nineteen, was the last to go down. He stood against the adobe wall of an assayer's office and kept shooting as his body slowly slid along the wall to the ground.

The battle lasted scarcely thirty seconds. When the guns no longer sounded, both McLowrys were dead or dying. Billy Clanton was so badly riddled that he lived scarcely an hour. Morgan Earp was slightly wounded. Ike Clanton had escaped by way of Fly's photograph gallery. They say that Wyatt Earp let him go, seeing that he was unarmed. "Wyatt was the best of the Earps," an old-timer told me recently.

Allen Street, Tombstone's Barbary Coast.

This was on October 26, 1881. After a long hearing, the justice dismissed the case, alleging self-defense. The editor of the *Nugget* had the courage to come out in an editorial with the statement that the sentiment of the community was that justice had not been done.

Some weeks later Virgil Earp was shot at and wounded by someone unknown. He recovered.

The rustlers were not yet through. Nearly five months after the affair at the O. K. corral, Morgan Earp was killed in Bob Hatch's saloon, the Bank Exchange. He was playing billiards at the time. A bullet fired from outside had crashed through a window to reach him. It was discovered that someone had piled up two boxes and stood on them in order to see his victim.

Spence and Stilwell, the stage robbers arrested by Breckenridge, were known to be in town. They were out on bond, awaiting trial. Spence proved an alibi as to the killing. Stilwell vanished from sight at once, riding hard for Tucson. Two Indian woodchoppers with him also disappeared.

ONE of the bandits had asked the passengers if they had any sugar.

The Earps started with Morgan's body for California. With them went Doc Holliday, Sherm McMasters, and a man named Johnson. They entrained at Benson and reached Tucson. Two men saw the train draw into the station. One was Ike Clanton, and the other was Frank Stilwell.

Said Ike warily, "They're aboard; we better light out."

He did. Stilwell lingered. It is believed he was hoping for a shot at some of his enemies. No chance offered. He turned and walked down the track, unaware that he had been seen.

Aboard the train there was swift consultation. Five men dropped quietly from the rear platform. They followed Stilwell down the track.

When his body was found, an examination showed that four rifle bullets and two loads of buckshot had been pumped into it.

The Earp party returned to Tombstone.

Sheriff Behan, standing in front of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, saw them come up. All of them were heavily armed.

"Wyatt, I want to see you," Behan said.

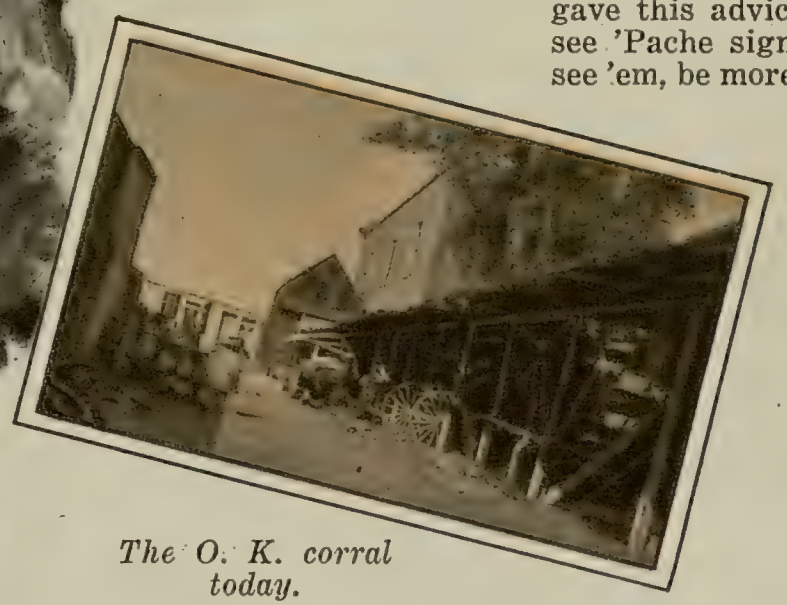
"You'll see me once too often," Wyatt answered darkly.

None the less, Wyatt knew that it was time to be gone. There were fifty cowboys in the hills ready to avenge the death of their friends. To walk the streets of Tombstone was dangerous. To take a *pasear* into the surrounding country would be an invitation for an ambushing.

Grimly the Earps and their friends rode out of town. Toughnut Street knew them no more. Never again did they dominate the Alhambra, the Crystal Palace, or the Oriental. Arizona's loss was California's gain, if you want to put it that way.

But first they had business afoot. At Pete Spence's camp they stopped to collect the "breed" suspected of aiding Stilwell in the killing of Morgan. They found him chopping wood. His body was found a few hours later.

They rode warily, keeping continual guard against surprise. Once they met a bunch of cowboys, Curly Bill at their head. There was a long-distance fight, known by the rather grandiloquent name of the Battle of Burleigh. The Earps claimed they killed Curly Bill. Perhaps they did. At any rate, he vanished from the scene of his operations.



The O. K. corral today.

THIS was the beginning of the end. Cochise County began to get "unroostered." The cattlemen had a change of heart. They sheltered and protected the cowboys while the latter were running Mexican stock across the border. But when, this grown dangerous, the rustlers turned to local product, the cowmen sided with the law.

Behan and Breckenridge and subsequent sheriffs drove the young outlaws hard. John Slaughter, a small, beady-eyed frontiersman, devoid of fear, served notice: "Rustler, get out if you want to live."

Billy Grounds, short and red-faced, tied up with Zwing Hunt, a tall, slim dandy, in nefarious cattle transactions. Breckenridge captured them after a desperate fight in which one of his posse was killed and both outlaws were badly wounded. The rest of the posse was more or less wounded.

Shortly the outlaws, as usual, were afield again. Billy Grounds came to the ordinary sudden end of his kind. Zwing Hunt, still suffering from a bullet hole in one lung, took to the hills with his brother. An old-timer once gave this advice in Indian days: "When you see 'Pache signs, be keerful; when you don't see 'em, be more keerful." The Hunts were not "more keerful," and the Apaches jumped them. Zwing fought them till he died. His brother escaped on a hobbled mule.

So the outlaws found the net of the law closing on them. The Anglo-Saxon has a passion for law and order. It may come slowly, but come it does—the wiping out of the bad man.

Six young men of Cochise County discovered this too late to be of any value to them. They raided Bisbee, pulled off a holdup, and made a getaway. But they made the mistake of killing not only two men, but also a woman. They were run down by Ben Daniels and arrested. One, a lookout not present at the crime, was tried and given life. A crowd gathered and at once hanged him.

The other five were convicted and taken to Tombstone. They were all hanged legally on the same day before a large crowd. It was a gala event. The condemned men were game. They jested with friends among the spectators and advised the sheriff not to make a mistake and hang the attending priest.

In the phrase of the time and place, they died nice.

Wild and lawless though these border miscreants were, they had their virtues. One of these was the supreme one of courage. When they came to the end of their road, they took the last jump without whining. It was coming to them, they admitted frankly.

The night riders of Cochise rode no more. Law had been carried into the mesquite.

THE END

*[AUTHOR'S NOTE: Uncontradicted, except by the Earps themselves. For more than thirty days evidence was given by many witnesses before a justice court, and the evidence was printed almost verbatim in the Tombstone *Nugget*. I have read that report very carefully. According to the testimony of Sheriff Behan, of Billy Claibourne, of West Fuller, of James Kehoe, of A. Bauer, and of J. H. Batcher, the facts are substantially as given above. This testimony was corroborated by others not actually eyewitnesses.]

RUNAWAY

Love Beats a Girl at Her Own Game

A Short Story by
PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Pictures by CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

NAN MARKHAM ran away from home for the first time when she was two years old; she was not quite twenty when she returned from a last, very nearly fatal, flight. The eighteen intervening years were a series of little Odysseys; eighteen years in which she acknowledged displeasure or irritation, boredom, or even pure contrariness, with that one gesture of running away. It was the custom of a lifetime! Yet it became, as far as she was concerned, an obsolete custom overnight.

"Of course, having a stepmother, it must make a difference," elderly relatives, looking affectionately on Nan's brown curls and flinching a little before the steady gaze of her astonishing, thickly lashed brown eyes, would excuse her.

And "If she were my own child, Phil, it would be different," Lillian Markham used to say tearfully. "I couldn't love her any more, but I might understand her better. Oh, dear!"

But if it hadn't been one excuse it would undoubtedly have been another. There was that about Nan which made people condone her faults, and through condoning increase them.

Where other girls were termed careless, Nan was impulsive; where others were selfish, they called her impetuous. A high-spirited girl, they said, a girl of mettle. And since everyone else took her on those terms, there was no incentive for Nan to enter into the depressing task of self-analysis.

If Lillian Markham had turned her over the step-maternal knee and paddled her thoroughly with a hairbrush on that first occasion, things might have been different. But Lillian didn't. That first baby flight of Nan's was exalted to the magnitude of a Magellan encircling the globe.

"Philip, I can't find Nan anywhere! I've looked and I've looked—" The nineteen-year-old bride was in tears. Her charge, the adorable, friendly baby whom she had undertaken to mother, was missing. "Phil, I—I scolded her today! She poured her milk over her hair, and—"

The father of the missing child laughed.

"Do you suppose—she's run away?" his wife whispered.

Whether she had run away, or perhaps simply wandered too far along the sunny country road, no one ever knew—not even Nan. She was found and brought home to a new, soul-satisfying importance. They had been so worried, so frightened! Darling little Nan must never, never run away again! If anything was wrong she must always come to mother—to mother, who loved her! And darling little Nan, luxuriating in the spotlight, realized that she had all unwittingly stumbled upon a gold mine. There was something in this running-away idea!

She was a sturdy and adventurous child. She hadn't in the least intended to spend that first night away from home in a strange haystack; she had forgotten completely the glowing excitement of her first venture. But it was a shining, singing sort of day, and Lillian was busy within the house preparing for a tea party. Unnoticed, Nan started out down the road, and walked on and on, realizing at last

HE had seized his hat. "I mean it! I—" He gulped, looked at her for one terrible moment, and went out, slamming the door.

that she should turn back, but beckoned still onward by colorful patches of wild flowers. She was five years old, and she traveled nearly five miles before that pungent haystack invited her, and she snuggled, in the fading sunlight, against it, and slept serenely, unaware, until morning, while the Markham household prowled the neighborhood, awake and terrified.

Careless tongues—Lillian Markham was young and exceedingly pretty—gave Nan her clew. It seemed that she was a poor little motherless thing! She'd heard people say so. And the natural curiosity and disobedience of a normal child grew into an undisciplined habit. Perhaps Lillian herself was a bit to blame. She was sentimental; she had read Cinderella in her childhood, and a thousand variations of the same story since. So she felt that Nan's conduct must be laid at her own door. She, Lillian Markham, was the stepmother—the wicked stepmother!

By the time Nan was ten years old she was almost as experienced in the wiles of the road as a professional hobo. Shelter she could always find; and, surveying the woman-at-the-door with her wide brown eyes, she could command the choicest food in the larder, while she explained her presence with a story as pathetic and convincing as it was false: a sick grandmother in the next village, lost carfare, a cruel father, or, if the presence somewhere of an adult seemed expedient, a broken-down motor a bit farther along the road.

As time went on her disappearances were received with increasing calm. "Nan's run away again," Lillian would tell her husband. "I've telephoned ahead to Hendon and Dolbury—she's been gone about three hours, I imagine."

Philip Markham would grin. "Oh, she'll come back when she's ready, Lil."

Then, without warning, Philip Markham surveyed his daughter one morning at breakfast, and realized that something must be done.

It was so exciting to have become thirteen that, just as a tribute to the day, Nan had combed her curls upward from her forehead and pinned them high on her head. Her dress was a child's dress, hanging short and straight over her slender child's body. Bare brown legs above dirty white sneakers were scratched and cut like a small boy's. But her bare tanned arms showed a grace of line, a femininity that her father had never before noticed.

Nan was going to be a lovely woman. Nan was growing up—and one does not permit grown daughters to vagabond about the countryside.

THEIR darkest fears—and Nan's—were realized to the full during the years of her education. An average of three schools a year for five years was not to be overlooked, nor, apparently, to be avoided. Nan was a devil of a girl, and she knew it. But somehow she grew up, a little taller, a little rounder, and increasingly prettier, and no one's worst fears for her were realized. A finishing year in Europe, and she returned to her native Clarkeville, vivacious, arrogant, willful—and sufficiently charming to get away with it.

Perhaps it was obvious that a man of Prescott Blake's type should fall in love with her. He was only twenty-five; but those citizens who did not already concede him to be the leading power in the town admitted that he would become so soon enough. He was a stocky, fair young man, with round blue eyes that continued to stare with the placidity of a good baby even when he was engineering some political plot.

Lillian Markham disapproved of the engagement from the first. "He's a splendid boy, Nan," she said, "and you don't like a single one of his good qualities!"

Nan's brown eyes glowed. She had appreciation as well as love for the young stepmother who had tried to bring her up—the gentle hen with her one duckling. "The noblest Roman!" she murmured, and she chuckled. "Oh, but between us won't we ride Clarkeville ragged!"

The people of Clarkeville liked Nan Markham. They even approved of her engagement to their leading citizen. As Prescott Blake, in his way, was public property, so was she a public institution. As audiences in small towns prefer the most extravagant moving pictures, films in which improbable ladies in black velvet toy with men's souls; as the cash girl in a city department store reads of yachting parties on the Mediterranean, and anguishes over the heroine's enforced sale of her seventh string of pearls, just so did Nan Markham appeal to their imaginations.

One could depend upon Nan. She should have owned a red roadster capable of eighty miles an hour—and she did. All the young men in town should have been in love with her—and were. She should have been seen (1) smoking a cigarette; (2) drinking a cocktail; (3) dancing the Charleston; (4) flirting with a married man. She was. Moreover, everyone was convinced that at heart she was a simple, unspoiled American girl, dutiful and innocent, whom the true love of a good man would soften to an exquisite matronliness. She wasn't.

IT was one of those runaway mornings, simmering with sunlight, blown by directionless winds, and Nan recognized it for what it was and resolutely shook her brown head at it. She wasn't going to go running away—not with a tennis tournament on that afternoon, and a dance at the club that evening, and a new and amazing frock in her closet!

She went into the garage and affectionately surveyed her car. A means of covering many miles in a few minutes, it was none the less the most steadying influence she had ever had in her life. To whisk out to the main highway and open the throttle wide—she could release the energy of three days' tramping in the glorious danger of five minutes when the speedometer needle quivered on the right side of the figure 70.

She slid into her seat. Her brown hands flexed lazily on the wheel as she backed the car from the garage and with an easy gesture turned it right-about and sped out upon the road. Nan drove as in former days she had walked. A pool, viewed through a cluster of trees, would make her turn her wheel sharply to follow some dusty side road until something else attracted her attention. And, as when she had walked, she achieved ultimately the same result—she discovered herself utterly and completely lost.

Watches simply wouldn't keep time in Nan's company, and for years she had measured the hours by appetite or fatigue. Now a sudden gust of wind, sweet with the fragrance of wild grape, struck her nostrils and roused an answering pang of emptiness within her. It must be nearly noon—and where was she and where was she headed? She looked up at the sun and saw, swimming gently down through the blue of the sky, an airplane, soundless, stealthy.

"Hi! Can you tell me the road to Clarkeville?" Not that she expected an answer, but she flung up her arm in greeting and grinned at the unseen pilot.

The plane continued its silent descent. Apparently it was heading for a triangular field, rocky and, it seemed to Nan, oversmall for a landing. She stopped the car and watched cu-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[RUNAWAY Continued from Page Fifteen]

riously. What could possess anyone to land in such a spot? And how—

She held her breath as the machine skirted low over the tops of a clump of blueberry. The wheels grazed a stone and bumped. Like a crazy cross between bird and kangaroo, it traversed the field and came to an ungraceful stop. In the cockpit the pilot sat without moving. Around them the world was utterly still and deserted, and Nan felt along her spine the prickle of that fear born of complete lack of comprehension. What—

"Hello?" she called doubtfully.

For an instant there was neither answer nor motion from the figure in the plane. Then it stirred; and if a skeleton in a helmet had risen up to face her, she felt that she would not have been surprised. Eerie, unnatural—

But it was not a skeleton. It was a young man with an astonishingly white face—quite, reflected Nan, resuming normality, a homely young man.

"So nice of you to drop down!" she called to him pleasantly. "I didn't really mean you to land. Just wondered if you knew the road to Clarkeville."

He was climbing out of the plane, a great length of him—more length and less breadth than Nan had ever seen before in one young man. He pulled off his leather helmet, and carroty red hair glowed in the sunshine. His enraged gray eyes surveyed her coldly.

"Were you speaking to me?" he asked.

She grinned. "Oh, no. Dear me, no! Just a habit of mine, talking to myself. I often do it. Isn't it a touch difficult to land in such a tiny field?"

Unconsciously they had been approaching each other across the grass. Now, a foot away from her, the stranger stopped and regarded her with undisguised loathing.

"Don't," he advised her coldly, "be a bigger fool than God made you."

Her eyes widened. "Did you land to tell me that?" she asked sweetly.

He ignored her. Then his eyes fell on the red roadster—at its best a not inconspicuous sight.

"That your car?"

Nan didn't like the curl of his lips as he looked at her car; further, she didn't in the least like the fact that he was looking at some object other than herself. Young men meeting her for the first time usually found plenty of eye exercise without searching beyond her.

"That your plane?" she returned.

He looked at her then, but no pleasure lighted his gaze; there seemed, even, faint criticism implied in the flicker of his lashes as he surveyed her costume.

"AS a matter of fact," he answered, "it isn't. I haven't got a plane and I don't want a plane. I hope I'll never have to see, hear, or ride in another plane as long as I live!"

"I see! You mean you don't like flying!"

"The next time I fly," said the young man, "it will be on my own personal wings—and I hope they won't come so near sprouting again for several years!"

"Oh—you had trouble? Out of gas or something?"

Even if she had been blonde and possessor of the world-champion adenoids, Nan could scarcely have looked dumber. She had to bow her head to hide from him the laughter that his outraged expression brought to her eyes.

"No; I just landed to pick a wild flower for my grandmother!" he answered. "And now will you kindly take me to the nearest telephone in that exploded tomato of yours?"

Humor was humor, and all very well in its place; but the red roadster was the pride of Nan's life. Her eyes narrowed angrily.

"In the first place, I haven't the remotest idea where the nearest telephone is!" she retorted. "And, in the second, I haven't any desire to take you anywhere!"

She turned and moved toward her car, fully resolved to leave him marooned.

"Oh—I'm sorry," he said, though he didn't sound in the least as if he were really. "I apologize! But if you'd never driven a plane before in your life, and the blinking engine suddenly stopped working, maybe you'd be a little sore at life!"

Her anger was checked by curiosity. (Besides, it was rather funny—exploded tomato, indeed!)

"You never drove a plane before?"

"Do I look like a half-wit? I just wanted to find out whether I could."

She didn't believe him, but she laughed.

"Well—what did you decide?"

HE *was* homely, but it was rather a nice sort of homeliness. When he smiled, as he did now, his angular face was rather charming.

"I'm either pretty good—or else I'm rotten!" he answered. "I don't think I hurt the thing any. But I'd better telephone the dashing young owner to come over and wheel his baby carriage home. Me—I'd walk first!"

So he told her his name—which was Gerald Watson; and his address—which was New York. And she dropped him at the first garage—and that should have been that.

But it wasn't.

She thought about Mr. Gerald Watson after she got home, and she continued to think about him. Homely, rude idiot, she thought. (He ought to dance well, with that slender, beanpole height of his!) No one but a fool would take up a plane if he wasn't a pilot. (Just give me a few ground lessons and the chance, and see if I wouldn't!) She'd told him her name and where she lived. Funny that he didn't write her a little note of thanks. (Girls were always crazy about those homely men; probably he was as conceited as a movie star!)

"This must be your young man, Nan." Her father handed her the local paper, and Nan read the story while color mounted—for no reason at all—in her cheeks.

> There was considerable excitement in East Dolbury last week when an airplane, belonging to Alan Calthrop of New York City, landed in a field about ten miles south of the Four Corners. It was driven by Gerald Watson, a friend of young Calthrop, who was forced to land because of engine trouble.
>
> It seems that Watson, although he knew something of the mechanism of a plane and had made several flights with a friend, had never piloted alone before. He was picked up by a passing motorist and carried to the Center, where he telephoned for help.

A passing motorist, indeed! Nan snorted. Well—that certainly was that!

And if the young man's own indifference had not been enough, certainly Nan's rapidly approaching marriage should have banished him from her thoughts. A month—three weeks—two weeks—

"Just think, Nan—one week from today you'll belong to me!" said Prescott Blake.

They were sitting together on the steps of her house, looking up at the stars.

"I'll—*what?*" said Nan, staring.

He touched her hand. "We'll be married, dear. Oh, Nan!"

She was silent. He'd said—that she'd belong to him. *Belong* to him! A shiver crept along her spine. What was he talking about? She was going to marry him because he was the most important young man in Clarkeville—because, between them, they would hold the town's destiny in their hands. But, oh—

"Belong to you!" she repeated.

He misinterpreted the huskiness of her voice, the pallor of her face in the starlight.

"Nan darling, you never let me kiss you!" She didn't laugh and say, "Oh, don't be a fool, Prescott!" as she usually did. For the first time, she remained quite still, quiescent, as his mouth pressed upon hers.

"Nan—you darling!"

He had never dared before to kiss her like this. Months of accumulated longing were released as he crushed her against him, kissing her lips, her eyes, her throat, her lips again.

For a moment she sat unmoving, hardly breathing, as if her breath were exhausted. Then she pushed him away from her with such vehemence that he nearly fell from the step.

"Don't ever—do that again—as long as you live!" she panted.

"Why—Nan!"

"I won't—be kissed like that! I tell you, I don't like it! I won't belong to anyone! I belong to myself."

His hand closed on her arm firmly. "Don't be an idiot, Nan! I'm in love with you—what do you expect?"

What did she expect? She hadn't expected anything; she hadn't thought—

"I—I'll run away!" she threatened.

Prescott Blake laughed. "Be your age, Nan! You can't run away from life!"

But she could run away from *him!* Marriage! She didn't know what she had been thinking of. She'd rather die than marry Prescott Blake! He was lighting a cigarette, and in the flare of the match she stared at his face. Marry *him!* Suddenly the tremendous throbbing of her heart ceased, and she sat calmly.

Perhaps she should try to explain, to tell him that she was going. Perhaps— But why should she? Scenes, expostulations, argument—she didn't consider Prescott above tears. She would go, go simply, as she had gone in her childhood. That he deserved better treatment didn't bother her.

AND so she went. Quietly, late that night, as she had gone so many times before, without word or message to anyone, she disappeared in her red roadster. Clarkeville responded beautifully, dramatically; and Prescott Blake, leading citizen, strode gloomily around, a baffled, moody figure, deserted almost at the church door. The comedy of it might have ruined a lesser man.

The Markhams found the roadster in a New York City garage three days later; but it was a week before they discovered their daughter.

"Oh, hello, you two!" she greeted them blandly, when they appeared at the door of the furnished room in which she was living. "I was just going to telegraph you. I've got a job and I'm going to stay here in New York. Fed up with Clarkeville, anyway. How's Prescott?"

Her brown eyes shone; she was smiling her most entrancing smile. And they were so relieved to find her well and unharmed that they were powerless.

"But, Nan, you're grown up now! You can't do such things!" Lillian remonstrated.

Nan shrugged and grinned. "But I *do* do 'em, darling!"

The inevitable words of the senior in life:

"Some day you'll be sorry! Some day you'll be hurt as you hurt other people!"

And the inevitable disbelief: "Life can't catch me. Pish, mother! Not to say tush!"

She had walked into a decently paid secretarial job on her second day of search. Where girls of experience were taking places with less opportunity and less salary, Nan had calmly found herself a position at forty-five dollars a week, with room for advancement. An importing house needed a semi-executive whose French was perfect, who knew how to compose letters in which the plain business facts were shrouded with Gallic politeness. Her parents gave up demanding her return to Clarkeville almost without mentioning it. They sent on her clothes, her books, her pictures—and they forwarded a letter.

Nan opened it casually, glanced at the signature, and then sat wide-eyed, with one hand

pressed for an instant over her mouth.

DEAR MISS MARKHAM:

I hate writing letters almost as much as I hate flying, and having you already associated with the one, I am loathe to associate you with the other.

Aren't you ever in New York? And won't you call me some evening at the above number if you are? Yours,

GERALD WATSON.

So he hadn't forgotten her! She had known, somehow, that he hadn't. Her heart thumped as she scurried down the hall to the telephone, dropped in her coin, and called his number.

"Mr. Watson? This is Nan Markham. I just got your letter. I'm living in New York now."

IT was a week before she knew that she was in love with him, and afterward it astonished her that she had been so slow in realizing. That very quickening of her breathing when she heard his voice over the telephone should have told her.

Being in love! It wasn't in the least like being engaged to Prescott Blake! It filled all her thoughts. Everything that she did or felt or said was tinged with it. Then, one Saturday afternoon, when they had lunched together as usual and headed up Fifth Avenue in the clear autumn sunlight, she saw that he knew, too.

His hand closed on her arm firmly. "Don't be an idiot, Nan! I'm in love with you—what do you expect?"

They had been on their way to a matinée; but as they reached the street down which they should turn, he hesitated.

"Let's not go to the theater. Let's walk up to the park."

"All right."

He was silent, and as they walked she stole little glances at him, so tall and slim, with the angular young face she had grown to love set in stern lines. What a lot she had learned of him since that day when he rose from an airplane and faced her!

That he had been born on a cattle ranch in Arizona, and had moved from there, via freight cars and feet, to San Francisco, where he spent a few dull weeks as a garage mechanic—the natural reaction, he told her, with that illuminating grin of his, from having played nursemaid to his father's cattle. At eighteen he shipped as a sailor on a steamer which had traveled, like a bee in a flower garden, from one South Pacific island to another. Somehow, after a taste of the Orient and a swift view of Europe, he got in two years of college and one in the real-estate business in Detroit. In a year in New York he had held down seven different positions, and now appeared firmly ensconced in the eighth, with an advertising firm. He was twenty-six years old.

"You're a good egg, Nan," he said.

She smiled up at him happily. "Think so?"

"Yeah." He nodded, as if he had given the matter much consideration. "I never thought I'd get married," he said slowly. "Me—married!" He looked at her sharply, and then grinned. "Oh, well, I suppose it can't be helped!"

She laughed. "Of course, if you feel that way about it—"

BUT he had become serious again. "Honest, I'll make a heluva husband! Not cut out for it. What d'you think?"

Her heart was hammering so! "Oh, I guess you'd do, someway."

"You probably wouldn't be so hot yourself as the perfect wife!" They looked at each other and laughed again. Love—romance—

"I always said I'd try anything once!"

She knew that such happiness had never come to another woman. Love—love!

"I suppose you'll have to tell your family. We won't have to make a blinking circus of it all, will we?"

"Of course not."

She was quite willing, walking there at his side, to turn and go to the nearest minister or magistrate and become his wife without further talking.

She loved him! She was so confident in her happiness that when the two of them faced her father and mother the next Sunday, she received Lillian's suggestion as if it were the maddest whim of a maniac.

"You've known each other how long—three weeks?"

Lillian was addressing Gerry, but it was Nan who answered:

"Oh, but we met ages ago, mother—before I left Clarkeville! And, anyway—"

"Don't you think it would be nice if you promised us that you'd wait—say a year—before you're married? To give you time—"

"A year!" Nan rocked with laughter. "Don't be ridic, mother! We'll be getting married in a few days. What's the use of wasting time?"

Lillian continued to address her remarks to Gerald Watson:

"You've seen so much more of the world than she, Gerry. Nan isn't quite twenty, you know. She's headstrong and she's willful. She—"

"Hey! Don't tell my young man all my faults! He'll find 'em out soon enough!" Nan grinned at him, and then, slowly, an expression of alarm spread over her face. "*Gerry!* Gerry!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[RUNAWAY
Continued from Page Seventeen]

He smiled. "Not a year, Mrs. Markham. It's too long. But—"

"Six months?" asked Lillian Markham quickly. Six months was all she had wanted, anyway. "It can't do any harm, and it isn't such a long time. And then you'll *know.*"

"*Gerry!*"

He took Nan's hand in his. "I think your mother's right, Nan. I—oh, you know how I feel! But—"

Nan watched with horror as Lillian Markham held out her hand to Gerry.

"That's a promise, then?"

"A promise."

"Gerry, how could you have!" All the way back to the city she scolded him. "You don't love me! You—"

He stopped the car abruptly.

"I don't love you! You little fool." He crushed her against him, holding her so tightly that he hurt her; yet she had no wish to be released. "You just haven't any sense! I'm so damned crazy about you that—oh, well!"

He laughed a little as he let her go.

Six months! Never had Nan known time to drag so. Six months in which she saw him every day, six months which to her seemed three-quarters made up of partings. ("Good night, darling!" "Good night, Gerry. Oh, Gerry, don't go yet! Don't—oh, *damn!*" And she would stand where he left her, watching him go away.) *Six months!*

They quarreled often, quarreled, to part angrily, blackly. In the morning—sometimes only a scant hour after he had gone—Nan could not remember what they had quarreled about. Sometimes, the next day, in trying, laughingly, to discover the forgotten reason for their late anger, they would quarrel again—tenuous, hypothetical arguments about abstract things like freedom and honor and marriage. Nan would discover herself passionately defending some belief that meant less than nothing to her.

IT was toward the end of the third month that they quarreled in earnest—quarreled, and pridefully did not speak for ten tortured days; did not speak until Nan, flinging aside her pride and her misery, telephoned to him:

"Gerry, I'm sorry! It was all my fault! If you'll ever forgive me—"

Incredibly, they had quarreled over the relative literary merits of Joseph Conrad and H. G. Wells. One of those arguments in which the issues were clouded and drowned by such phrases as "Anybody with the brains of a mosquito would realize—" and "Only a bullheaded, mentally undeveloped child of seven would think—"

When he arrived, ten minutes after her call, at her rooming house, they stood clasped in each other's arms, silent and almost awed by the peace and beauty of being together again.

"Of course Conrad can write rings around Wells," Nan whispered, kissing Gerry's ear and closing her eyes in almost unbearable happiness.

"Oh, Wells is all right. He has a lot on the ball," murmured Gerry, pressing his lips against her soft cheek where it curved downward toward her straight little nose. "Oh, Nan—"

"Oh, Gerry! Gerry, we mustn't quarrel so. Why *do* we?"

He released her moodily. "It's this damned business of being apart, I suppose. We talk too much! If only—"

"Let's not, Gerry!" She clung to him, looking insistently up into his face. "What do we care? Let's get married tomorrow! Gerry, let's. We've waited long enough! We might wait too long!"

He didn't look at her. "Nan, we promised!"

"You mean *you* promised! I didn't! Gerry—Gerry darling!" On tiptoes, she pressed her face against his. "Gerry, don't you want to? Don't you want me any more?"

"Nan!" He wrenched himself away from her. "I tell you, I promised your mother. You can't ask me to go back on that!"

She looked at him angrily. "'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more!' Don't be an idiot! Who cares? Gerry, if you love me—" He was silent, his back toward her. "Gerry, I—I'll—" She didn't say it, but visions of railways stretching off into the distance, of steamers plowing up the harbor, of automobile speedometers with needles that flickered beside the figure 70 went dancing before her eyes.

"It's you who make it difficult!" he burst out suddenly. "My God, look at *me* playing the rôle of the patient, sensible one! *Me!*" He faced her furiously. "Me as the dear, noble, renunciating hero! Me talking about what's best, when I—"

"Well, why do you do it, then?"

"Maybe I won't! What's the use of trying to be decent, with you giving me no help? What do I want with conventionality, anyway? You and your family! I suppose you'll make me into a commuter, panting after the seven-fifteen, coming home with kiddie cars and lawn mowers under my arm! I wish I'd never laid eyes on you!"

"Gerry!"

He had seized his hat. "I mean it! I—"

He gulped, looked at her for one terrible moment, and went out, slamming the door.

NAN paced her room furiously. Quarrels, quarrels, quarrels! Was all her life going to be like this? She wouldn't stand it! She *wouldn't!* She—she'd run away!

She packed a suitcase feverishly. Perhaps she should send word to the office— But what did she care? What did she care about anything? She cashed a check and taxied to the Grand Central station, faced the ticket seller as defiantly as if it were all his fault.

"Where to, miss?"

Where to? "Oh, San Francisco!" What did she care—where to!

In the train, she was conscious only that dozens of little revolving wheels were putting miles between herself and Gerry Watson. This would teach him a lesson! This would show him that he couldn't talk to her like that! He'd call her house and not find her! The office. She was glad she hadn't left word. Her parents. They wouldn't know. Perhaps he'd think she was dead! He'd worry; he'd reproach himself; he'd be *sorry!* She hoped that he'd suffer; she hoped— Oh, Gerry darling, darling Gerry! As if he hadn't suffered enough already! She loved him; she loved him with all her heart. She was cruel, wicked, hateful! With eyes suddenly soft, and red mouth tremulous, she sought the conductor.

At Chicago she boarded a train for New York. Little wheels, revolving so slowly over the rails! Would the train never get there?

There was no word from him at her rooming house. She telephoned Clarkeville.

"Mother! This is Nan. Mother—"

"Oh, Nan!" Lillian's voice was reproachful. "After you'd promised! You might at least—"

"Has Gerry been there? Has he telephoned? Have I any letters?"

"Of course not! What do you mean—you haven't quarreled already?"

"Already?"

"Aren't you married?"

"M-married! What do you *mean?*"

Lillian had called her office and found her gone. Directly she had called Gerry's office. He hadn't been seen or heard from for three days. There had been only one conclusion for the Markhams to draw.

Lillian Markham's laughter gurgled across the wires. "Oh, Nan—Nan! How *fun*-ny! He must have beaten you to it!"

Furious, throbbing with anger, Nan slammed down the receiver with her stepmother's laughter still ringing tauntingly in her ears. Gerry gone! When she had sufficiently calmed the torrent of angry tears that followed, she, too, called his office.

"Haven't heard a word for nearly a week. Landlady hasn't seen him—and he didn't take his things away. We're rather worried, Miss Markham."

Worried! But what could have happened to him? Could he have found her gone and—and— What if he were *dead?* She was lying, dry-eyed, shaken with sobs, when Lillian Markham appeared.

"I took the first train, Nan. No word?"

"No. Oh, mother!" She flung herself upon the floor, clutching her mother's knees. "Find him for me, mother! I can't bear it!"

Her stepmother did not laugh then, though occasionally in the course of the next few days a slight gleam of humor shone in her eyes. Here indeed was retribution—but retribution that, as the days passed, was being paid more than in full.

"I can't bear it, mother! I—"

A week, and it was eleven days since she had seen or heard of him!

"I'll never run away again as long as I live! I didn't know—I didn't *know!*"

She thought of Prescott. Had he, poor thing, endured any of this? She thought of her stepmother, scarcely older than she herself was now, faced, time after time, with a child who disappeared as if the earth had swallowed her. She hadn't *known!*

She wouldn't go back to Clarkeville. She had, by request, resigned from her job, and she sat waiting, waiting, in the little furnished room.

The Markhams forgot the justice of her punishment in worry over her. Nan was growing pale and hollow-eyed.

"Mother, if anything has *happened* to him!"

LILLIAN moved to New York, and together they kept the vigil.

"I never realized; I— *Mother!*" There was something familiar about that ring at the door; something about those footsteps along the hall.

Lillian opened the door, and Gerald Watson stood on the threshold.

"I—I'm sorry," he said. "I couldn't get back sooner. I went to Europe. I—"

"Gerry!" Radiance broke, like sunlight, over Nan's pallor. "Gerry—my darling!"

They didn't know that they were alone in the room; they hadn't heard Lillian Markham close the door behind her.

"Nan—beloved!"

She would never be unhappy again—never!

"I—I was just plain afraid, Nan! I thought I didn't want to get married! It's such a coward's trick, running away. But I was afraid to face you. And then, when I was on the boat—somehow I couldn't cable—"

"Gerry darling!"

"And then I knew! I don't want to be free! I want you and—oh, you might as well know the worst, Nan—I want a home! *Me!*"

She laughed delightedly, holding his head against her breast. "Gerry—Gerry!" Their eyes met in a long, understanding look.

"Well, idiots!" said Lillian Markham, opening the door. "I suppose I might just as well release you from your bond now. It's only two months short, anyway."

Nan looked at Gerry. "I've lost my job—and he's probably lost his. We—I guess we'd better just face the music, don't you, Gerry?"

"You darling!" He kissed her quickly, gratefully. "Oh, Nan—" He looked up at Lillian Markham. "Two months isn't anything!" he said.

"Nothing at all!" repeated Nan. "Oh—Gerry!"

Lillian Markham laughed.

"Have it your own way," she said cheerfully.

"Our own way," corrected Nan. "Our—*our* way, Gerry! *That's* the way we'll have things!"

THE END

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NUMBER, *Please?*

A Telephone Girl Listens In and Picks Up the Cue for a New Screen Drama

An Article by

Frederick James Smith

Herbert Brenon, stormy petrel of filmdom.

ALTHOUGH The Telephone Girl is just a routine program picture from the Famous Players-Lasky studios, it has a distinct interest for film fans. It is the last photoplay to be made by Herbert Brenon, the director, before leaving Famous, and, although Madge Bellamy plays the heroine, The Telephone Girl brings forward May Allison, who plays the wife with a past, for the best rôle of her career.

Miss Allison, a well known comedienne, costarred with the late Harold Lockwood at the old Metro studios and later became a star in her own right.

She really was born on a Georgia plantation. Her mother was a Wise of Virginia. The long line of Wises includes a governor and a Confederate brigadier general.

After leaving the Centenary Female Academy at Cleveland, Tennessee, Miss Allison violated family tradition by going on the stage. She played *Beauty* in that pseudo-morality drama, Everywoman, was seen in the Ina Claire rôle in The Quaker Girl, and she appeared with De Wolf Hopper in Iole.

She began her celluloid career in 1915, playing with W. H. Crane in the Famous Players film version of David Harum.

Miss Allison has not appeared in films frequently of late, as she grew sick of the vapid ingénue rôles to which the screen condemns most blondes. And, since she has saved a tidy sum and is now the wife of James R. Quirk, the publisher of *Photoplay Magazine*, she can sit back and wait for the rôles she likes.

The Telephone Girl, written as a play by William De Mille and called The Woman, is a tale of old-time politics, with a boss trying to pin an indiscretion of the past upon the rival party's candidate for governor. The woman involved proves to be the boss' own daughter. How a telephone girl, who has listened in, protects the woman, is the story.

The Telephone Girl has the workmanlike direction of Herbert Brenon, one of the real pioneers of pictures, who always has been a stormy petrel of filmdom.

Brenon was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1880. His father and mother were literary folk and his brother, Algernon St. John Brenon, became a prominent American critic.

The Brenons moved to Pittsburgh, and there, at sixteen, Herbert got his first job—as office boy in a real-estate office. He came to New York and landed a four-dollar-a-week job in a theatrical booking agent's office. At night he worked as an extra in a current stage melodrama, Sporting Life, at seventy-five cents a performance. The booker learned this and fired Herbert for leading a double life.

Madge Bellamy (left), the switchboard heroine of The Telephone Girl, and May Allison.

Brenon then played in stock and in vaudeville until he became the lessee of a picture house in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. That made him decide to follow the films. He returned to New York and became scenario editor of the old Imp Company, at seventy-five dollars a week.

Universal made him a director and he produced such old-time favorites as Ivanhoe, Absinthe, and Neptune's Daughter. In 1914 he moved on to the William Fox studios and directed Theda Bara in several vamp shockers of the day. Then he persuaded Fox to let him direct Annette Kellerman in a big special, The Daughter of the Gods. The picture turned out to be the first of all the million-dollar films, and Brenon's contract with Fox was terminated by cable while the former was in Bermuda. This quarrel finally culminated in an order keeping Brenon's name from appearing anywhere on the film.

This followed a serious accident during the making of the picture, when a huge glass tank collapsed, cutting the director badly.

Brenon then organized his own producing company and made War Brides, with Nazimova starred. This was an anti-war story and, when America entered the war, the film had to be withdrawn. The company collapsed.

Brenon then went to England and made a propaganda film. Fire destroyed the negative. Brenon was ill. A whole series of misfortunes—and it was several years before the Irish director fought his way to the surface again as the director of Peter Pan.

Brenon made A Kiss for Cinderella and then turned in a ten-strike with Beau Geste. Now he is once more independent and his first film for United Artists release will be Warwick Deeping's Sorrell and Son. It was because Famous Players would not let him direct this story that he parted from that company.

There you have Brenon: a temperamental, quick-tempered Irishman and a magnetic and interesting film pioneer who keeps apace with pictures.

Brief Comment

Rough House Rosie—A rowdy comedy starring the It girl, Clara Bow. Here she is a slangy factory girl who loves a prize fighter. Clara is peppy, but the comedy is pretty weak.

Is Zat So?—The story of a prize fighter adopted by a millionaire and transformed for a moment into a butler. Of course, he reverts to the ring and wins the title. Adapted from the stage success, which succeeded largely because of its snappy dialogue. Minus the cross-fire repartee, it is just a comedy of medium merit.

Do you know that—

Harold Lloyd is doing a New York story and is to film scenes at Coney Island? . . . Ernest Lubitsch is making the exteriors of Old Heidelberg in Germany? . . . Phyllis Haver will have the Francine Larrimore rôle in Chicago when Cecil De Mille produces it? . . . Joan Crawford is playing opposite William Haines in Spring Fever? . . . Antonio Moreno has returned from England, where he played opposite Dorothy Gish in Madame Pompadour? . . . Douglas MacLean is going to make a trip abroad?

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS is fewer horn-rimmed spectacles and more airplanes in the diplomatic service. Half a dozen Ambassador Lindberghs in the capitals of Europe would gain for America the respect due its gray hairs.

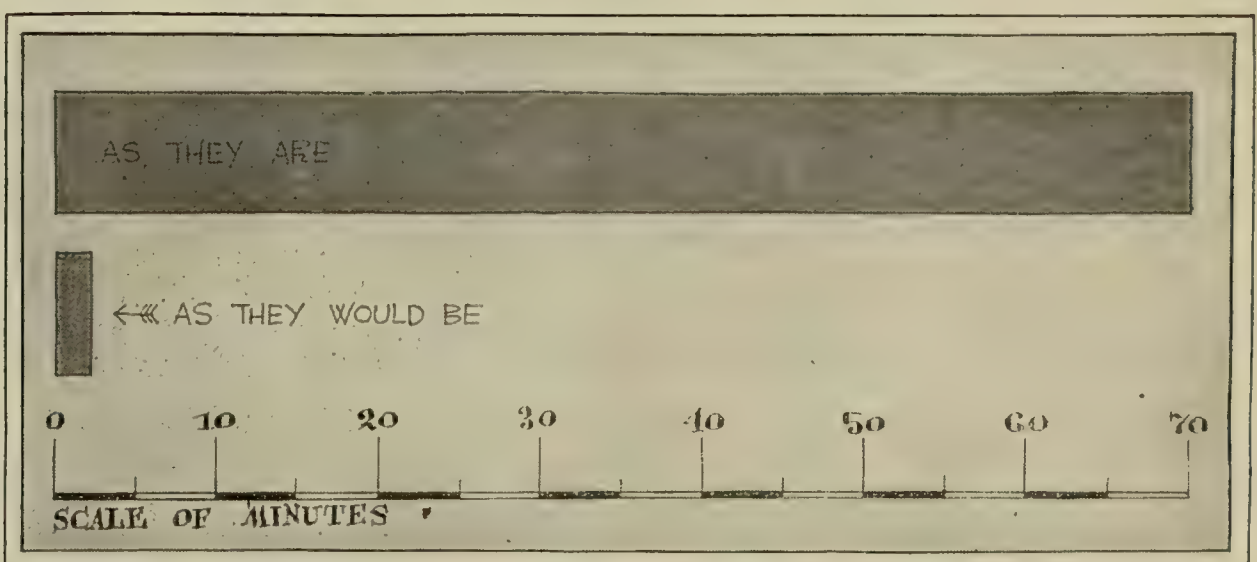

DIAGRAM PREPARED FOR THE DRAMA LEAGUE showing the average length of motion pictures as they are and the average length if heroes did not begin by nobly taking the blame for villains' misdeeds to shield loved ones.

STATUS OF LEADERS IN THE HOLLYWOOD ARISTOCRACY: Gloria Swanson having outdistanced Pola Negri, then a Countess, by becoming the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, is passed by Pola Negri, who has become the Princess Mdivani.

YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT of Jeremiah Flut, our tireless campaigner against the Short Skirt Evil, taken in 1898, when he was doing such noble work against the dust- and germ-collecting long skirts of the period.

A USEFUL GIFT FOR THE PRESIDENT: Billy Gibbs, the goat, sent to the White House by an admirer. Billy's mission in life is to devour all the other fool gifts that are sent to the President by admirers.

Coming in August

The eyes of the world

Paramount News

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EMANUEL COHEN
EDITOR

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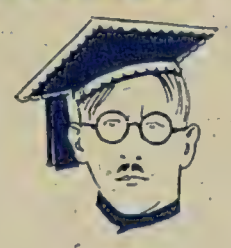

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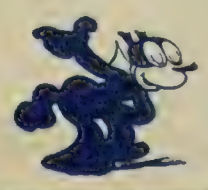

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* Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp. Released by Paramount.

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Lillian Gish

Being the True Story of a Great Tragedienne

By Sidney Sutherland

REEL TWO

"RELIGION is a delicate subject for a person in the limelight of the world to discuss," said Lillian Gish, folding her slender hands in her lap. "Patriotism is difficult enough, but one's religious beliefs are so much more sacred. Nobody will admit he can possibly be wrong, or that the other man can possibly be right.

"But I have said that I believe the screen will bring all men to a common conception of one God and to a universal sense of international relation and duty. And I am prepared to discuss my ideas in the matter. Please follow me closely, and let me feel my way slowly."

As she mobilized her thoughts for utterance I followed her closely and I watched her even more attentively. The way a woman says things is almost always more important than what she says. And women, when they talk, have many ways of revealing what lies within them.

One taps the floor with her foot; another tugs at her dress; one frowns; this one has nervous knees; that one simply exhales that mysterious color of individuality which we call personality. Most of them pose, one way or another. What secrets of sought effects could mirrors tell!

Lillian Gish does none of these things. She sits very quietly always. When you look at her against the cushions, you see only a slim little white thing with incredible eyes. In fact, all you see is eyes! Great, gray windows through which her repressions and withholdings look calmly and unhurriedly out upon the interesting panorama of life. She has no pose: she has only poise.

I watched alertly for that thing which comes stealing out of the presence of other great women—comes stealing across the room until it pervades your own soul with its subtle raiding power. The femininity, chaste and fragile, of Lillian Gish is the first thing that takes hold of you; but it is entirely different from the femininity that comes swirling across from other women until you rock a bit on your feet. Possibly if she but narrowed her gray eyes when she looked at you, you would feel that intangible thing that so many other women impart. But she never does.

She seems to have no wish to take possession of you and fill you and hold you until you close your own eyes. All she has to give, she gives to her art. I believe it is more than any woman in the world has given since the Duse went to sleep in Pittsburgh to dream throughout all eternity of the poet who pilloried her heart.

The Gish has much to give to all men; she has nothing to give to one man sitting before her fireplace.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Lillian Gish in this scene from The Scarlet Letter displays vividly those touches of technique that she says cannot be defined.

Luncheon on location while making Annie Laurie. Miss Gish is seen at the left. Others (left to right) are Norman Kerry, her leading man; Russell Simpson, Director John Robertson, Oliver Marsh, cameraman; Creighton Hale, and Harry Buquet, assistant director.

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[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Twenty-five

And yet, she is not cold; for the fire that leaps across the darkened theater and burns you with her wrongs and fires you with her joys comes from no extinct volcano. She is not cold; she is merely cool, and the visible crater gives small hint of the molten secrets below.

She has this lava under absolute and unrelaxing control. She is wise, I think, in tending to that fire. When one man shall be privileged to warm his hands above that incalescence it may be that the rest of mankind will be robbed of some part of the glow the whole world partakes of today.

In only one external manifestation does Lillian Gish unconsciously betray the mighty tumult that exists within, the giant genius she keeps so securely tied down with the gyves of self-command: Whether she is lost in voicing her thoughts, an abstraction so enveloping and sexless that it makes you wonder as you watch it; or whether she sits in silence in her flying car and looks at the gardenias and the fountains in the gardens along the road; or whether she stands wearily but never impatiently while the cameraman shouts at the electricians on the sets where I watched her work so often; or whether she is waiting for a servant to fetch her favorite dish, a salad—no matter what she is doing, unless her right hand is otherwise occupied, she is forever pressing back the cuticle of the thumb with its neighbor index finger!

CAPABLE of a stillness that is almost cataleptic, she has talked to me for six hours and made no other movement but that.

Sometimes the thoughts tumble out of her in a torrent; sometimes she feels her way carefully along the lane of speech. Now her words were groping little feet that reached out tentatively along the ground of her delicate topic. And this is what she said:

"They insisted that I could not make The White Sister and The Scarlet Letter, because they dealt with religious problems involving the love of a man and a maid. Indeed, for a long time Will Hays had forbidden the filming of Hawthorne's masterpiece. But I felt that, since nothing in the world is closer to humanity's heart than religion and love, some way could be found to tell these wonder stories inoffensively and beautifully on the screen.

"So I told them—and I had my way. It has been one of the few things in my career which I venture to call a triumph, to have received lovely letters about these pictures from bishops of both Catholic and Protestant churches. I have never read one adverse criticism from dignitary or layman as to the way the subjects were handled.

"So it is that I do not hesitate to speak my mind on what I think the films will contribute to mankind's religious future. Certainly none will underrate the mighty rôle they play in the world today, or deny that they are seriously co-ordinating the thoughts of all mankind.

"I spoke a while ago about that exquisite thing we call the rose. Many things have combined to produce it—soil, seed, water, sunlight, cultivation, and a carefully respected pedigree of previous beauty.

"So I believe that each religion will contribute its quota of excellence to the final, world-girdling religion. From each, man will choose that which answers humanity's age-old universal cry for beauty and truth and peace and justice and consolation and promise.

"A red rose is no more lovely than a white one. One creed is no more perfect than another, nor any worse. Who knows whether the spectrum of a million years hence will not permit another and more ravishing combination of color than any we have yet beheld? Who knows if we shall not develop yet another sense to add to the five we have today, and with that sense perceive beauties and truths in the universe we cannot even imagine now?

"Who, then, shall say what religion, what comprehension of the Creator, mankind is yet to know and embrace?

"FRANKLY, I believe that the first glimmer of this universal faith will come out of India, mother of so many of our mental processes, incubator of so much of mankind's present spiritual heritage, first guide to so much of what we know and think today. There the germ may start, gathering body and strength from every current faith as it slowly circles the world—disclosed at last to humanity by means of that infinitely greater moving-picture art which is coming tomorrow, and capturing and holding at last the minds and hearts of all men everywhere.

"Long before this comes to pass, I think that patriotism, as we know and practice it today, will have succumbed before the logic of a finer world-understanding, and be replaced by an international sense of unity and justice and peace. When this has been achieved, it will not be so difficult for the idea of a common religion to find acceptance in minds already attuned to understanding and tolerance and friendship. Just as the thousand national flags of today will be merged in one banner that all humanity can serve under, so will the religions of today be amalgamated with the newer beliefs in one faith that all men will comprehend and approve and practice.

"This may seem somewhat radical, coming from one who is supposed to know little outside her profession; but men and women all over the world are commencing to find fault with a mental and spiritual condition that would permit—indeed, encourage—the slaughter and misery and heartbreaks of the World War. I have thought about it because it has seemed to me inevitable that motion pictures will bring the changes I foresee, and because I believe that the pictures are the only means whereby these changes can be made.

"You see, I regard moving pictures as the third discovery of all time. The three things that more than any others have altered the affairs of mankind are these: docu-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Cheiro, famous seer, read Lillian Gish's palm (shown here) and found a future even more glowing than her career to date. "An artistic hand," says Cheiro. "The Line of Heart (A) shows intense affections, with love a thing of ideality and depth of feeling. The Line of Head (B) joining the Line of Life (C) denotes prudence, caution, and a nature extremely reserved and free from impulse and exaggerations. To her the lightest promise is as binding as a written contract. The Line of Destiny or Fate (D) is in an unusual position, running from the center of her palm toward the base of the index finger. It shows Miss Gish to be one of the most successful artists in the world, and the turn to the left indicates greater triumphs than she dreams about, even in view of her brilliant past. By joining another line near the middle of the hand and thence appearing stronger and clearer, I foresee that her most phenomenal pictures will come after she is thirty-five years of age. The Lines of Sun or Success (E) confirm the promise of the Line of Destiny. The Health Lines (F) reveal the terrific tension that she, as in the case of every other genius, lives under, no matter how unruffled and poised the surface of her life may be. It is the price that Miss Gish must pay for her extraordinary success."

If you asked Senator Curtis which cigarette he prefers, he'd say to you:

Hon. Charles Curtis of Kansas, the Leader of the United States Senate

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

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Charles Curtis

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

mentation, money, and the motion picture.

"Documentation began when the first man arose from all fours and drew a rough outline of a buffalo on the walls of a Pyrenean cave. That was the first message transmitted without words. The next savage who saw that awkward drawing knew instantly what the rude artist meant. Steps in documentation now become easy to follow: pictures, clay figures, signs, hieroglyphics, writing, printing, telegraphy, and radio. This was the first, and up to then the most important, event in mankind's history.

"Next came money. It began when one primitive man saw something he wanted in the possession of another and was not powerful enough to ravish him of it. He swapped something he had for the thing he desired. That introduced a tremendous thing into human relations, and it gave value to the things that were, and are, rarest on earth.

"The first money may have been chipped flints or iron disks or hammered gold. It makes no difference. Man replaced brutality with cunning and began to buy the things he wanted instead of fighting over them. The development of bargaining, exchange, banking credit, and so on, become obvious, and their importance in the affairs of humanity self-evident.

"THE last great discovery is the motion picture; and it is the greatest yet, for it is the only universal fact. Even documentation and money halt at the first frontier. The screen is a cloud on which the lightning of common understanding plays for all the world to see.

"And believing these things as I do, you will easily see why I am bold enough to predict the things I do; for the moving picture will in time destroy all boundary lines, eliminate all causes for dispute, and make one of all the world."

Miss Gish looked inquiringly at me to see whether I had followed her as closely as she asked. I nodded. Then she said something that astonished me:

"Another reason why I think the germ of this future world faith will come out of India is because of Cheiro."

"Kiro?" I asked dazedly. I had no idea whether the word meant a sect, a man, a poem, or a town. I couldn't even spell it. She spelled it for me.

"Yes, Cheiro," she continued. "Cheiro is a follower of the philosophy of the East, a student, a palmist. I don't mean he will have anything to do with the new religion, but he is symptomatic of the new trend in human thought. The earliest sciences are astrology and astronomy, and the Indian mystics have led the world in their study. These men have transcended all the ordinary ranges of human thought. They peer into the future because of their introspective powers, because of their centuries of comparing the event with the prophecy, because of their knowledge of what human beings will do under given circumstances.

"Cheiro, who once merely devoted himself to foretelling individual and world affairs, has dedicated his life for decades to perfecting himself for fit association with that company of Indian seers and thinkers, and he feels that if he can help to bring humanity to a common plane of understanding, sympathy, and love, he will have achieved the single purpose of the Eastern philosophers.

"When such groups have labored and struggled and suffered through the ages simply to attain one goal, it is not unreasonable to believe that they will contribute importantly to the eventual solidarity of the world.

A DRAMATIC moment in The Wind, Miss Gish's latest picture.

"Cheiro clearly foresaw the deaths of King Edward and of Kitchener. And, whether I believe in his powers or not, you may be sure I felt very happy when he told me my mother would recover from her present illness. She has been helpless for a year. When one you love is desperately sick you grasp at any little thing that cheers you.

"He tells me, too, that all the years of my work in the films are leading to finer things, and that I shall make pictures far lovelier and more truthful than anything I have done. He bases this on my numbers and planets. But I should despair if I thought that all I have studied and tried to achieve were not indeed a preparation for greater interpretations on the screen."

Miss Gish mused for a few minutes. Then she resumed along another tack:

"I said 'all I have studied and tried to achieve.' I wonder if you, or the public that is unfamiliar with the making of a moving picture, have any idea what is required to produce a film that runs an hour or two in a theater? You buy a ticket at the box office, find a seat, and watch a picture for a little while. Then you get your hat and walk out. In two hours you have witnessed something which may have taken us eight months and a million dollars to make.

"You have seen a woman walk across the screen, pause at a window, and turn to stare at a man coming through a door. It takes forty seconds to show you that scene—and it may have taken us forty hours to get it right. We may have done that one bit of acting a hundred times in rehearsal, and a dozen times before the camera; and that is only one of a thousand episodes in the play.

"WHY didn't we get it right at first and save the immense cost and labor? Why did we require ten electricians, two or three cameramen, a director and his assistant, continuity clerks, carpenters, an orchestra, dozens of lights, and hundreds of hours of repetition and rehearsals and tests?

"There are many answers, but the principal one is inclosed in a word: *technique*. I cannot dwell too emphatically on the colossal importance of technique. It is something you acquire only through many years of back-straining, head-splitting, heartbreaking toil. It is something you must learn and absorb. You cannot inherit it, nor can it come full-born to your work.

"And having attained it at last, it is something that must be immediately and completely forgotten. If you are conscious for the most fleeting fraction of a split second that technique is required, the scene is spoiled and will have to be done again.

"If you haven't yet got it, the picture will show it; if you have it and know it, the camera will reveal it; if you are in perfect command of it and do not reveal that control, the scene will stand.

"Nobody can tell you what technique is, or there would be schools where you could learn it in a brief moment and then go to the camera fully equipped to act. Nobody can impart it by illustration—that is to say, by showing you how to hold your hand, or move your lips, or lift your eyes. Nobody can help you with it in any way whatsoever, because it is something that escapes words. It is the one thing in the world that I can think of without using words to think about it!

"But I can tell you something about its mystery and its manifestations by comparing the movies to the speaking stage. Incidentally, there is no more conflict between these forms of entertainment than there is between painting and writing, or between music and sculpture.

"On the stage you rehearse a scene until it is mechanically proximate to what the director and the era

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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A focal point of the world's attention is now the revealed knee. It is superbly covered with lovely color and sturdy silk if it is clad in

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

actors and the author desire. You are, after all, primarily and to the last, working with words. You are just across the footlights, close to the audience; you can feel its response to what you say and how you say it; you and your hearers are in the same room; you appear to them the same size all the time; and, most important of all, you are uttering words—the author's message. The herald of this message is less important than that the message be interesting or instructive.

"For two thousand years the great minds of humanity have been busy writing messages for somebody to deliver across the orchestra pit. The messages have lived and the men who wrote them have lived—but most of the puppets who delivered that message have died and been forgotten by the next generation. This proves that the play is far more important than the player—on the speaking stage. There the characters are created by the author; their portrayal may or may not be fine: it is unimportant, since you may read the message by your fireside.

"THE vocal actress will be told by her intuition, her experience, her director, her critics, her friends, that she has given a great performance. She has no way of *knowing*, since she has nothing to check up by. And she is given something we in the films can never receive—applause. I think applause must be very wonderful—and a dreadful test of one's equilibrium.

"To act greatly or to sing gloriously and then, night after night for years, to stand and listen to the *bravos* and cheers—that must be very beautiful, and very dangerous. It is inspiring, a splendid reward for fine work, which we of the pictures can never know. Without this deafening and visible sign of the world's approval and acclaim, we must, indeed, be buoyed up in our obscure studios and exhausting labors by something beyond mere financial compensation. You may call this reason for carrying on what you please: for me to name it were not modest.

"But applause is perilous if it tends to distort the actress' sense of values. I mean, that once I called on a woman who was regarded in her day as the greatest soprano the world had ever known, and the first thing she showed me was a huge pile of scrapbooks containing laudatory notices of the ovations she had been accorded during all her triumphant years. Vanity is a factor destructive to great performance.

"On the screen all this is different. The camera is not pitiless, because that implies it can be pitiful—and it can't. It is hideously impersonal in its fidelity to the thing you have given it. There you are—and there the camera shows you. No director or critics or friends or applause or conceit can change the situation. You either are good or you are bad—there is no middle ground. It is the most truthful, the most discouraging, the most inspiring critic in the world; you can't fool it, and you can't fool yourself.

"Then, too, we have no great creative writers for the screen, because writers deal with the very things we cannot use—words! If you will think that over for a moment you will be appalled by its significance.

Try, for instance, to imagine telling a roomful of guests, each speaking a different language, the story of The Three Musketeers without opening your mouth!

"We get a story, either an original one or one of the classics of the stage or of literature, and after we read it we have to do all over what the author did in the first place with his wonderful tool—words. We have to create it again with no tool at all to work with. We have to create it in a brand-new way, a way for which we have no precedent, no tradition, no guide—a way hedged about with innumerable limitations and

Her first big part, as Elsie Stoneman, *in The Birth of a Nation.*

difficulties and enormous expense and newness.

"It has never been done before—how shall it be done? We have to tell the story without saying a word. But it is worse than that, if you can imagine it, because we are forced at the present stage of our development to make the plot apparent; we have to make the message transparent; we have to pack the film with subtitles instead of subtleties to interpret our interpretation!

"JUST now the audiences cannot comprehend and do not want *suggestion*. It tires their deductive faculties; it ceases to be entertainment and becomes a mental chore. They must have the obvious. And in showing the obvious we become mere pawns in the plot, not great characters conveying human emotions in a great way.

"This is where technique becomes priceless. You will understand this better when you watch us work in my next picture. Now, I can only hint at what I mean when I say that in making one brief scene I may have to employ three or four different kinds of acting—a different technique every moment.

"For example, say the scene has me standing at an ironing-board and I am shown to the theater audience as across a room. To show that I am tired, I pass my hand across my brow, my lips are weary, my eyes dulled by fatigue, my whole body is expressive of exhaustion.

"Then there is the same scene with the camera showing only the ironing-board and my body from the waist up; followed by a close-up showing my face alone.

"Each of these may be repeated a hundred times until the director and I are satisfied, and even then the 'rushes,' as we call the tests shown in the projection room the next day, may so displease us that we go back and spend another day of sixteen hours' ceaseless work, and another day, and another, until we achieve the effect we want, and then pick out the 'rush' to be incorporated in the finished film.

"To show me full length across the room, the camera is about twenty feet from me, and at that distance I am almost gymnastic in my technique, my actions: I make quite sweeping the gesture of passing my hand across my forehead. The lips are drawn down to what would be a ludicrous degree if you could see a close-up of them. My eyelids go far beyond what they would in real life if I were really fatigued; and my whole body droops and contracts at least an inch inside its normal measurements.

"In the medium shot—still timing each movement to the ten feet I now stand from the lens, and remembering to forget the effect this will produce on the immensely magnified picture you will see on the screen—I reduce the angle and arc and tempo of the hand moving toward and across my brow; I restrain the lips to a less graphic portrayal of weariness; I cut in half the curtaining of my eyes and begin to elongate their focus; and I convey bodily exhaustion by a more limited collapse of the torso and shoulders.

"In the close-up—that deadly test of technique photographed at six feet—I employ a radically different demonstration of the idea I am striving to put across. The hand now begins to take part in the picture of fatigue; the cords on its back, the quiver of the fingers, the arching of the knuckles, the distressed searching of the tips for relief to the throbbing forehead, the laxity of the wrist—all these step into the character.

"The lips can now tell their story by the faintest suggestion of twitch at their corners and their hint of compression. The eyes carry their message of dullness and despair by merely lengthening their focus on an imaginary point beside and far beyond the whirling camera—in addition to the actual dullness I try to draw up from my soul to blur the retina and iris with! And my head replaces the pictured fatigue of my whole body by moving a fraction of an inch to one side and then being jerked back to motionlessness, the while the eyes pile up the drama of utter weariness.

"On the screen the audience sees all this cumulative effect in a few seconds, never guessing that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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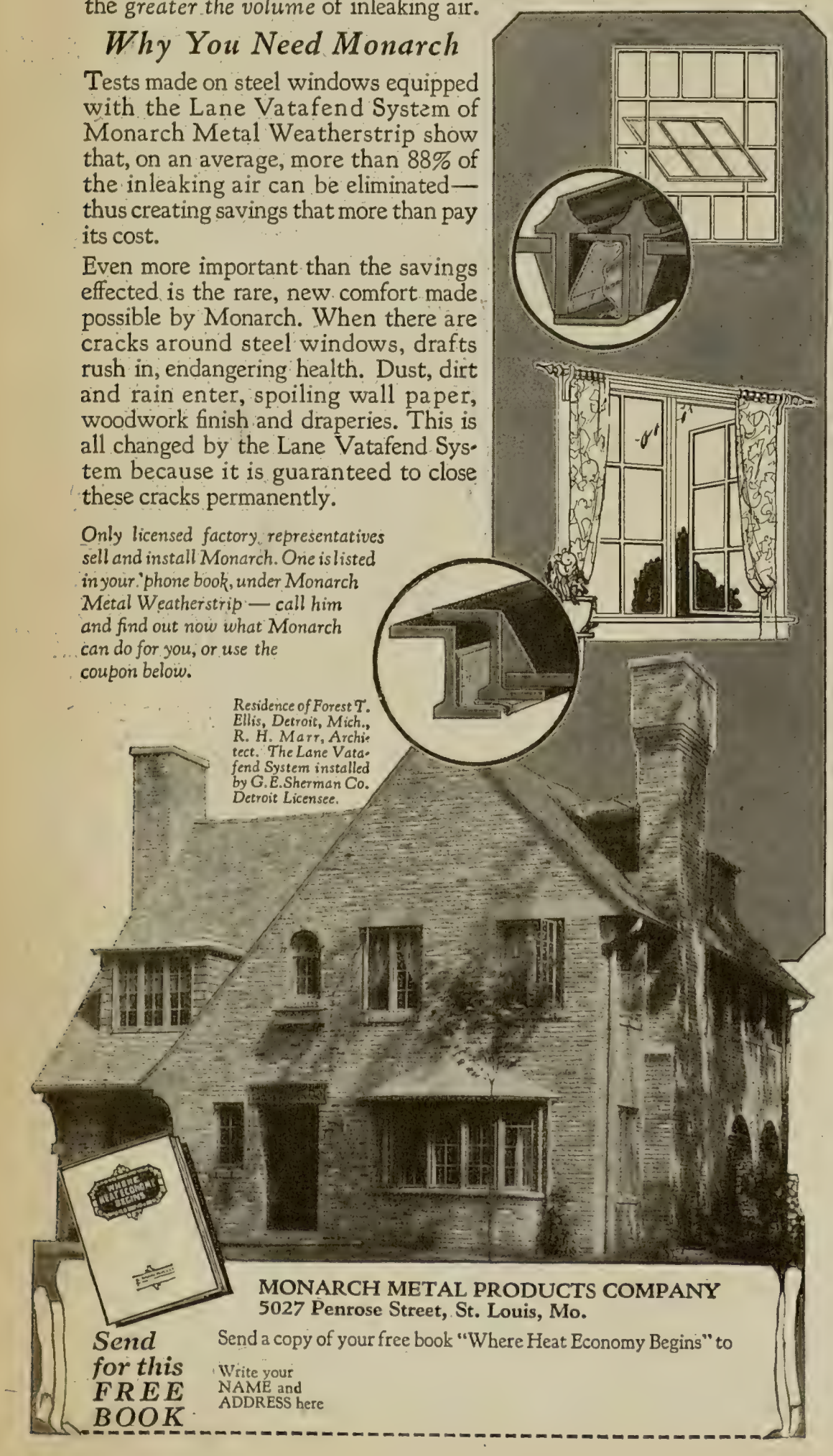

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[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Thirty-one

if they were given a close-up of the woman they first saw across the room they would get the startling effect of caricature; never guessing that if they saw the close-up head, where the eyes may actually be ten feet apart, as far away as the first incident, they would see a blank face suggesting nothing so much as imbecility; never dreaming, as they watch the picture of that woman standing at an ironing-board that they have witnessed, oh, so casually, the operation of a technique it has taken her fourteen years of only the Lord knows how many maddening, exhausting days and sleepless nights to begin to perfect!

"And I am still in despair when I watch my own pictures! It is my advised opinion that the most important things in motion-picture acting are the eyes and timing—the former by far the most important thing in our world, and the second merely another name for the mountain of experience I call technique.

"I do my best with both, and sometimes I say to myself: 'At last, the ideal effect!' Then I see it in the projection room—and I could weep at the inadequacy of what I have done, the poor, paltry, unworthy thing I have told the camera!

"And here is another thought—musing over that instrument's veracious indifference brings it to me: You may deceive the camera for a while; you may suppress the thing you *are* and reveal what you would like the world to *think* you are. But some day you will forget the mask over your soul, and the lens will reach right down inside of you and expose what occult secrets you are hiding from the world. If they are decent and clean you have nothing to fear. If they aren't—well, presently you will disappear from the pictures.

Miss Gish in her picture, The White Sister.

"THAT is another difference between the speaking stage and our silent one. A great actress from the former may have a terrific love affair, even a scandal against convention and, more important, against morality and decency; she may even have a series of them; and it seems only to add fire and drama to her work. She can rush from her lover's arms and portray a virginal *Juliet* that will daze the world.

"But if one among *us* who really aspire to genuine greatness on the screen violates the code, does the things that simply aren't done, you may be very positive that the camera will discover it and proclaim it to the world. Whether she continues in the films thereafter depends altogether on what rôles she wishes to play.

"As far as great acting is concerned, I sometimes wonder if I shall ever act a scene which, when I see it in the test room, will permit me to murmur, 'Good!' I doubt it.

"I hope not—for I believe that that day will mark the passing of Lillian Gish; that self-acceptance of my work will indicate that I have touched the top of my capacity, that I have nothing more of beauty to bring to the screen.

"If that day comes, I shall walk out of the studio for the last time."

"IN my progress through the movie colony of Hollywood," I observed, "I have not seen many evidences of such dissatisfaction. It seems to me that many of the actors and actresses are pretty well persuaded that they have spoken the last word in their profession."

"No," Miss Gish rebuked me gently; "I think you judge them hastily. I believe that every man and woman on the lots scattered between Culver City, Hollywood, Burbank, Los Angeles, and Universal City is earnest and honest."

She paused a moment — and I thought of something the many, many meetings we later had confirmed: I have never heard Lillian Gish say an unkind thing about anybody. She hurries to protect the repute of her world and all who walk therein.

If you murmur a word about the scandals that are synonymous with Hollywood, she is flutteringly eager to deprecate them, even if she does not know the men and women involved.

I tried her out along this front, putting her to what I regard as the supreme test: I asked her about Aimee Semple McPherson—and she actually says the woman is doing good!

I think Miss Gish knows fewer actors and actresses in the movies than anybody else in the business. And I have met no one so prompt in generous comment about them.

"Oh, Miss Mabel Normand," she will say, if you suggest the celebrated affairs in which that incomparable comedienne has been mentioned. "Oh, that poor girl must be pursued by an evil genius. She hasn't an unkind thought in her head. It just happens that she is always around when the gun goes off!"

"Do you know Miss Normand?" I asked.

"No; I have met her, but I do not know her. But I know she is all right—a wonderful actress, a fine woman, and a real friend to anyone in need."

A searching close-up of D. W. Griffith's work as seen through Miss Gish's eyes is contained in Reel Three of her life story in LIBERTY next week.

The Red Knight of Germany

Richthofen,
Launched on His Career of Death,
Presents Himself with a Cup
for Each Man He Shoots Down

Boelke,
His Idol, Is Killed, and the Baron Leads
His Squadron in the
Greatest Battle of the Air

By Floyd Gibbons

A corner of Richthofen's bedroom at Schweidnitz, showing his cups of death. (Above) An English plane brought down in flames by the German ace.

[Editor's Note: The carnage reaped by the German air forces over the Russian front in the early period of the war was appalling. Richthofen tells of it with great glee in the preceding installment of this series. The Russians had no air defense, and their infantry and Cossacks were almost helpless victims of the war birds. Then the future ace went back to the Western Front and scored his first English "kill."]

Part Five

BOELKE, the master, had watched his fledglings with happy pride that September morning when Richthofen shot down and killed his first two Englishmen.

High in the sky above them, his eagle-trained eyes observed every feature of their performance. It pleased him to note that his pupils, by following his instructions to the letter, reflected great credit on the man who had selected them and trained them to kill.

His pleasure and pride found immediate expression in a sudden descent into the mêlée, where he engaged one of the enemy squadron and brought it down. It added another victory to his "bag," which then amounted to twenty-six. In his account of the affair Boelke wrote:

On the 17th of September, 1916, came my twenty-seventh victory. With five of my colleagues, I met an enemy squadron of eight F. E. biplanes. Six were shot down; only two managed to regain their lines.

I myself took on the leader and shot holes in his engine, so that he was forced to land back of our lines. One of the occupants was slightly wounded. The disabled plane, in approaching the ground, ran full into the cable of a captive balloon, and shortly after burst into flames. As it happened, the occupants had a contrivance to set the machine on fire.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

One other thing he saw that day that was entirely new to his experience and, at that time, unprecedented in the records of martial aviation.

It happened as the Jagdstaffel was flying back to its airdrome after the fight with the enemy squadron. The German formation was approaching a small bank of clouds floating on its exact level. Just before reaching the clouds, an English two-seater plane, with motor full on, emerged suddenly from the fleecy white vapor and flew straight for the center of the German V, but did not fire a shot.

RICHTHOFEN with his Great Dane, Moritz, during the winter of 1916. The coat was one he took from an English airman whom he forced to earth.

Several of Richthofen's flying mates swerved to attack and one was forced to dive suddenly to avoid a head-on collision with the English plane. Boelke's fledglings dived on it from above and from the right and left, pouring round after round of machine-gun lead into the machine.

Apparently undamaged by the repeated attacks, the English plane continued onward without firing a single shot. It flew apparently under good control.

Boelke dived to a position over the tail, and pressed the machine-gun trigger. He saw his bullets go into the bodies of both the pilot and the observer, who were sitting bolt upright in their cockpits. Still there was no return fire from the English plane and no attempt to maneuver out of range and shake off its pursuers.

The German ace was puzzled. He flew closer and closer, holding his fire, and ready at any minute to meet a sudden attack from the strangely acting plane. Gradually he flew directly over it. Banking his wings slightly to depress one side of the fuselage, he peered into the cockpits of the English plane and into the bloodstained faces of two dead men.

The plane was a derelict of the air.

Death had placed its controls in neutral, holding it to an even keel as it sped onward across the sky, its motor roaring with life from a wide-open throttle.

Boelke wiggled his wings as a signal to his pupils to cease the attack. Hovering around, the fledglings watched the master fly above the derelict, escorting it like a funeral plane as it flew westward with the bodies of its air Vikings on their last flight. Before changing his course to return, Boelke dipped his wings in a parting salute to the dead.

The German squadron reported the death plane, but did not claim it as one of its victims. Boelke was certain that the English pilot and observer were dead when the plane first appeared out of the cloud bank. Where the fight had occurred, with whom, and when, remained enigmas of the air.

There is no report of the derelict in the casualties of the Royal Flying Corps for that day, but the English annals of the air authenticate an identical incident just three months later.

On December 17, Lieutenant J. L. Sandy, an Australian pilot, and Sergeant F. L. Hughes, an Australian volunteer acting as observer, flew to the German front line and beyond.

Their machine was an R. E. 8, or Reconnoissance Experimental, equipped with wireless, and their duty was to direct and correct the range of an Australian battery of eight-inch howitzers. While engaged in this work, Sandy and Hughes were attacked by a formation of six speedy Albatross scouting machines.

Although hard pressed on all sides and apparently alone, the Australian fliers fought vigorously and succeeded in shooting down one of the attacking planes. The unequal fight was witnessed by two other Australian pilots, E. J. Jones and F. Hodgson, who flew into the midst of the mêlée and drove off the Germans.

Hodgson and Jones saw Sandy's plane emerge from the fight apparently unscathed. With its motor humming merrily, it cruised away through the air without making a single wave of its wings to its rescuers. But from that minute the battery on the ground never received another signal from its eyes in the air.

ONE hour later, a hospital located at Saint Pol, fifty miles directly southwest of the scene of the air combat, reported that the R.E.8 had made a safe landing in a field beside the airdrome. Sandy and Hughes were still strapped in their seats. An immediate post-mortem examination proved that both of them had been dead for an hour. An armor-piercing bullet had passed through the observer's left lung from behind and then into the base of the pilot's skull, killing him instantly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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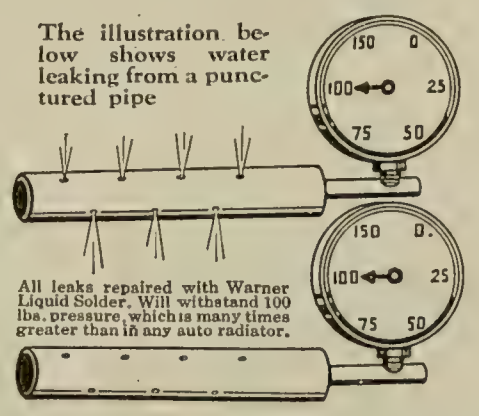

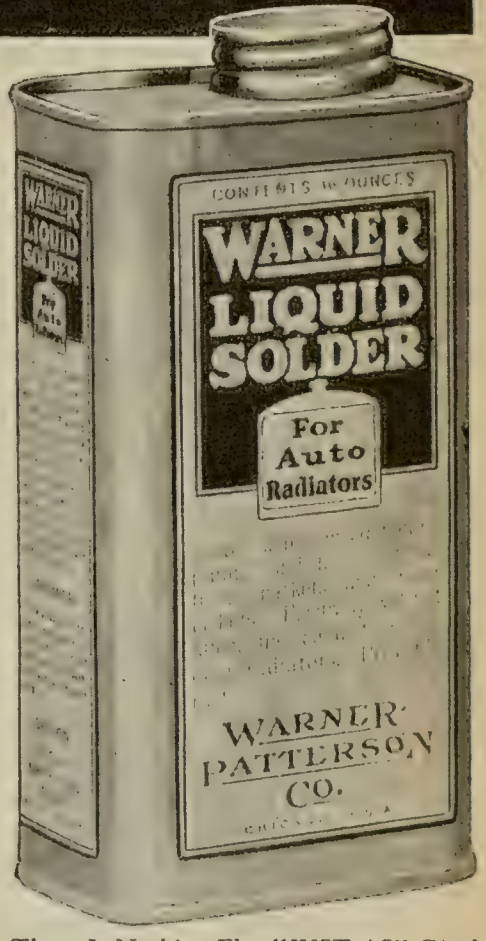

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Thirty-five]

The gas tanks were found to be intact and empty. The engine had stopped in the air, and the throttle was wide open when the plane landed.

The wind that day had been from the northeast. The doctors and air experts, from a study of all the facts, established that Sandy and Hughes were killed instantly in their combat over the lines, and that the plane had flown on with fixed controls in wide circles to the left, caused by the tort of the motor. During this circular flight the wind had blown the plane fifty miles behind the lines.

Derelicts of the air—planes that fled on through space with the lifeless bodies of their occupants seated at the fixed controls—provided many of the weird tales that went around the mess tables of the cavaliers of the air during the war. Boelke's derelict—named for him as a comet bears the name of its discoverer—formed a brief topic of conversation that night in the mess of the jagdstaffel, where Boelke's fledglings compared their experiences of the day.

"A glorious death," was the comment of young Baron von Richthofen. "Fight on and fly on to the last drop of blood and the last drop of benzene; to the last beat of the heart and the last kick of the motor—a death for a knight. A toast for his fellows, friend and foe!"

THEY drank it standing, and with feeling—drank it in French red wine from the large silver victory cups that had been the reward of each of the five young fledglings who had brought down their first victims in the air that day.

Boelke had presented the cups in the name of the air commander. They were large, heavy, beaten-silver mugs of medieval German design, capable of carrying a full quart inside and an ample inscription on the outside.

Richthofen's cup pleased him and gave him an idea. It was a proper trophy commemorating a great achievement. But one trophy was not enough. The young uhlan decided to inaugurate his own system of cup presentation.

Instead of the one official cup for his first victory he would present himself with a silver victory cup not only for that victory but for each successive one.

He ordered the first cup that night by mail from a jeweler in Berlin. He described in detail the kind he wanted—small, plain, two inches tall, and a little more than an inch across the top, with sides sloping slightly to a smaller base; the whole to be done in finely polished sterling, and the inside of the cup to be plated with a dull-gold finish. He instructed the jeweler to engrave on one side the following inscription:

1. Vickers 2. 17. 9. 16.

This indicated that the cup commemorated his first victory and that the type of the enemy plane he had shot down was a Vickers. The second figure indicated that it was a two-seater, followed by the date

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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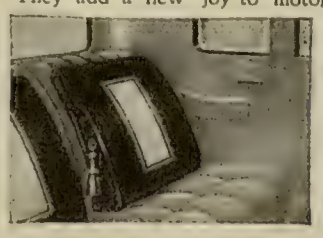

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]
of the combat—the 17th of September, 1916. That inscription and the many subsequent ones were at fault in the use of the name Vickers, but among the Germans the British B. E. plane was generally known by the other name.

Richthofen's first self-presented cup was the symbol for two fliers he had killed in the air—the young English lieutenants, Morris and Rees, whose graves he had honored in the little hospital burial ground at Cambrai.

IN his letter to the jeweler, Richthofen advised that he would forward orders for more cups, and warned the artisan to preserve the same design and the same type of engraving, as he desired to build up a uniform collection, one for each plane he shot down, after it had been officially acknowledged.

Today, in the bedroom of the flying uhlan in his mother's home in Schweidnitz, one may see how that collection of dead men's cups grew as the war in the air progressed. On a table under a large photograph of the dead ace one may count sixty of them and read from the inscriptions the types of machines, the number of occupants, and the date on which Richthofen shot down each of them from the sky.

The Berlin jeweler made a good thing out of Richthofen. The flying uhlan's trophy lust spurred on his killing, and the orders were repeated so frequently that it might be said that Richthofen greatly depleted Germany's fast diminishing supply of silver.

Almost a year later, after engraving the inscription of the six-

THE funeral of Boelke was one of the most impressive ceremonies of the war. Richthofen carried the dead ace's decorations, displayed on a pillow, in the procession. In this photograph, a German infantry squad is firing a last salute over his casket.

tieth victory, the jeweler had to decline further orders. He had run out of silver, and could get no more. As a result, Richthofen's last twenty victories in the air are commemorated only by reports and the graves of his victims.

But in the flush of his first kill, and still tingling with pride to be flying under the eyes of Boelke, Richthofen renewed his determination to kill and kill—and kill.

On the sixth day after the killing of Morris and Rees, he posted another letter to the jeweler in Berlin. In effect it read:

One more cup, please, just like the last one ordered. Engrave it with the following:

2. Martinsyde 1. 23. 9. 16.

A week later, on the 30th of September, 1916, he shot down another two-seater, and the happy little German jeweler in Berlin scratched the blood victory on another silver tombstone.

Having ordered the third trophy, Richthofen registered the victory with his mother in the following letter:

On the Somme.
October 5, 1916.

LIEBE MAMA:

On September 30 I brought down my third Britisher. His plane was burned when he crashed to the ground. Naturally, nothing was left either of the pilot or his plane.

From my second Britisher I have kept the machine gun, the breechblock of which had been jammed by a bullet.

The Frenchman I brought down before Verdun is not on my record, as unfortunately we forgot to report him to headquarters.

Formerly a pilot was decorated with the order *Pour le Merite* after he had brought down his eighth plane. Now they have discontinued that practice, although it becomes always more difficult to shoot one down. During the last four weeks since the formation of the Boelke Squadron we have lost five planes out of ten. MANFRED.

His fourth and fifth victorious combats were with two more English machines, one a Kampf 2, a cumbersome pusher type with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No job is too tough for this sturdy Sole

WHEREVER the going is rough, wherever husky workers are hard at it—throwing twin lines of steel across great mountains—rebuilding monster engines—clambering across shunted coal cars—or just maintaining ballast on the main line—there you will find USKIDE standing up, month after month, under the harshest wear that shoe soles can ever get.

No thicker than leather—flexible, waterproof and comfortable, USKIDE will outwear any soles you ever had.

John Boyd, an old-time shoe repairman of Irwin, Pa., writes:

"I have a customer who has worn a pair of USKIDE Soles on the cinders and tracks at the railroad yards every day for over two years—and they are still going strong. I find that they wear three times as long as the best leather sole."

Have your shoe repairman put USKIDE Soles on your work shoes—see that your next new pair has them on before you buy them. You will find a new comfort and a real saving in the "Wonder Sole for Wear." Write for the booklet, "How to cut your shoe bill."

United States Rubber Company
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USKIDE SOLES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

By the makers of the famous "U.S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels

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Gentlemen: Please send me the free book let "How to cut your shoe bill."
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Address.....

Just *taste* a "frosty" MALTED MILK

WHAT a wonderful difference between a delicious "frosty" malted milk and the melted kind!

Only one machine can mix a "frosty" heavy malted milk, made with a double portion of hard ice cream—the Arnold Sixteen. This mixer, with its agitator clasped inside the container, has an entirely different and more violent mixing action. It actually *whips* the drink—does not merely *stir*.

And it takes only thirty seconds with an Arnold Sixteen! When a malted milk is mixed longer the ice cream begins to melt, the drink thins out, the appetizing chill fast disappears.

The Arnold Sixteen sets new standards of sanitation, too. It has *no exposed mixing rod*—drippy and sticky, to attract flies and dust. Mixing agitator and container are thoroughly cleaned after every drink.

Pick out a fountain equipped with Arnold Sixteens. You'll get a tastier malted milk prepared in a more sanitary way. You can quickly recognize an Arnold Sixteen—*it's the only mixer without an exposed mixing rod.*

ARNOLD ELECTRIC COMPANY, *Racine, Wisconsin*

Arnold Sanitary Malted Milk Dispenser. Another Arnold appliance to make the fountain more sanitary. Keeps malted milk sealed from flies and dust. Does away with old fashioned exposed jar or can. Dispenses exactly the same amount every time—drinks are always uniform. You'll find it on up-to-the-minute fountains.

Arnold
SANITARY
FOUNTAIN APPLIANCES

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

openwork tail spars instead of fuselage, and hardly a match for the speedy Albatross tractor that Richthofen flew. Richthofen downed his fifth on October 16, and his sixth on October 25, a fact that he mentioned simply to his mother:

> The weather is rather poor here now, but even so I brought down my sixth Britisher yesterday.

Although winter was approaching and the changing elements added to the difficulties of the conflicting forces, the long series of bloody encounters known as the Battles of the Somme, 1916, comprising a part of the Allied offensive of that year, continued with unrelenting fury.

The British had opened it on July 1 with the Battle of Albert, which was marked by the capture of Montauban, Fricourt, and Contalmaison, and the bitter attack on the Gomiecourt salient. It had continued with increasing frenzy and terrific losses on both sides through July, August, and September, with the battles of Bazentin Ridge, Delville Wood, Pozières Ridge, and the Battle of Flers-Courcelette, marked by the British capture of Martinpuich, during which Richthofen had shot down his first British plane.

BY October, when the fighting had swung through Thiépval and the Transloy ridges to the heights of the Ancre, Richthofen had flown so many times up and down and across the Bapaume-Albert road that he felt perfectly at home in the area.

The German flying service, though slowly regaining morale and strength under new leadership, new model machines, and the adoption of formation-flying tactics, was still hard pressed by the British air forces, which continued their policy of carrying the fighting to the German side of the line.

"It was a beautiful time," Richthofen wrote. "Boelke increased his bag of machines from twenty to forty. We beginners had not yet the experience of our masters, and we were quite satisfied when we did not get a hiding. Every time we went up we had a fight.

"Sometimes the English came down to very low heights and visited Boelke in his own quarters, dropping bombs."

And then, on October 28, came a disaster that went deep to Richthofen's heart. His master, his hero, his air god—Boelke the Great—was killed.

It happened toward the end of the Battle of the Ancre Heights, after the British ground forces had captured the Schwaben and Stuff redoubts and parts of the Regina trench system.

The conflict was raging over a territory from Le Sars to Contalmaison and from La Boisselle to Hamel, and was incessant day and night from October 1 until November 11.

There were many clouds in the sky that day and the wind blew fitfully. It was cold aloft, but the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Alluring Beauty

A CLEAR SKIN, free from unsightly tan, freckles, redness, sallowness and other blemishes and imperfections, is the first and most important step toward obtaining alluring beauty—that fashionable creamy pallor for your own sweet little self. The serenity displayed by alluring beauties is theirs because they are so sure of themselves. They know that when the powder blows off, their skin will show no hideous imperfections. They have eradicated the unsightly blemishes by persistent and intelligent care. And this, you too can do. The secret lies in the regular use of El Estado Lemon Cleansing Creme. It is not just another creme—it is a famous Spanish formula. Made from real Lemon Oil—contains none of those harmful "bleach-quick" synthetic acid imitations. It goes to the source of skin troubles, whitens the skin gradually, corrects the over-activity of the pigment, and cleans the pores as no other creme you heretofore have used.

FREE!—*Send for sample*

Nearly all toilet counters feature this amazing Creme, but should you wish to try it before you buy it, mail coupon for free sample.

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Dept. 240B, Seattle, Washington.

Please send me a free sample of El Estado Lemon Creme.

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Address.....

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A famous Spanish formula

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No film will take pictures under all conditions. Agfa film takes pictures under a surprising number of conditions hitherto thought to be impossible. Take a cloudy or rainy day picture with Agfa—then you will know why this wonderful film is preferred the world around.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

unfavorable weather had not prevented British patrols from daring the choppy air lanes above the German back areas.

Boelke was leading his jagdstaffel of six fighting planes on his last flight. His spirit always animated his pupils. "We always had a wonderful feeling of security when he was with us," are the words of Richthofen.

Although outnumbered three to one and far away from their own lines, two British planes immediately accepted battle. Boelke dived on one of the planes. Richthofen, right behind his master, fastened himself above the tail of the other machine and poured in a murderous stream of lead; but the flying uhlan had to pull out of the fight because of the return fire he encountered and because one of his comrades dived between him and his intended quarry.

From a distance of several hundred yards, Richthofen watched Boelke and the English plane flying round and round in circles, each endeavoring to shoot into the tail of the other.

THEN down from above came another German Albatross with another of Boelke's pupils, a favorite, at the controls. He was diving at a terrific speed to the assistance of his master. His eyes were on the enemy plane.

But the newcomer watched too closely his enemy and not his leader. As he swooped past to the attack, the tip of one of his planes touched the tip of Boelke's right wing.

"Collision!" was the thought that sped through Richthofen's mind as he observed the entire incident. The lightness with which the two wing tips had appeared to touch surprised the flying uhlan. He did not realize then that the slightest contact between two bodies moving at such terrific speed through space is sufficient to produce the most disastrous effects.

Boelke's Albatross responded immediately to the wing contact, and nosed slightly downward in a large curve. Richthofen noticed from above that a part of the plane tip had broken off, leaving splintered edges and flapping fabric at which the wind tore. Soon the plane was lost from view as it sank through the level of clouds just below.

The pupil who had collided with Boelke followed him down and, as the master's plane came out on the under side of the cloud curtain, the horror-stricken disciple saw that the falling Albatross was minus one complete plane.

Weakened by the jolt of the collision, it had been torn off by the rush of air in the increasingly rapid descent. It plunged downward, entirely out of control. Thus perished the man whom Richthofen held to be the greatest air fighter in the world.

Richthofen's admiration was unconsciously based on the fact that Boelke possessed something that Richthofen did not have. It was personal magnetism. Oswald Boelke was a Saxon and the son of a schoolmaster. Richthofen was a Prussian and the son of a Junker family. Killing was a duty with Boelke. Killing was an instinct as well as a duty with Richthofen.

Picture by Clayton Knight

HOW Boelke, the German ace, met death. The artist's conception is taken from a description by Richthofen, who witnessed the collision above the clouds.

Boelke began his army life in a battalion of telegraphers and took his early training in Coblenz in 1913. An asthmatic affliction barred him from strenuous physical exercise, and this, together with his interest in motors and aeronautics, led him to the Halberstadt Flying School just before the war.

He became a pilot in seven weeks' training, and on September 1, 1914, he flew to the Western Front, where, with his brother as his observing officer, he did aerial reconnoissance and, later, some fighting in the 1915 battles of the Champagne and the Argonne. In June of that year he was transferred to the single-seater fighting division, where he flew in company with Immelmann.

After their eighth victory in the air, the brothers were cited for the *Pour le Merite*, the empire's highest military decoration for bravery. When, on May 21, 1916, he had downed his sixteenth plane, the High Command issued strict orders forbidding him to fly, for the reason that his experience in the air was considered too valuable to be risked further in individual combat.

Boelke was sent to the eastern theater of war and he instructed Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks in airmanship, but always under specific orders that prevented him from flying. Wearied of the hero worship to which he was subjected, he insisted upon being sent back to the front.

During the Battle of the Somme he was assigned to organize a special squadron to regain superiority of the air. Reaching the front early in September, with Richthofen as one of his pupils, he was able by daily flying and fighting to increase his victories to the then unprecedented number of forty.

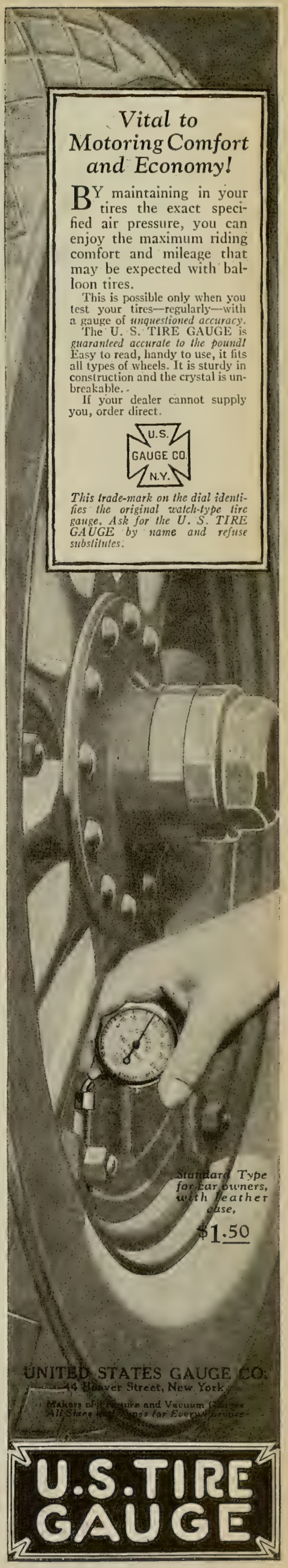
AMONG both his mates and his foes Boelke had a great reputation for bravery and chivalry. He seemed more human than Richthofen. He devoted many hours to visiting wounded prisoners he had brought down. He motored to their hospitals or sent cigarettes to them. Once, back of the German lines, he risked his life to save a French boy from drowning.

> It is a strange thing that everybody who met Boelke imagined that he alone was his true friend [Richthofen wrote later]. I have met about forty men, each of whom imagined that he alone had Boelke's affection. Men whose names were unknown to Boelke believed that he was particularly fond of them.
>
> This is a curious phenomenon which I have never noticed in anyone else. Boelke had not a personal enemy.

THIS map shows where Boelke was killed by one of his own pupils.

Boelke's body lay in state in the military hospital at Cambrai. His military funeral behind the front was one of the most impressive ceremonies of the war. British planes flew high over Cambrai and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



ASK . . . ANY . . . RADIO . . ENGINEER

With the "Trouble-Shooters" *of the* North Atlantic

ICE-BERGS—towering, ponderous, *deadly* mountains of ice drift southward from the ice fields of the Arctic into the traffic lane of trans-Atlantic steamers.

Locating and destroying them is the perilous and never-ending duty of the United States Coast Guard Cutters.

Shell fire and high explosives, however, often fail to blow the bergs from the sea, and warnings are then broadcasted by radio to every ship whose course lies through the danger zone.

Smooth power, unfailing dependability over long periods and under all conditions of service are qualities demanded in the radio batteries used in this dangerous naval service.

The fact that Burgess Batteries meet those requirements recommends them to you for your own receiving set.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices:
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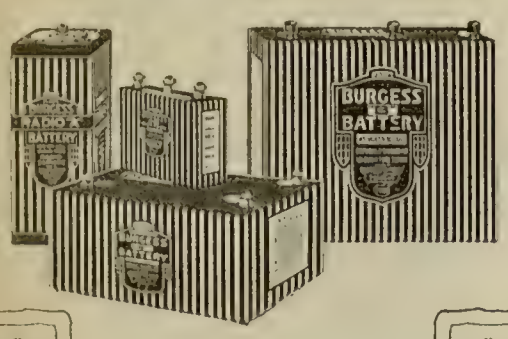


BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

sent down parachutes to which were attached wreaths with the following inscriptions:

To the memory of Captain Boelke, our brave and chivalrous foe. From the British Royal Flying Corps.

To the officers of the German Flying Corps in service on this front: We hope you will find this wreath, but are sorry it is so late in coming. The weather has prevented us from sending it earlier. We mourn with his relatives and friends. We all recognized his bravery.

J. SEAMAN GREEN, *Lieutenant.*

Richthofen returned from Boelke's funeral and wrote to his mother as follows:

With the Boelke Combat Squadron. November 3, 1916.

LIEBE MAMA:

Unfortunately, I missed the train after Boelke's funeral, to which I was detailed as the representative of the squadron. Now I can only visit you at the middle of the month. Boelke's death came about in the following manner:

Boelke, some gentlemen of our squadron, and myself were engaged in a battle with English planes. Suddenly I saw how Boelke, while attacking his Britisher, was rammed by one of our gentlemen, to whom, poor fellow, nothing else happened. One of his wings broke away and he crashed down. His head was smashed; death was instantaneous. We are deeply affected, as if we had lost a favorite brother.

During the funeral services and in the procession I carried a pillow displaying his decorations. The funeral was like that of a reigning prince.

During six weeks we have had, out of twelve pilots, six dead and one wounded, while two have suffered a complete nervous collapse. Yesterday I brought down my seventh shortly after I had accounted for my sixth. The ill luck of all the others has not yet affected my nerves.

MANFRED.

Richthofen, as one of the three survivors of the original twelve pilots of the jagdstaffel, was placed in command of the formation, which from that time on, by special citation of the High Command, was designated as the Jagdstaffel Boelke.

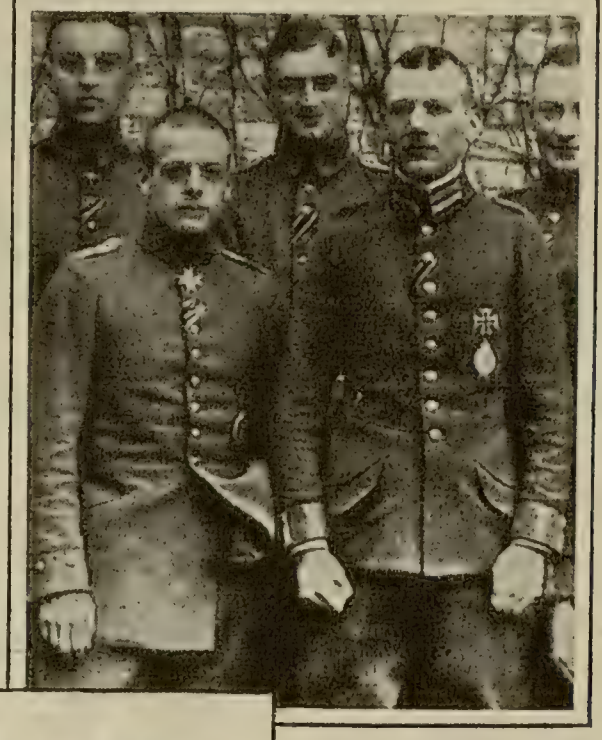
With his seven victories, the flying uhlan found himself stepping into the command vacated by the man who had shot forty enemy planes from the sky. He became aware suddenly that the discipline that had always been so irksome to him was now the very thing he needed if he were to remold Boelke's old unit from its several nerve-shattered veterans and the enthusiastic new replacements, freshly arrived from training schools.

He gathered the pilots of the jagdstaffel in the messroom, and talked to them in the uninspired, quiet seriousness of a man who suddenly feels great responsibilities on his shoulders. In ponderous, hesitating fashion he reviewed the fighting of the previous six weeks; referring with profound respect, approaching adoration, to the departed leader.

He told them that changes were slowly taking place in air tactics, and that success, more than ever before, depended upon organization flying and fighting. In Boelke's name, he dedicated the jagdstaffel to the solemn duty of restoring the confidence of the German land forces in their auxiliaries of the air.

Twelve days after Boelke's death, the flying uhlan had an opportunity to test the fighting capacity of the jagdstaffel in an air battle that, for the number of machines engaged, was the greatest in the war up to that time.

Eighty airplanes and more than 100 knights of the blue took part in that aerial tourney of death — at least, that is the aggregate of the estimates of both sides as to the strength of the enemy they encountered. The English reported the German planes as numbering forty, and Richthofen estimated the English planes at between forty and fifty. Each side admitted having about thirty planes in the battle. As the majority of the machines were two-seaters, it is safe to estimate that about 100 fliers took part.



BOELKE and Immelmann, first German aces, with a group of flying comrades.

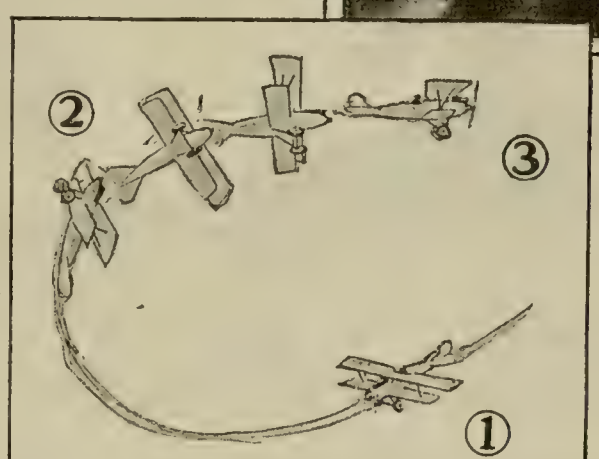


DIAGRAM of the "Immelmann Turn," a combat maneuver used by fliers on both sides in the war and named for the man who perfected it: (1) Attacked from the rear, the airman starts to loop. (2) At this point, by rudder and stick, the pilot sideslips the plane until it is right side up. (3) The plane is now on an even keel and flying in the opposite direction, and has gained height.

It was on the morning of November 9, 1916, during the last phase of the Allied offensive of 1916, which was to end ten days later with the capture of Beaumont-Hamel.

The day was bright and clear. "Carry on!" sang out the O. C's. in the Royal Flying Corps airdromes off the Bapaume road.

Hardly twenty miles away, almost due east, but on the other side of the German line, another man was sampling the weather, rubbing his hands briskly, breathing delicious lungfuls of the fresh morning air, and gazing into the bright sky with a smile of approval.

He was His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a noble relation of Emperor William and King George. He stood with folded arms on the stone portico of the French country house from which he commanded the German troops of that sector.

His headquarters was located close to the occupied French village of Vraucourt, in the center of which was a large beet-sugar factory that had been taken over by the Germans for the storing of vast quantities of material, mostly explosive. It was the principal munitions dump for the sector. It was near Laigncourt, not far from Richthofen's airdrome.

Some forty or fifty eyes of the air looked at the spot marked Vraucourt on their flying maps shortly after 8 o'clock, when sixteen heavy English bombing machines, with their escort of fourteen fighting planes, climbed into the morning sun and nosed their propellers eastward.

It was not many minutes afterward that Richthofen and his flight of six planes, at an altitude of 12,000 feet, sighted the English air flotilla as it came across the lines.

At similar altitudes, far to the right and left of him, but still within sight, were five or six more V-shaped groups of planes on whose brilliantly painted sides the black Iron Cross of the fatherland could be seen. The spread-out German formations wheeled and changed their several courses toward a common center in the path of the oncoming British group, which took the form of a deep-moving wedge, with bombers below and fighting machines above.

The opposing forces moved toward each other.

Eighty planes and 100 men, all zooming, swerving, swooping, diving, and spurting streams of lead at each other in the clouds. The thrilling details of this, the greatest of all air battles up to that time, are given in next week's installment.

Watch her take the hills on high

Borden's Malted Milk supplies quick energy

SHE'S one of the younger generation—good to look at. But hard to follow as she takes the hills on high. She's so full of health and vigor.

You can have that abundant energy as well as anybody. Follow the example of those who already know. Learn how good is a tall glass of Borden's Malted Milk.

It's crammed, jammed full of nourishment. Yet light and easily digested. Satisfying. Smooth with tantalizing flavor. Makes you snap into it—go ahead. Gives you plenty of speed—endurance—for the hurly-burly of living.

On sale everywhere at the better fountains where the Borden Diamond Sign is displayed.

WE SERVE Borden's THE IMPROVED MALTED MILK All flavors Delicious

Look for this sign

Equally good at home as at the fountain. Sold in convenient glass packages, 7 and 15 oz. sizes.

Borden's MALTED MILK

The ideal food-and-drink for you *~at your favorite fountain*

Through a great new companion invention to the famous Super-Six Principle

HUDSON excels

A new high compression anti-knock

Heat now lost - used as Power

Greatly increases Efficiency

Gasoline will not dilute oil

Ends all Spark Knock

In all previous types of automobile motors, a high percentage of the power of the fuel is wasted in heat thrown away in the exhaust and in the cooling water.

The new Hudson Principle—patent applied for—*reduces this loss by actually converting hitherto wasted heat into useful power.*

This saves fuel and in the New Hudson Super-Six makes it the most economical car per pound weight yet produced.

High compression motors are necessary for speed, snap, performance and economy, but these advantages were previously obtained at the cost of smoothness and flexibility. Spark knocks were always present.

This invention retains all advantages of both the high compression motor and the low compression with none of the disadvantages of either.

To prevent spark knocks and reduce carbon, special and costly fuels are offered. But this invention with regular gasoline obtains all results sought through the use of such fuels.

This invention makes a cold motor start with the same snap you get from other types in midsummer.

Application Has Been Made for Patents Covering the

HUDSON *itself*

motor that turns waste heat to power

No pre-heating devices are necessary. You don't have to wait for your motor to sputter while it warms up before you can start your car.

No method of carburetion completely prevents raw gasoline entering the motor combustion chambers. In other designs this liquid can not escape through the exhaust valves but goes down the cylinders to the oil pan and causes excessive dilution.

But in the New Hudson Super-Six the valves are so placed that the raw gasoline falls directly on the hot exhaust valve, cooling the valve and vaporizing the liquids at the same time.

And now with this new design invention, another great waste in efficiency is eliminated. Less power goes out through the exhaust. There is greater economy in fuel. There is more power at all speeds and much greater power at high speeds.

With the Super-Six principle which eliminates vibration, this new invention combines the highest efficiency in power generation and the maximum efficiency in transmission ever achieved within our knowledge.

Get Details of this Great New Hudson Invention from Your Nearest Hudson-Essex Dealer.

What special fuels have intended, this Invention obtains

Smoothness and Elastic Torque of a Steam Engine . . .

Saves Gasoline

What the Super-Six does with vibration, this invention does with heat . . . . . .

Principle by Which These Results are Accomplished

Some men hurry . . . others take their time

—the nature of the skin and beard of every man differs from his neighbor's.

The New Improved Gillette makes shaving comfortable and enjoyable to ALL. It has 1 a shaving edge with ample space beneath to receive shaved hair and lather without clogging; 2 an adjustability of shaving edge so precise as to suit any skin and beard; 3 a micrometric exactness of dimensions that makes it *the hand-tailored razor for your face*... Get a New Improved Gillette today and your shaving troubles are over.

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Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons." On request we will gladly send you a copy, free.

MADE IN U. S. A.

TRADE Gillette MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

THE red lips drew back. "But I can't recall ever having even been invited to your studio!"

The Footprint on the Wall

The Story of a Romance that Dropped Through the Skylight

By WILLIAM CANBY CHAMBERS

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

THERE it was, quite clear and unmistakable, upon the white wall of his studio—the dark print of a woman's bare foot.

It was about five feet above the floor and pointing upward. Each toe was perfectly defined. Even the little whorls of the skin were visible on close examination. On the ball of the foot appeared a small white triangular patch that might have marked a scar; then there was a white gap to the neatly rounded heel. Altogether, it was the print of a small and shapely foot—a foot that could have belonged only to a woman or, perhaps, a young girl.

"Am I crazy with the heat—or what?" murmured Chris Holiday.

He was standing before the footprint in his pajamas, holding up an electric desk lamp—a personable young man whose sun-bronzed face was a study in bewilderment.

He touched the footprint gingerly with a finger. Then he withdrew one foot from its slipper, rubbed his big toe across the blackened floor boards, and pressed it against the wall just above the baseboard. The combination of sooty grime and floor oil left an undeniable print upon the smooth white calcimine.

Next he tried experimentally to raise his foot to the level of the footprint on the wall—and failed. He shot his fingers perplexedly through the rumpled mass of black hair that clustered damply above his temples.

"Now, how the devil," he addressed the footprint, "did you get there?"

He knew it had not been there when he had gone away earlier in the summer. Yet he had never given any woman a key to his place—not even a scrubwoman.

The building was one of a row of ancient brownstone residences near Stuyvesant Square in New York, most of which had degenerated into rooming-houses, and a few of which, like the one in which he had his studio, had been given over to workrooms and offices. The entire top floor, recently a storage loft, had been converted into a studio by the simple addition of a skylight.

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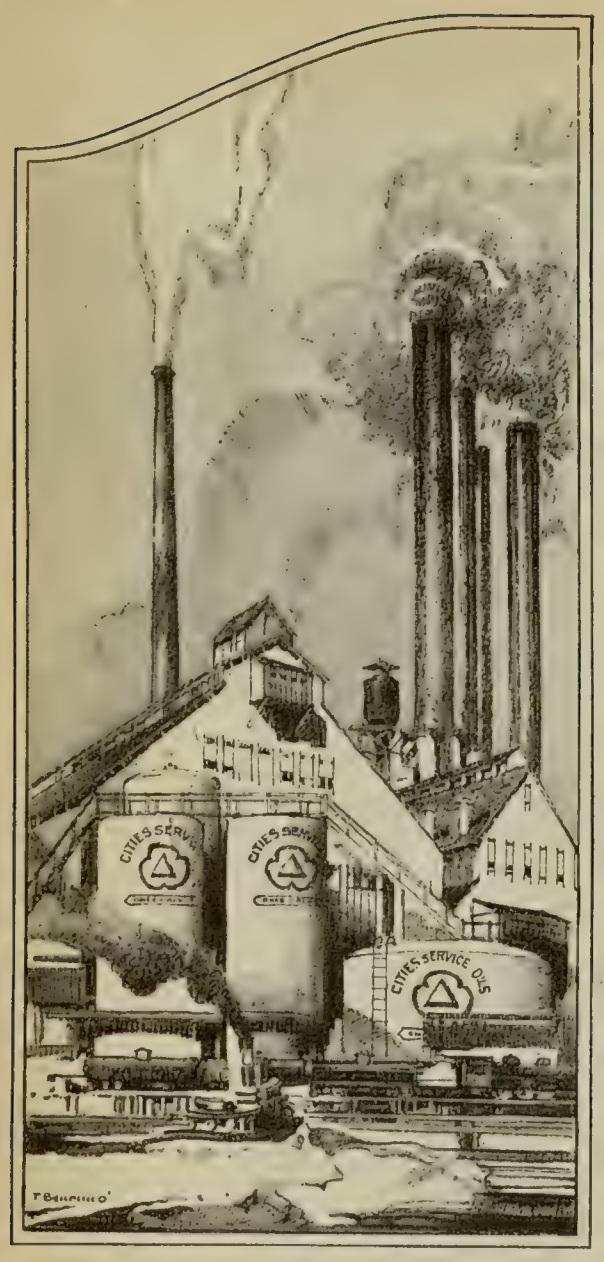

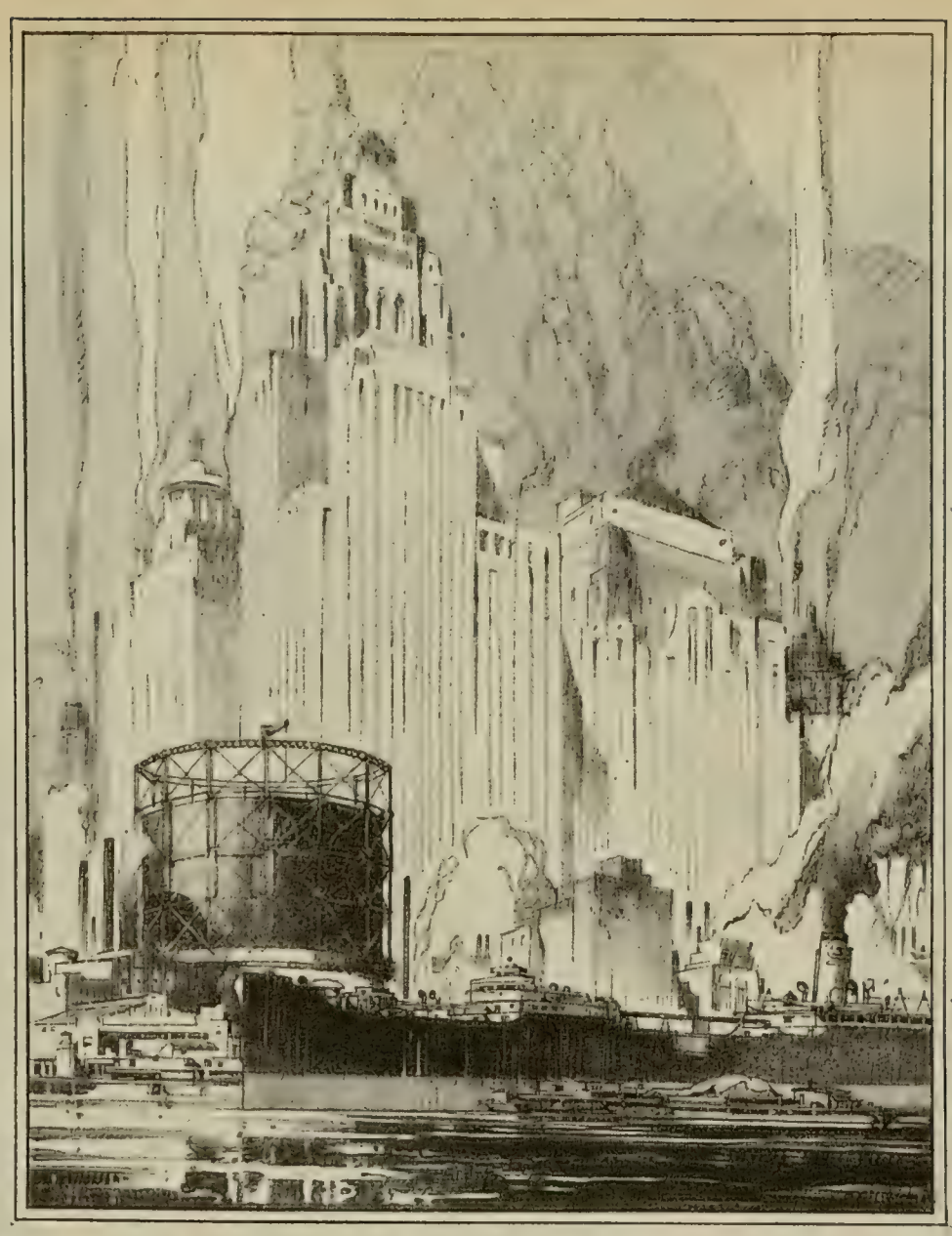

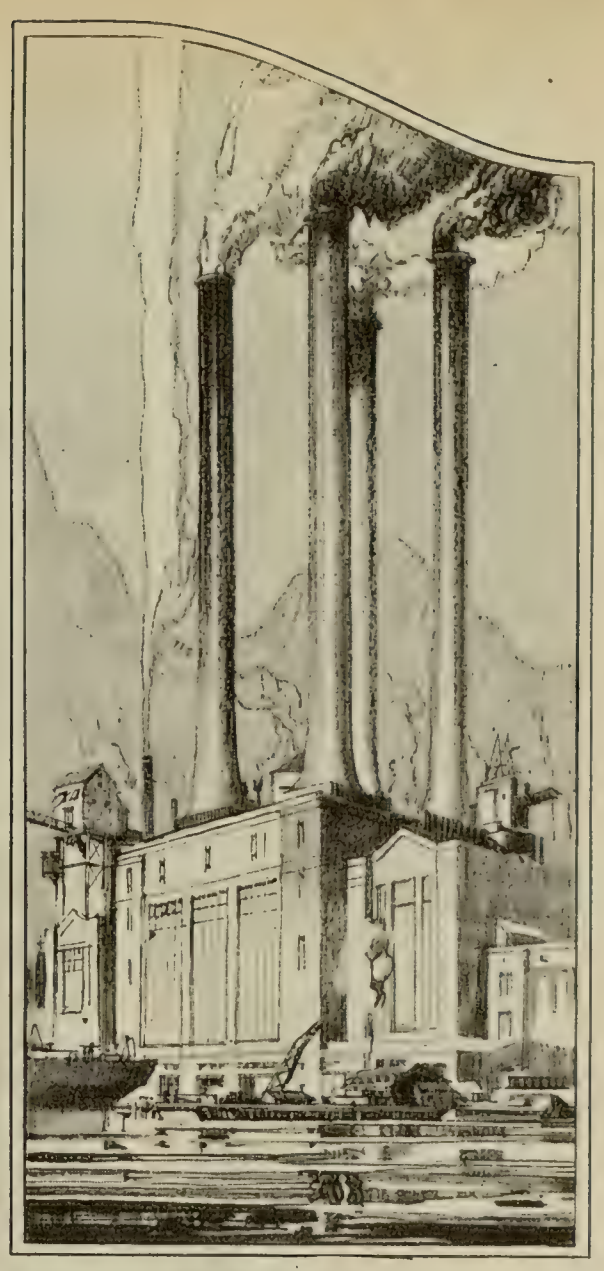

A NAME THAT EXPLAINS ITSELF

Diversified Interests, Unified Control

Cities Service is an organization whose name suggests its original function. It serves entire cities with electricity and gas for illumination, cooking and industrial uses. It distributes Cities Service petroleum products in 2600 communities. Millions of dollars' worth of electric and gas appliances are supplied each year through the merchandising departments of Cities Service companies.

The Cities Service symbol is known everywhere as a mark of the highest quality and dependability.

In brief, Cities Service serves not merely cities, large and small, but spreads to little towns and countrysides. At every filling station carrying the trade-mark of the Cities Service Oil Marketing Division, you will find oil and gasolene of tested quality. You will meet with the sort of courtesy made possible by intimate and friendly contact.

CITIES SERVICE OILS

ONCE - ALWAYS

This trade-mark is the official emblem of the Oil Marketing Division and appears on all its service stations and equipment.

Back of Cities Service products stands a $650,000,000 organization which includes more than 100 public utility and petroleum subsidiaries operating in 32 states and many foreign countries. It produces over 12,000,000 barrels of oil yearly, has its own pipe-lines, tank cars and fleet of tank ships to transport it, its own refineries to refine it, and its own distributing stations to market the finished product. In its public utility division it sells yearly over 73,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural and manufactured gas, 1,300,000,000 kilowatts of electricity and more than $10,000,000 worth of utility appliances.

Send for a copy of "Serving a Nation," an illustrated booklet describing the growth and activities of the Cities Service organization and its fiscal agents, Henry L. Doherty & Company. It will be sent free upon request addressed to Cities Service Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Concerts by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra are broadcast Fridays at 7 p. m. Eastern Standard Time (8 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time) and 6 p. m. Central Standard Time (7 p. m. Central Daylight Saving Time) through the following stations: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WGY, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WLIB, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, WTIC.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Diversified Interests *Unified Control*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

Neither he nor any of the other tenants were supposed to live in the house. With the possible exception of old Mudget, the janitor, Chris was, as far as he knew, the only person in the building on that sweltering August night.

He turned out the light and wandered into a little room opening out of one end of the long studio, where he plumped himself down upon a couch before the open window.

He lay there with hot hammers beating at his temples, wondering how and why the maker of the footprint might have come, wondering drowsily and a little romantically what sort of woman she might have been.

HE was awakened abruptly from his first sleep by the sound of his radio in the next room. The voice of the announcer came to him clearly:

"You are now in The Thousand and One Nights, New York's latest and most fashionable night club."

Chris' first annoyed thought was that he must have left the instrument tuned in on some station. But as he turned toward the open door he saw that one of the shaded wall lights in his studio had unaccountably been turned on. Then across the portion of the studio that was visible from where he lay (a tingling chill sped up his spine and over his scalp!)—across the studio, in a flutter of white, there floated a girl.

Actually, she seemed at first to float in a long, soft rhythm, rather than to dance; for her feet made no sound upon the floor. Then Chris perceived her slippers lying on a wrap or garment of some sort that she had tossed over a chair at the far end of his studio, and realized that she was barefoot. As she pirouetted, her dark bobbed hair whipped across her cheeks, so that in the dim light he could not see her face distinctly. But her lithe, clean-limbed symmetry, her perfect grace of movement, made his heart rise in his chest.

All at once she turned a couple of cartwheels. Then she tried a backhand, a nip-up, and a flying split. He could not see her all of the time; but, from the shadows that she cast upon the far white wall, she appeared to be rehearsing a whole gamut of steps.

As the night-club orchestra speeded up toward its finale, she again swept into his range of vision. This time, facing the blank wall, she began to practice handstands. As her palms struck the floor her legs and body swung upward, until she stood poised on her hands. Once she reached back and smacked the window molding smartly with the sole of one foot to recover her balance. Chris caught his breath and raised himself on one elbow.

The footprint on his wall!

He still had an eerie feeling that he must be dreaming or experiencing some sort of hallucination. As the selection came to an end he saw the girl walk over to his radio and turn it off. She pushed the hair back from her eyes and gave a perfectly audible sigh.

That sigh brought him to his senses. It was so utterly human,

Across the room, in a flutter of white, there floated a girl.

so expressive. Almost it was as if she had said:

"It's too hot. I simply can't dance any more!"

As she picked up her things from the chair and moved out of sight, Chris slipped noiselessly from the couch. The only door leading from his studio into the hall was just outside the little room in which he had gone to bed. Whatever this girl had come for, he decided that he would stay where he was until she was on the point of leaving; then he would step out and catch her with the goods.

Presently the light in the next room was turned out. But he still heard her moving about at the far end of the long studio.

Two minutes—perhaps three—passed without his hearing the hall door open. He stepped out and pressed the button of an electric light.

There was no one in the studio.

Chris' stomach turned something like a somersault. He jerked the door open and dashed into the hall, to peer down the dark well of the staircase.

Not a sound.

He plunged down the stairs. He flung open the street door, and almost stumbled over the humped figure of old Mudget, smoking placidly upon the steps.

"Which way did that girl go?" he shouted.

The janitor looked him up and down. Very deliberately he removed the clay pipe from his mouth and tapped it out upon the step.

"What girl?" he demanded. "There ain't no girl come out of here so long as I've been smokin' this pipe."

Chris shot an incredulous glance up and down the street. Suddenly he realized that he was in his pajamas and that old Mudget was eying him with disapproval.

"MR. HOLIDAY," observed the janitor, "it's none of my business about your girl friends. But you know as well as I do that this building is let for business purposes. If the owner finds out you're staying in your place I'll be the first to get into trouble. I thought you'd gone to the country for the summer, anyway?"

"I haven't been staying here before tonight," Chris explained. "I just got an unexpected order that brought me back to town a few weeks early. My apartment's sublet for the summer, so I'm camping in my studio temporarily. There won't be any trouble—and I'll make it right with you. But did you say there was nobody else living in this house?"

"Nobody but me, down in the basement," replied old Mudget, somewhat mollified. He looked at Chris curiously. "Maybe you had a touch of heat, Mr. Holiday. I wouldn't wonder, working up there right underneath the roof!"

Chris stared at him. Then he remarked:

"I'm beginning to think I must be cuckoo!"

But as he went upstairs he carefully tried each door. All were locked. In his studio nothing was missing, nothing even out of place. From his windows there was a sheer drop to the ground, five floors below. Indeed, there was not a thing to indicate that old Mudget's diagnosis had not been correct except that enigmatic footprint on the wall.

Chris went to bed. When he closed his eyes he saw again the figure of that girl, white and di-

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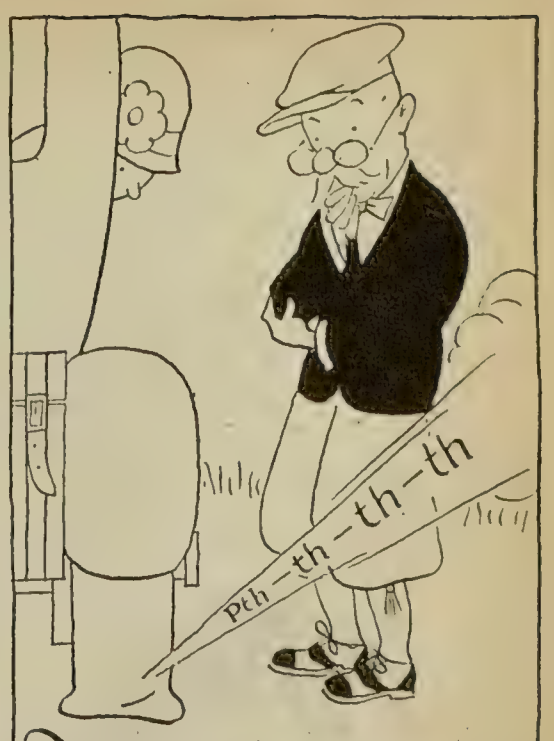

That awful moment

—when your tires start hissing you—and you haven't got a comeback

MILES from the next garage—already one puncture—no more spares—when—p-th-th-th!—there goes another tire—flatter'n a flapjack.

How unnecessary!

Bowes Seal-Fast would have saved the day.

Unlike the ordinary tire patch, Bowes Seal-Fast requires no heat, no cement, no gasoline. It actually welds itself to the tube the instant it touches it.

Here's how it works:

first With the buffer that comes in the kit roughen the tube surface where the puncture is to get a greater sticking area.

then Apply a couple of drops of chemical rubber solvent and cleaner (contained in the Seal-Fast Kit) and scrape it clean. This penetrates and softens the tube surface so it can fuse with the patch.

then Press on a Seal-Fast patch (made of high-grade, laminated, three-ply rubber), rolling it with the bottom of the Seal-Fast can—the patch welds itself to the tube.

—and away you go!

As a matter of precaution keep Seal-Fast in your car. Fifty cents will fix 25 punctures to stay fixed. Get a can today from your nearest dealer's counter.

Bowes Seal-Fast Corp.
Indianapolis
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BOWES SEAL FAST

Patented Apr. 8, 1924

WRITE US FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER

Glorifying the American Sniff

Always Snifflin'

IF Flow Fieldzig could glorify the American girl the way a frantic hay-feverite glorifies the American *sniff*—*Oh Boy!*

Can't you hear the big butter and egg men down in the front row.... "alleoop—athsma baby!"

This show's full of snifties.

Some johns are susceptible. They can't meet a grass widow without starting to sniffle. Others are choosey—they wait until 10:29 on the morning of one certain day—then they make the Johnstown flood look like a drydock.

Which brand of hay fever do *you* sport?

Are you a patient snuffler—or do you trek to some hay-free summer resort where the golfing's good?

If you rate a month off because of your snufferings, don't let the boss see this ad. He'll prescribe Rinex and nip your vacation in the flood.

There's a lot of hooey about what *causes* hay fever. But there isn't any at all about what fades it—Rinex.

No matter *what* kind of hay hits you—Rinex gives it the dry sign.

A three-dose free sample will prove the case for you. You'll wipe away those tears. Your nose will return to natural size. You will be comfortable. Send the coupon to prove it. Have the sample handy when the Big Sniffle begins.

All sorts of sniffles—weepy eyes and inflamed nostrils, mild catarrh, chronic catarrh, head colds, rose fever, rose colds, summer colds, hay fever, hay asthma—respond magically to Rinex. Try it! Sure, safe, easy to take—not habit forming. No bad after effects.

Your druggist sells the full-size $1.00 package of Rinex on a guarantee to refund your money if you are not pleased. He also stocks the $5.00 family package, which will snuff out the sniffles of a good size family over many months.

DR. PLATT'S **Rinex** PRESCRIPTION

Snuffs out Sniffles *Cuts out Colds*

At Druggists

The Clinical Laboratories Co.,
1200 West 9th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

If you think Rinex will help my hay fever, send me (in plain wrapper) your three-dose free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[If your druggist has overlooked a good bet and has let his Rinex stock get sold out—mail a dollar direct to us and we will send a full-sized bottle postpaid.]

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

minutive, dancing just inside his burning eyelids—dancing like the reflection of a star upon black, rippling water.

The next morning, while the sun climbed into the sweltering heavens, Chris remained at his drawing-board. He stuck it out all afternoon, thinking of swimming-pools, artificially cooled movie houses, and breezy roof gardens where he might go that evening.

But when he left the house it was without having made any engagement. Throughout a lonely dinner his thoughts kept reverting to the girl of the night before. In the secret hope that she might appear again, he trudged back to his studio and, having lighted his pipe, dropped limply into a chair before the open window.

There was still a little light outside, but the studio itself was shadowy. Presently his gaze fixed itself on the skylight, propped open for ventilation. An idea had just grazed his mind when—

He heard soft footsteps. They came—yes, they were coming from above his head.

Suddenly he gripped the arms of his chair.

A girl's white arm had reached through the open skylight.

The hand groped about with fingers extended, found the iron brace, and unhooked it. Then the skylight was lifted and swung back upon its hinges. Through the opening appeared two shapely legs. They were lowered carefully until their slippers encountered the top of a filing cabinet. The girl stepped down upon some bookshelves, where she poised for an instant with one hand braced against the wall—a slim, dark-haired little figure in a kimono.

Then she dropped lightly to the floor. Brushing her hands together, she started toward his radio. But before she had taken three steps—although he had not made a sound and she had not even glanced in his direction—she stopped like a startled rabbit.

There was an instant of palpitating silence. Then he heard her sniff inquiringly, and realized that his pipe was still gripped between his teeth. In that second she wheeled.

A cry—a frantic leap—a cascade of books—and she was scrambling out through the skylight. Chris clambered after her. As they tumbled out upon the roof his hand closed over her wrist.

"Got you!"

HE kept hold as they got to their feet. He had a quick impression, against a background of dark roofs and chimney pots, of a soft, open-mouthed face and of two shining dark eyes that seemed enormous in the dusk. Then she began to jerk like an animal caught in a steel trap.

"Hold on, young lady!" he cried, panting. "You're going to tell me who you are! I want to know what you've been up to in my studio. I saw your footprint on the wall there last night, and I saw you dancing. I'd have nabbed you then if you hadn't fooled me by the way you got out. Come on, now—what's the big idea? Don't you understand plain English? I say, don't you—"

She had uttered nothing but a scale of frightened little gasps. But suddenly she caught a long, quavering breath, and faced him. Her free hand gestured helplessly.

"*Mais je ne parle pas l'anglais, monsieur,*" she declared in a voice of velvet and gold. "*Je ne vous comprends pas!*"

Chris' lower jaw dropped.

She stood there, looking up into his face appealingly—almost as if she expected *him* to make some explanation. Her soft lips drew together until there was only a little breathless o in the center of them.

"Oh—you're French, huh?" he stammered weakly. He plowed the fingers of one hand through his hair. "Well—gee, that isn't such good news. About all the French I understand is R. S. V. P.!"

"*Voulez-vous me laisser partir?*"

"What?"

"*Lâchez-moi, s'il vous plait!*"

He got it this time, from the way she tugged at her wrist.

"No! You're not going yet. Say, don't you speak any English at all?"

She shrugged her shoulders equivocally and gave an outward thrust with the hands.

"*Je ne vous comprends que très imparfaitment, monsieur.*"

"Funny noises!" Chris laughed. "But I like to hear you make them, all the same."

He looked out across the flat roofs.

"SAY, where did you come from, anyhow?" he asked very distinctly. "Show me where you live—what house?"

She shook her head. Then she pulled at her wrist.

"All right," he declared suddenly. "I'll let you go. But, by Jove, I'm going to follow you and find out where you do live!"

He looked at her expectantly. She frowned, but she did not budge.

"Oh! So you don't want me to find out?" He sat down on the edge of the skylight and grinned. "All right; I'll just wait here until you're ready to go."

She regarded him uncertainly for a moment. Then, with a little toss of her head, she sauntered a few steps across the roof and picked up a rug and a couple of cushions which she apparently had dropped there before entering his studio. She spread them out against a near-by chimney and sat down.

"Well, I'll—be—darned!"

Chris walked over to her.

"Of course, if you want to visit for a while," he remarked engagingly, "I'll be delighted."

He sat down before her and hugged his knees to his chin.

"Nice night, isn't it?" he observed. "Now that we've got acquainted and know all about each other, what do you think of the view? There's the Metropolitan Tower over there. See—the one with the light? Here, let me help you with that cushion."

She allowed him to tuck it between her back and the chimney. But when his hand lingered unnecessarily, she sat up defensively.

"No?" inquired Chris. Then, affably: "All right, let's just have a good chat. I think that's much nicer, don't you?"

He began to talk to her as he might have soliloquized to an amusing kitten: "Do you know, I sort of enjoy sitting up here with you. If you don't talk, at least you don't go making a lot of wise cracks. You just sit there like a little sphinx. A mysterious, silent girl with soulful eyes."

He considered her thoughtfully.

"I REALLY don't know much more about you than when I found your footprint on my wall. You might be anything I want to imagine you—and the way your glances glide out from beneath those long lashes certainly stimulates my imagination. If you go on looking at me like that, I'm likely to fall right into your eyes and drown there!"

Was he mistaken—or had a hint of grave mischief come into those humid dark eyes, into the slight quirk of her lips? He waited a minute and then remarked experimentally:

"Your nose is shiny."

Her fingers did not even twitch.

"No," he decided, studying her; "I should say you didn't understand much English. It's all right, child. There's nothing the matter with your nose or anything else about you. I guess you're just some Cinderella of the tenements; and the nearest you could get to the prince's ball was to tune in on it with my radio."

He considered striking a match to see her face more clearly. But he had dropped his pipe in the studio and gave up the idea for want of a pretext.

"If you weren't," he announced reflectively, "I've an idea I would make love to you. I'd go for you like Grant went for Richmond, darling. But the way things are, up here on the roof and everything, with you not even able to talk back—well, I suppose it wouldn't be quite fair."

It grew darker. From the street below came the sound of water sluicing the hot asphalt, the strident cries of mothers calling in their children. Then, one by one, the noises died away. The lights went out in window after window. It was cool upon the housetop and peaceful after the sweltering heat of the day.

"*Regardez,*" murmured the girl suddenly.

Chris looked along her outflung arm to see a shooting star.

"'Starlight, star bright,'" he chanted, amused, "'first star I've seen tonight—' How does it go?" He crooked his little finger. "Something about making a wish."

To his surprise, she hooked her own little finger into his and gave it a solemn pull.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Were you brought up on that, too?"

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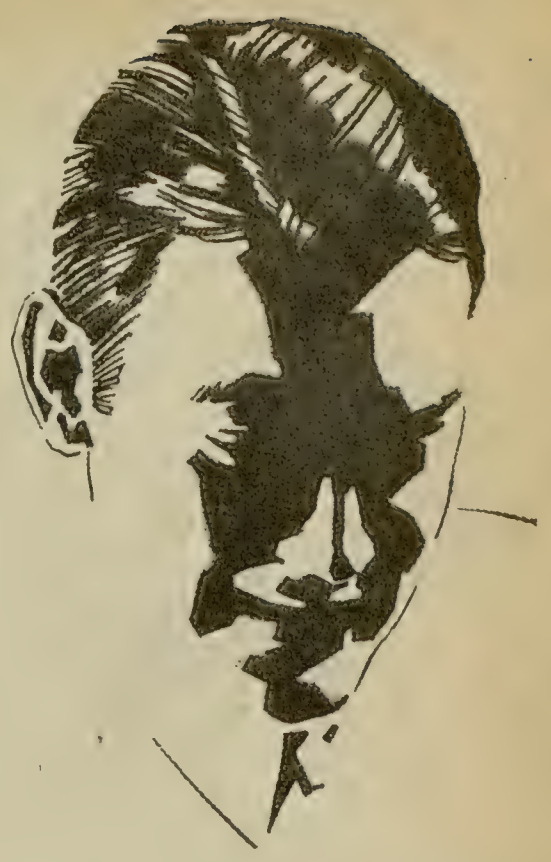


You can keep young, thick hair!

Sturdy, thick-growing hair

yours, with this daily care

"*Young-looking!*"—so often a man's age is guessed by a glance at his hair!

You can keep *your* hair thick, vigorous, young—check thinning or falling hair—with this simple daily treatment:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

A tingling glow of nourishing scalp circulation follows this Pinaud treatment! Quickly, within a few days, dandruff disappears.

Dandruff-free—richly nourished—your hair gains and keeps the sturdy thickness of youth!

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine *today* at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

Tender
scorched skin—
soothed instantly

HEALTH-LADEN sunshine—how children revel in it! Along the sand, beside clear water, anywhere outdoors—it's their birthright.

Don't let sunburn bring them nights of torture, steal happy daylight hours.

Ease the feverish smart at once—spread on the surgical dressing physicians use—at the first tell-tale redness, Unguentine!

Unguentine disinfects, heals the wounded tissues with amazing speed. The sickening poisons that can develop in any burn are halted. Brown as berries, the little ones are happy as larks again.

* *

You can use Unguentine freely *before* exposure, too; in the most tropical sun it counteracts burning. Keep a tube ready in your outing kit. On beach or mountain, by lake or stream, it will mean comfort for the whole family—guard priceless summer days. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Be ready with Unguentine

[THE FOOTPRINT ON THE WALL]
Continued from Page Forty-nine

She snuggled back against the cushions. In a clear, sweet voice she began to sing:

"*Berger, tu dis que notre étoile*
Règle nos jours et brille aux cieux.
—Oui, mon enfant: mais dans son voile
La nuit la dérobe à nos yeux."

"Very pretty," he remarked when she had finished. But he looked searchingly at her. "I'll say you're a funny kid. Darned if I can make you out!"

He watched her thump the cushions into shape.

"What are you going to do now? Count the stars? Want me to stop talking? All right. You can put your head here if you want."

With the tip of one finger he traced her eyebrows. He began to stroke them gently, soothingly.

"It's all right, child," he murmured reassuringly as he bent over her. "I was only thinking that you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen in my life."

If his words meant nothing to her, she must at least have understood the inflection of tenderness, the little catch of loneliness, in his voice. He felt her hand pressed lightly on the back of his head and her lips brush his.

Something had leaped up inside his chest and seemed suspended there. It had been just the breath of a kiss—a swift, impulsive gesture of lips that had touched his as softly as flower petals. Yet he knew it was an experience he would never forget.

Chris sat as if he were listening to an orchestra inaudible to other ears. More stars appeared in the sky. Gazing up into that crowded expanse of midnight blue, he lost all sense of time and place.

THE light on the Metropolitan Tower changed from white to red to blink the four quarters of an hour, changed back to white, blinked twelve times, and then shone steadily again.

He glanced down at the girl.

Her eyes were closed, their dark lashes resting lightly on the swell of her cheeks. Her breath came evenly against his hand.

"What do you know about that?" he mused.

He had scarcely slept the night before and was exhausted by the grueling heat of the day. He leaned back against the chimney and closed his eyes for a minute—two minutes.

When he opened them it was reluctantly, because his body felt cramped. Over the jagged skyline of Manhattan another pitiless day was dawning. There was no girl there. On each side of him the roofs stretched out — prosaic, dusty, deserted.

Old Mudget was sweeping down the steps when he went out of the house.

"Thank you, Mr. Holiday," said the janitor, pocketing the tip Chris had promised him. "About that girl you were speaking of the other night—"

"Have you seen her?" cried Chris.

"Well, now, I don't know," replied the old man guardedly. "There was a girl about a week ago standing out front here and looking up at—"

"What was she like? Little girl, awfully pretty? Big, shiny dark eyes? Lips that sort of puckered up, without quite closing, so that they left a round hole in the center?"

Old Mudget took his pipe from his mouth and considered it dubiously.

"Well, now, that might be the one. Nice little girl, she was. She seemed to be looking for an apartment. But I told her, I says:

"'This ain't no apartment house, miss. Just offices.' Then she says, pointing up: 'How about the studio on the top floor—is it occupied?' 'Well, it is and it ain't,' I told her. 'It's rented; but the fellow that has it is away for the summer.'"

"But how could you understand her, when she was talking French?"

"French? Say, this girl talked as good English as you or me!"

So there the matter rested.

"WELL, Chris, what do you think of life, now you're seeing it?"

Chris looked around moodily.

From the ceiling above his head were suspended electrically lighted cages, each containing a parrot of gorgeous hue. The paneled walls were decorated with trailing air plants, palms, and other tropical vegetation. The onyx dance floor, extending from his table, was polished until it reflected the fantastic lights like a sheet of glass laid upon black velvet.

"Not so hot, Jack," he replied morosely.

Jack turned with a helpless gesture to the third man at their table.

He considered her thoughtfully. "If you go on looking at me like

"I tell you, Roddie," he declared, "this lad is going to die on our hands unless we can find out what's the matter with him! Ever since he got back to town last month he hasn't been himself at all."

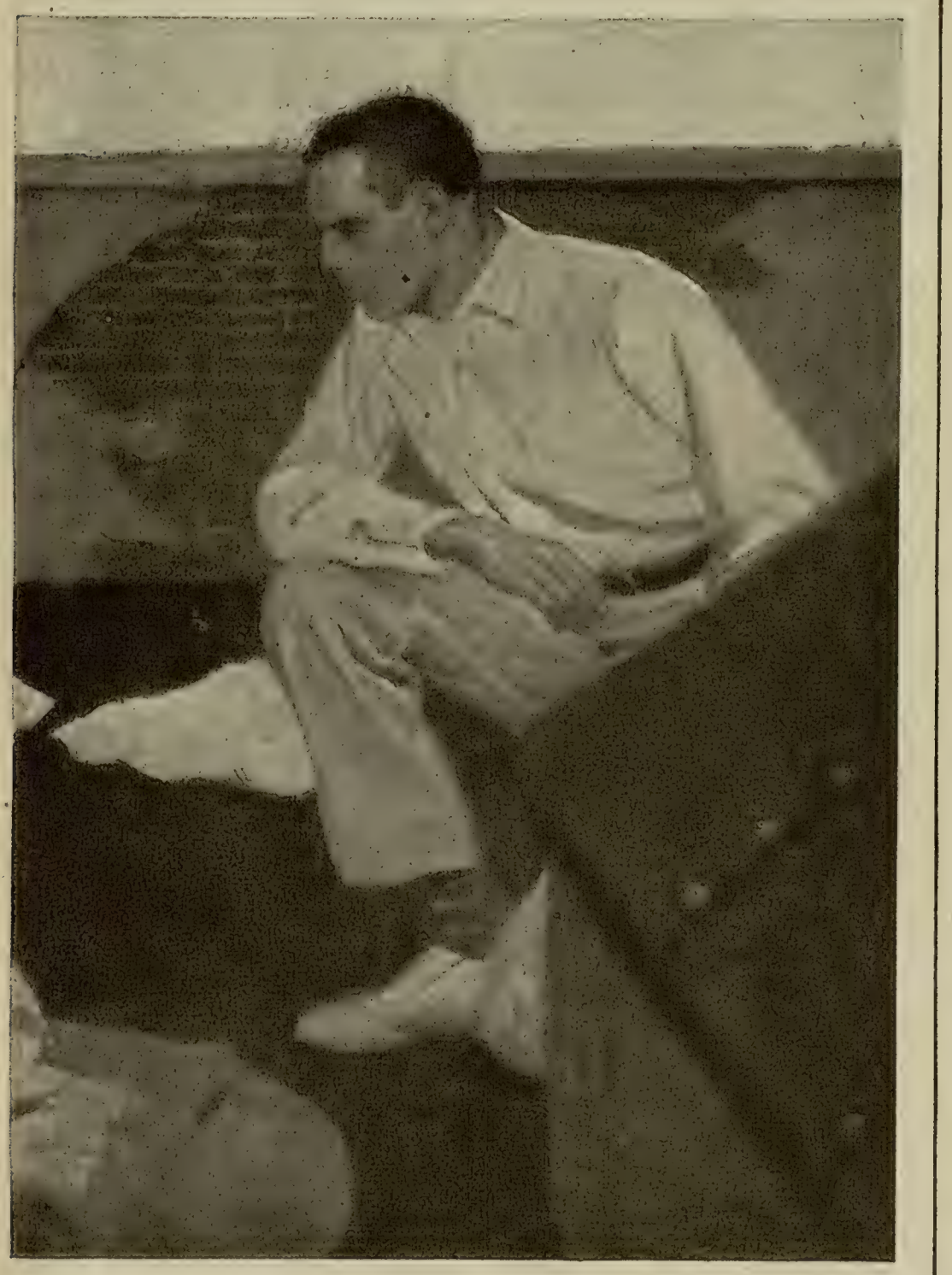
"DON'T I know it?" retorted the other. "Haven't I tempted him with poker parties? Haven't I tempted him with invitations to get drunk?

"Only tonight, when I'd tried everything else, he asked me sort of plaintively if there wasn't a place called The Thousand and One Nights. When I inquired what had put such a pretty fancy into his head, he said that he had listened in on the program on his radio one night last August!"

The hostess of the night club appeared upon the black dance floor.

"Now, boys and girls," she began ecstatically, "we are going to have a number which I am sure you will all love. The little girl who is going to dance for you is

one of the most popular stars on Broadway. But, unfortunately, she has an exclusive contract with a certain producer which makes it impossible for her to appear here without concealing her identity. You will notice that she wears a mask; and I can introduce her to you only as Mademoiselle X. But if you know your Broadway as I think you do"—a winning, confidential smile—"you may be able to guess who she is!"



that, I'm likely to fall right into your eyes and drown there."

"If we know our Broadway!" muttered Chris disgustedly. "If I know my apple sauce, the girl's some homely little nobody that—"

He stopped abruptly.

Into the middle of the floor, at the first crash of the orchestra, had leaped a slender, white-limbed girl in Oriental costume. She wore a black-lace mask across her eyes, and the lower part of her face was covered by a diaphanous green veil. Her arms and legs were bare, except for jeweled bracelets and anklets. The nails of her hands and feet were stained with henna.

With a supple movement she drew her slim body up to its full height. Then softly, undulatingly, like sea grasses stirred by the tide, she began to dance.

Chris leaned forward. The girl was looking directly at him.

There was no sound in all the room except the tinkle of her bracelets and anklets and the soft accompaniment of the orchestra. The music quickened. Faster and faster grew the dance.

As the orchestra came to a triumphant conclusion, she leaped from the floor. There was a burst of applause. Chris turned excitedly to the hostess, who was standing near him.

"Who *is* that girl, anyhow?"

"Would you like to meet her? I'll bring her over to your table if you'd like."

"If I know my Broadway," whispered Roddie to Jack, as they arose, "this is going to cost our boy friend money."

Chris was conscious of two humid dark eyes gazing up at him through the holes in a black mask and, beneath a fold of filmy green scarf, of red lips drawn up into a little breathless o. As the hostess mentioned his name he heard himself stammering:

"I—I think I've met you before, mademoiselle. Didn't you come once to my studio on—"

THE red lips drew back in a mocking smile.

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Holiday," said the dancer in perfect English. "But I can't recall ever having even been invited to your studio!"

"But—" stammered Chris.

He heard Roddie's explosive snort behind him. His friends were complimenting the girl on her dancing; they were asking her to sit down.

"I really ought to change my costume first," she objected, as one of them slid a chair under her. "And my feet—just look at their soles. That's the worst of barefoot dancing!"

With a quick, birdlike motion she turned to Chris.

"What makes you think you've met me before, Mr. Holiday?" Her lips quirked mischievously. "Who do you think I am?"

"I—I haven't the slightest idea; but—"

His friends burst out laughing. Then Roddie tapped his forehead with one finger.

"You mustn't mind him," he announced patronizingly. "That's just the way he's been behaving since that hot spell in August."

"Oh?" The dancing eyes behind the mask were turned on him again. "The poor boy! Do you suppose," she suggested slowly, "he thought he'd invited me to his studio and I was going to appear suddenly through his skylight?"

Chris' cheeks and ears were flaming.

"Look here," he asked the girl suddenly, "can you turn a somersault in the air and come down on the spot you started from?"

"Why, I suppose so!" she replied, surprised.

HE picked up the large menu card on the table and held it out to her, its white back upward.

"Will you turn a somersault in the air for me and see if you can come down squarely on this card?" he challenged. "*Will* you?"

"Why—" She shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly. "Well, anything to humor a patron!"

She walked out upon the dance floor.

"This is by request," she called to the orchestra leader.

She placed the card on the floor, flush with her toes, and carefully balanced herself. Then, as the drum rolled, she leaped, described a flying arc in the air, and came down with both feet neatly on the card.

She sprang back. With a triumphant wave of her hand to Chris and his friends, she darted toward the dressing-room.

"Here, give me that!" called Chris to a waiter who had stepped out to pick up the menu card.

He bore it back to his table.

"What's the big idea?" demanded Roddie. "Are you trying to get her foot size to send her some silk stockings? I say, her tootsies did leave a mark, didn't they?"

There it was upon the white cardboard—fainter this time than it had been upon his wall.

Chris had taken a pencil from his pocket and was rapidly outlining one of the footprints. He intensified a little triangular white patch on the ball of the foot which might have marked a scar. Then across the bottom of the card he wrote:

DEAR CINDERELLA:

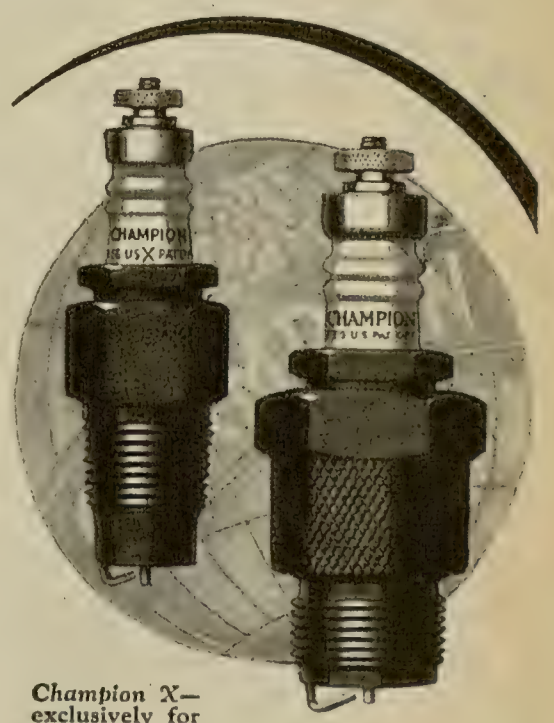
Fingerprints and footprints don't lie. I've spent enough lonely hours staring at the one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Install a Full Set!

When you need new spark plugs, install a full set—and be sure they are dependable Champions. Your garage man or dealer will tell you why Champion is the *better* spark plug. Their sillimanite insulators for strength, their two-piece construction for easy cleaning are important reasons why they are so dependable, and why two out of three motorists the world over invariably choose Champions.

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO



Champion X—exclusively for Fords—packed in the Red Box 60¢

Champion—for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box 75¢

GASTROGEN TABLETS relieve indigestion quickly—without *discomfort or embarrassment!*

"UNTIL the day I took my first Gastrogen Tablet," writes Mr. H. S. Barnes, 28 Richardson Road, Newton Upper Falls, Mass., *"it never occurred to me that there could be any real relief from indigestion without the hiccups and gas that go with the use of soda.*

"But Gastrogen Tablets convinced me to the contrary. They corrected the trouble quickly—sweetened the stomach, drove away the leaden feeling, and did it so quietly and gently I never knew I'd taken anything at all."

MR. BARNES, in his letter, points out the great difference between Gastrogen Tablets and ordinary digestive remedies that contain bicarbonate of soda.

For soda leaves an alkaline residue in the stomach which hampers normal digestion and brings on the hiccups, gas and internal rumblings, that make one so conspicuously miserable.

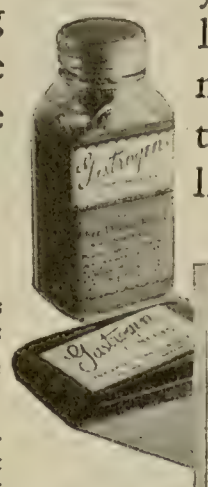
Gastrogen Tablets are free from these objections

Gastrogen Tablets contain no soda. They are compounded of alkalies that cannot act except in the presence of acid. So, after neutralizing the acidity of the stomach, they cease their work and any excess passes from the system harmlessly and unchanged.

You get quick relief—you get effective relief (for Gastrogen does not retard normal digestion)—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation, the medical term for the social error of belching.

* * *

Gastrogen Tablets work so quickly that they drive away the discomfort of indigestion, heartburn and gas in from 10 to 15 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today—try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort—you'll be delighted with their spicy, aromatic taste and surprised at the quick and comfortable relief they bring.



Of Interest to Physicians and Druggists Only

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$HCl + NaHCO_3 = NaCl + CO_2 + H_2O$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$HCl + \frac{1}{2}CaCO_3 = \frac{1}{2}CaCl_2 + \frac{1}{2}CO_2 + \frac{1}{2}H_2O$

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BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A77
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

[THE FOOTPRINT ON THE WALL]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

you left on my wall to recognize it anywhere. I'm crazy about you; and you've simply got to see me!

He signed it, folded the card, and gave it to the waiter to deliver.

An interminable wait. Then:

"The young lady will see you in her dressing-room in fifteen minutes, sir."

She had taken off her mask and changed into an evening dress.

For a moment they stood silent, confronting each other. The mocking smile still tugged at her lips.

"So it wasn't all just starshine, then," she asked, "that night on the roof?"

"It was more than that! Why, I've been looking everywhere for you—only, I've been hunting for a French girl. I say, are you French?"

"No; but I had a French governess." Her lips twitched. "So that night when you caught me in your studio and began to bombard me with questions—remember? Well, when you finally shouted at me, 'Don't you understand English?'—why, I was much too terrified to admit that I did!"

Chris' mind was in turmoil.

"BUT are you really some Broadway star—or what?" he stammered. "That mask—"

She shook her head.

"The mask is just because my old darling of a guardian refuses to have it known that his little ewe lamb has become an entertainer in a night club."

"But—"

"But really," she added quickly, "it's always been my ambition to become a professional dancer. I kept pestering the owner of this night club to give me a chance. Last month, when things were sort of slack, he did."

Chris took a step forward. His nerves were taut bowstrings.

"But how did you ever come to—"

"To climb into your studio? I had a terrible row with my guardian, you see. Since I wasn't willing to do as he wanted, it didn't seem fair to go on living in his house. So I rented a cheap little furnished room until I could rehearse my first number and begin to draw a salary. In the evenings I used to go up the fire escape to the top of the house. Your skylight was only two roofs away, and one evening I peeped through it. I coveted your radio and the space you had for dancing. Then I learned from your janitor that the studio was unoccupied for the summer, and that there was nothing else in the building but offices—and there you are!"

She curtsied, and stood looking up at him out of those dark, liquid eyes, her lips quirking.

"Well, Mr. Holiday," she inquired, "now that you've found the bobbed-haired burglar, what do you propose to do about it?"

Twang went the bowstrings.

"Ou-u-u-*uff!*" She opened her eyes and caught a long breath:

"Like Grant took Richmond!"

THE END

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YOU can do as much business with a Fairbanks sample line as if you had an expensive Main Street location, costly fixtures, and thousands of dollars tied up in "STOCK." And you can deliver *bigger value* because your "store" pays no rent, no clerk hire, no "overhead" expenses. *You can give your customers every cent of this saving.* You can sell ALL-WOOL suits and overcoats, tailored to measure, actually the $35 kind, for only $23.75.

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We pay you $4 to $5.25 cash on every order, and you can sell hundreds of suits and overcoats each season by our plan. Sliding scale of cash bonuses in addition. You can build up a permanent, *repeating* business of your own with our help and backing. Tailoring experience preferred, but not absolutely necessary. But only men with a record of successful selling in wholesale, retail, or direct lines will be considered.

Write us a letter!

Tell us all about yourself, selling experience in detail, your record of tailoring sales, if any, age, references, territory wanted, etc. No writing back and forth—if your application letter looks O. K. will send you line immediately.

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What proportion of the earth's inhabitants are Christians?

2—What is the automobile death rate in the United States?

3—How many States paid bonuses to World War veterans, and which State paid the largest sum?

4—When and where was the first airplane flight made?

5—What materials are used in making artificial pearls?

6—What country has the largest proportion of physicians?

7—How many men were killed in the bombardment of Fort Sumter at the opening of the Civil War?

8—What is the shortest distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the United States?

9—What is the length of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico?

10—Where was the potato first "discovered" by Europeans?

11—What are the smallest and largest known mammals, living or extinct?

12—What is the required height of a lawn-tennis net?

13—What nonstop airplane flight was made across the Atlantic Ocean before Lindbergh's flight?

14—What was the famous Lee resolution?

15—How many American aviation aces (those credited with six or more victories in the air) were there in the World War?

16—What percentage of human births are births of twins?

17—How many muscles has a normal man?

18—Do flies live longer in very warm or moderately cool weather?

19—What is the greatest ocean depth ever sounded?

20—What are railroad "blocks" and how long are they?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What was the greatest ship disaster that ever took place on inland waters?

A.—The boiler explosion aboard the steamboat Sultana on the Mississippi River, April 27, 1865, when 1,400 lives were lost. Most of the victims were exchanged Union prisoners of war.

2—What State has the greatest indebtedness?

A.—Illinois. According to recent estimate, the debt is $227,118,000. New York is second, with $220,560,642.

3—Virginia is the "mother of Presidents." What State is the mother of Presidents' wives?

A.—Ohio. Seven wives of Presidents were born there; six in New York; and five in Virginia.

4—How much water does the body of the average man (weighing 150 pounds) contain?

A.—Ten gallons.

5—When was the first transcontinental railroad completed in the United States?

A.—In 1869 the Union Pacific Railroad was completed.

6—In what American area is the prospect of long life best? In what area is it poorest?

A.—In the area represented by the State of Kansas the average man may expect to reach the age of 59.82 years. The average woman attains 61.02 years. Wisconsin is the next best chance. The city of Pittsburgh, where the average man may expect to live 47.16 years and the average woman 50.42 years, is the poorest. New Orleans is next poorest for men, and Buffalo for women.

7—What is the average yearly expenditure for clothes of the American housewife? Husband?

A.—$63.55 for the former and $71.38 for the latter, according to the United States Department of Labor.

8—What parts of speech are "yes" and "no"?

A.—Adverbs.

9—Are bootleggers required to make income-tax returns?

A.—Yes, according to a recent decision of the Supreme Court, which also requires that burglars and other persons who make a living by extralegal methods make returns. Affidavits in this connection cannot be used to incriminate them, however.

10—What is the largest single item in the national wealth of the United States?

A.—Real estate. It is estimated that 54 per cent of the national wealth (about $330,000,000,000) is represented by this item.

11—Why are passengers on a railroad train virtually safe from lightning?

A.—The steel coaches, grounded by means of the rails, form a metal cage that scientists declare to be an almost perfect protection against lightning.

12—Who were the only two brothers among the signers of the Declaration of Independence?

A.—Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, delegates from Virginia.

13—What was the average speed maintained by Colonel Charles Lindbergh in his flight from New York to Paris?

A.—He flew 3,610 miles in thirty-three hours and twenty-nine minutes—an average of 107½ miles an hour.

14—What is the lowest and highest denominations of adhesive postage stamps issued by the United States Government?

A.—The half-cent stamp is the lowest, and the five-dollar stamp the highest.

15—What substance used in making perfumes is supplied by whales?

A.—Ambergris, a fatty substance that commands a very high price.

16—What is the oldest Greek-letter college fraternity?

A.—Phi Beta Kappa, founded in 1776 at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.

17—What is the legal tender of small coins?

A.—One-cent and five-cent pieces are legal tender to the amount of twenty-five cents and fractional silver up to ten dollars.

18—What is the size and weight limit of a parcel-post package?

A.—A parcel-post package may not exceed eighty-four inches in length and girth combined. The weight limit is seventy pounds for parcels mailed for delivery within the first, second, and third zones, and fifty pounds for all other zones.

19—How much nickel is there in a five-cent piece?

A.—Twenty-five per cent; the other 75 per cent is copper.

20—How much money is there in the United States, and how much of it is in circulation?

A.—In 1926 the stock of money in the United States was $8,372,981,468. Of this amount, $4,834,710,681 was in circulation. The per capita circulation is $41.85.

To Men . . . .

who think their faces are clean

This cream goes into a clean-shaven face pink—and comes out a dingy grey

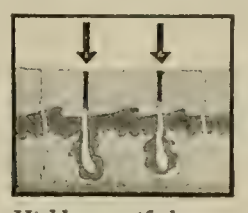
PORE-DIRT is in *every* face. It greys the cleanest complexion. It defies the daily wash that lets you think your face is clean when it really isn't!

Where does it come from? Dusty roads, soot-belching chimneys, gasoline puffs from every passing motor—the air is teeming with millions of minute particles of grime.

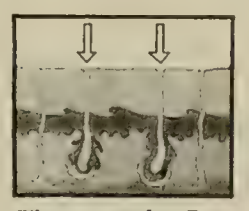
These particles are so small you can't see them. They are smaller than the skin pores and get packed deep down under the skin. There they hide, laughing at the wash-cloth that cleans only the skin surface.

If they are allowed to remain too long, blackheads result. But generally pore-dirt merely greys your skin, gives it a tired, sallow look as though you had been up late the night before.

"Unwashable dirt," cosmeticians call it. But a minute's massage with Pompeian Massage Cream rolls every bit of it free.



Highly magnified cross-section of the skin showing how pore-dirt becomes imbedded in the pores. Surface washing cannot remove it.



The pores after Pompeian Massage Cream has cleansed them. The cream first loosens pore-dirt and then rolls the dirt out on the face.

Rolls pore-dirt from a twice-washed face! Try it!

You can easily prove to yourself that Pompeian Massage Cream begins to clean where ordinary cleansing methods stop. First wash your face and hands as clean as you can.

Then scoop a little cream from the jar and massage it into your face. Keep on rubbing until the dried cream rolls out of your skin in tiny pellets.

Note this amazing thing—the cream that went into the skin a clean pink now rolls out a dingy grey.

The grimed-in dirt is now removed. Your pores can once more fully breathe. Your skin quickly responds to the invigorating massage.

Your face looks, feels, and *is* really clean!

FREE test convinces thousands. Test the benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream on your face—FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now while you are reading this magazine.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 304G, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.
Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

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Cooling Bracing Beautifying creams & lotions

to overcome "skin-fatigue"

Excessive fatigue of the skin in warm weather may not seem very important at the moment. Yet this tired state is a real forerunner of age-lines . . . of coarse pores . . . of sallowness . . . of a drooping, shapeless contour.

The refreshing, youth-reviving creams and lotions created by Helena Rubinstein (*world's foremost beauty specialist*) definitely counteract *skin-fatigue!* They aid, actively, in keeping the facial tissues youthfully firm, the contour braced, the skin exquisitely fine!

Exquisite Rubinstein creations for daily summer care

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—cleanses, cools, soothes—molds out "tired look"—the only cleansing cream that benefits oily or pimpled skins. (1.00)

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Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones, braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

Valaze Sunproof Cream—Used before exposure, prevents freckles, sunburn. (1.00)

Valaze Liquidine—instantly absorbs oiliness—corrects shine on nose. (1.50)

Valaze Pore Paste Special—washes away blackheads, refines pores, keeps skin delightfully smooth. (1.00)

Enhance your charm with

[**Valaze Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks**—absolutely pure—protective to the most delicate skin—intensely flattering tones. (1.00 to 5.50)]

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Kindly send me without charge full individual instructions for daily care of my skin.

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( ) Oily Skin	( ) Double Chin
( ) Average Skin	( ) Puffy Eyes
( ) Wrinkles	( ) Flabbiness
( ) Crowsfeet	( ) Tan, Freckles
( ) Sallowness	( ) Pimples, Acne
( ) Blackheads	( ) Hollows

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City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....

Drawing the Shades on Your Evening Appearance

By EILEEN BOURNE

"AMERICAN women look best in the morning, Frenchwomen in the afternoon, and Englishwomen in the evening."

So comments one international observer of feminine beauty. He continues:

"The vital, boyish quality of American women makes them splendid when the day is young. But they haven't the French chic to retrieve the dull after-luncheon period, nor that regal English manner of wearing shoulders and jewels by lamp- and candle-light."

Granting that every generality is wrong, isn't there a hint of truth in this? Don't we Americans accent too much the boyish note—not only with slim figures and extremely bobbed hair, but by being too impatient for elegance and too self-conscious for the magnificence achieved by women of other nations? Everybody admits that we wear clothes well. But we need to pay more attention to details, especially of evening toilettes.

Take the most boyish type of women, with an absolutely straight silhouette and close-cropped head. It requires a good deal of flexibility as well as effort for her to look feminine in the evening. First, she has to feel so. How often have we seen one of these young women loping across the ballroom floor! Instead, she should imitate the grace of Madame Récamier.

But mental preparation is by no means all. Short hair must be treated in a special way. If it is long enough to brush into soft curves or to curl in ringlets lying flat along the forehead or on the cheek, one may easily achieve a coiffure suitable for evening attire. If, however, it is too short for such an arrangement, it is well partially or entirely to cover it.

Transformations, curled or waved and exactly the color of your own locks, give your head the fluffy or classic chignon you prefer. Or, instead, you may use one of those bandeaus of metal ribbon created both by Lelong and by Antoine.

Next in importance to the coiffure is make-up. Here, again, we must take advantage of new themes to emphasize the difference between daytime and evening.

After a thorough cleansing with cream and astringent, it is well to apply to neck, throat, and arms one of those liquid powders that leave a smooth alabaster finish. This is especially useful in summer, when the skin shows uneven tints from sunburn and tan. Over this dust a dry powder.

Rouge should be quite different for dark- and fair-skinned daughters. Sometimes, indeed, the former—that creamy Andalusian type—look better when they apply rouge to the lips only. Their dark, lustrous eyes and penciled brows are made more effective in a setting of warm ivory unbroken by color. In this type of make-up the lips should be vividly tinted, but not with too red a shade. Some of the new pomegranate or geranium lipsticks are particularly good for brunettes.

Blondes, on the contrary, cannot afford to go without rouge on both cheeks and lips. They should take great care to select tones that accent their natural coloring. Your lovely Rowena, or Saxon beauty, should use at night a lighter rouge than she applies during the day.

Don't use the crimson lip rouge and dark powder that you like for sunlit hours, because it gives you that healthy, sunburned look.

The same careful attention should be given the eyes. Try on the lids one of those pastes that offer a faint shadow to enhance the size and luster of the eyes. The brows also, unless naturally dark, should be shadowed and the eyelashes shaded.

Here, however, we speak of the most difficult part of make-up. For, unless lashes look absolutely natural, a most unpleasant artificiality is given the whole appearance.

Cultivate, in all these small details of the toilette, a discriminating sense of individuality. If you are true to that, you cannot be false to the most radiant possibilities of your costume and your temperament.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. **48**

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)
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"Mum"

keeps you free from perspiration odor

What a delightful sense of security!—This freedom from even the thought of embarrassment.

What a comfort — to use "Mum," the dainty cream-deodorant, and *know* that no body odor can mar the charm of your feminine daintiness.

Just a touch of "Mum," to the underarm and wherever perspiration is closely confined, keeps you sweet and fresh *all day and evening*.

"Mum" is the truly *effective* deodorant. Its regular use with the sanitary napkin is proof both of its effectiveness and its entire safety.

Get "Mum" at your store today—25c and 50c.

Special Offer

To introduce to you two other essentials, we make you a Special Offer: 25c "Mum," 25c "Amoray" (the Powder Perfume Talc with a subtle, lasting fragrance) and 75c Evans's Depilatory Outfit (the safe, quick, and marvelously effective hair remover) *$1.25 worth for $1 postpaid.* Or we will send you a special size of "Mum" postpaid for 10c.

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Fair and Foot-Loose WIDOWS

Pictures by
J. S. HULME

How American Weeds Blossom on Foreign Soil

An Article by
FREDERICK TISDALE

THE guide showed the wealthy widow the charges he'd make if she refused to marry him.

THESE two women would have made any man look and wonder. I considered myself fortunate to have Langworthy at my elbow; for Langworthy knows everyone worth knowing in Paris, to say nothing of scads and rafts of others whose acquaintance is much to his discredit.

We sat at a coveted table against the wall of the Café de la Paix, reverent fingers caressing crystals of liquid sunshine trapped many summers before on the smiling hills of Languedoc. The two women were arresting details of the pageant in the Place de l'Opéra.

One was an annihilating blonde, and she knew it. She lolled in a long Italian brougham. The full lips dropped at the corners in a kind of divine lassitude. She was of a type that has caused so many wars that it ought to be included in the next arms conference.

The second woman was in sharp contrast. She swung by in a tailored suit and low-heeled oxfords. Her lips were parted a little. There was an eager light in her face. Both were in the full bloom of the early thirties. And many Gallic eyes, filled with adoration and other things not so nice, followed them.

Yes, Langworthy knew them both. His beginning seemed irrelevant:

"I have always accepted the theory that we Americans get too much sunlight. It charges us with nervous energy exactly as if we were so many storage batteries. That is a great thing for the women, because women hoard energy. It has created the most gorgeous feminine type the world has ever seen.

"But the poor male! He has to give off this energy. The American temperament demands work. I have an English friend who observed that the ideal of the American business man is to achieve his first nervous breakdown before he reaches thirty-five. Certainly our men die younger than our women.

"The result is illustrated by the two women who have just passed. Both are American widows. Madam of the brougham came from San Francisco. She has a million dollars, and almost that many suitors. Madam of the low heels buried her husband in Chicago. He piled up ten millions before his labors overwhelmed him. She is devoting herself to sculpture. The earth is overrun by these charming relicts."

My friend's theory regarding the American male may or may not be correct; but there is plenty of evidence to support his last remark. The remotest corners of our earth are adorned by the fair and foot-loose American widow.

Some years ago a great travel agency was discussing a proposal to charter one of the crack Atlantic liners for a round-the-world tour. Grave doubts troubled the president's mind, since the venture involved more than $1,000,000.

"Americans are a busy people," said he. "Where shall we find tourists with enough time and money to take so long and expensive a trip?"

The answer came from a veteran at the far end of the table.

"The great American widow," he chanted. "She will fill the ship for us."

He was right. Enough widows were booked to make the tour profitable. And all agencies and shipping lines now depend on the husbandless wanderers to make such ambitious ventures pay.

They are everywhere. They are to be found taking tea in the discreet garden of the Astor in effervescent Shanghai. Saigon knows them (and not because it is said to be more wicked than Port Said). They sit in the hushed groups around the green tables at Monte Carlo. The flattered waves of Ostend and Deauville embrace them. Tigers in Bengal jungles are suddenly ushered into eternity by the trigger fingers of American widows. African hippos are obliterated by the same deadly agency.

A recent canvass of a single block in a large Southern city of the United States revealed that it held nineteen widows. Of these, five left for Europe within three weeks after the deaths of their husbands. Nearly all the others took trips abroad within a year.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Vacation days on the Great Lakes

Visit

MACKINAC ISLAND

NIAGARA FALLS

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CLEVELAND BUFFALO

CRUISE on the swiftest and most luxurious steamers on the Great Lakes; see MACKINAC ISLAND, "The Summer Wonderland" with its historic points of interest, and marvelous climate; Fish at "The Snows" near Mackinac. Riding, swimming, tennis and every outdoor recreation. All these are included in a D & C lake tour. Stop over as long as you like at any port.

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Between	
CHICAGO and DETROIT	$60
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CLEVELAND and DETROIT	$3.50	$ 6.00
Berth and meals extra		
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DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION COMPANY

D&C LAKE LINES Steamers

[FAIR AND FOOT-LOOSE WIDOWS]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

Maybe it was envy that caused a still married neighbor to remark: "In this town they buy their steamer tickets on the way back from the cemetery!"

This ceaseless migration focuses at such points as the American Express office in Paris. During the flood of the season last year, 13,354 persons applied here in a single day. Photographs of the crowds outside the doors showed that a very large proportion of these were women. Officials declare that a very heavy percentage were husbandless. Sixty women go on the long cruises to every forty men.

The government cannot tell exactly how many widows apply for passports each year, but its servants give you entertaining details.

"It is a fact," said an official of the New York passport office, "that the first thing an American widow seems to think of, after collecting her insurance, is a trip to Europe. We get 'em here by the thousands. And a lot claim to be widows that are not.

"Our forms ask some personal questions that are absolutely necessary because they affect the vital problem of citizenship. Many divorcées claim to be widows. We have to cite the dictionary repeatedly. Here is the definition:

> Widow: A woman who has lost her husband by death, and has not married again.

"That is enough proof for the majority, but often there is one who maintains, 'I am a widow, because my husband died after we were divorced.' We are forced to explain to these women that they are merely the divorced wives of men who have since died.

"Not all of our widow applicants are young. Now and then one will put down that she was born in 1890. Supporting affidavits from her family and old friends will set forth that the applicant was born in 1880. Usually the woman colors as she admits the accuracy of the earlier date, but protests that she had been told or had thought that '90 was her year.

"We also are amused by some of the photographs submitted by older passport applicants. A woman of fifty will bring in a photograph copied from a picture made when she was in high school. We explain tactfully that the photo is necessary for identifying the passport holder, and we are forced to point out that the applicant resembles the earlier picture only vaguely after all these years. Sometimes they regard our attitude as a personal offense.

"The only thing we can do is grin up our sleeves. Certainly we have no right to protest against these innate characteristics that are no more evident in widows than in the rest of the sex."

An executive of a great travel agency analyzes the powerful forces that dislodge the American widow from her environment and set her wandering. In the order of their importance they are:

Romance
Social egotism (desire to lift oneself above the crowd)
Freedom from gossip
Freedom from monotony

And here is his elaboration:

"In a way, it is just as natural for a widow to want to leave her home as it is for a bride to want a wedding trip. There is the terrific nervous strain of the husband's sickness and death. After the mental readjustment, the forces I have named are certain to begin working. If the estate is large enough, it gives the widow a feeling that she can indulge herself.

"When I make romance the greatest incentive, I mean it in a broad sense—the desire for things missed as well as the desire for love. Our typical widow did not have the money to travel when she was a girl; but she dreamed and read of Paris and Budapest; of castles on the Rhine and villas on the Riviera; of sinister dukes and passionate princes.

"Now, America has none of these things. Propinquity, and, later, genuine affection, drove her into the arms of Bob Smith, who garnered a comfortable fortune in the grain business and caught a fatal case of pneumonia going to a meeting at the Elks Club on a rainy night in December. A good husband was Bob, and a faithful one. But he *would* drop cigar ashes on the sitting-room rug, and he *would* cut his lettuce with a knife, though he knew better.

"The widow discovers herself in a position to seek the things she missed as a girl. In Europe there are still glamorous cities, castles and villas, and (whisper!) perhaps a poor but highly polished nobleman who would appreciate a warm heart and financial independence. Ergo, Mrs. Bob Smith is soon on the high seas.

"Science says the first great human impulse is the desire for food; the second, sex; the third, the herding instinct; and the fourth, the longing to lift oneself above the herd. It is this fourth craving that I call social egotism.

"Few women will admit it, but a trip abroad raises you a little above the people who have never been across. No matter how calloused a globe-trotter a person may be, he or she will find occasion to remark in a casual conversation, 'Yes, I saw something like that when I was in Bombay last'; or, 'She reminds me of a woman I met in Cannes.'

"The urge to escape from gossip and neighborly espionage

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hats are like women!

It's not the material—it's the dash! It is the chic little touch that raises them from the bargain counter to the French Room. One may have a clever barber who can trim a bobbed head to perfection.

One may have just the Frenchiest little dress, home-made or ready-made, and still—There may be something lacking.

A Golden Glint shampoo will supply that need.

A shampoo—a rub—a clever dip over one eyebrow. You will be surprised at the difference.

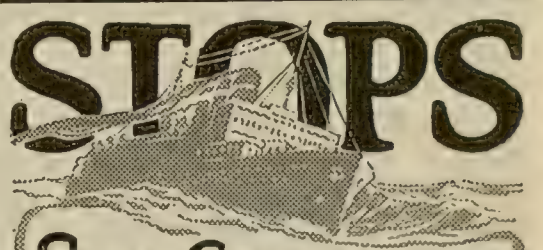
Charm? Chic? That's the question.

Golden Glint—that's the answer. At drug or toilet goods counters, or direct—25¢.*** J. W. KOBI CO., 634F Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO
—that magic luster for every shade of hair

Cold *or* frozen desserts flavored with Mapleine are delicious

STOPS



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—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

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The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
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Quickly prove to yourself the effectiveness of KREMOLA. Note how it banishes facial blemishes. Moth patches, tan dark spots, muddy complexion—even Eczema—fade away and disappear. Try one complete box of KREMOLA. Then see the real skin beauty that can be yours. Price $1.25. At drug and department stores or by mail prepaid.

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Cuticura Soap
Is Pure and Sweet
Ideal for Children

Sample Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

works most powerfully with widows from small cities or towns. If you have never lived in a village you cannot appreciate this merciless tyranny. You are watched from behind curtains; your servants are cross-examined. A system of underground communication swifter than radio informs residents on the far side of town what you had for dinner last night.

"No wonder, when the marriage bond is broken, the widow wants to go where she can smoke a cigarette or enjoy a cocktail without scandalizing the whole county.

"It is in the older women that the longing to escape monotony is strongest. Usually a woman devotes herself to the service of others. After years of dull household routine, it is natural that a widow should want to seize upon a little life, before it is too late to enjoy it."

"Maybe we should be happy," said one of the widows, "but we are not. We are simply killing time."

The executive of the travel agency added that he could double the company's business if he could employ some such advertisement for women as:

"LIVE A LITTLE BEFORE YOU DIE! GO TO EUROPE, WHERE YOU CAN HAVE A LARK WITHOUT BEING TALKED ABOUT."

Neither the steamship lines nor travel companies make any direct appeal to widows. Circumstances make it unnecessary.

"Gay" is the adjective often applied to wandering widows. But there are many who find tragedy in their freedom. A recent case was that of a New York woman whose husband died when she was sixty-four years old. She obeyed the universal impulse and sailed for Paris, traveling alone.

She had never been abroad and she was hopelessly bewildered by the language, the customs, and the money of the French capital. A friend advised her to engage a courier, explaining that these were men who spoke both French and English and that they made a business of convoying the inexperienced. The elderly widow hired Achille.

Achille was a personable man with an engaging English accent. He was competent and discreet. His suave Gallic tact smoothed out the multitude of small irritations that make up foreign travel. Since she did not appreciate the swing between French prices and prices she was used to in America, she had no hint of the amounts that adhered to Achille's long fingers when he paid her bills.

By cautious inquiry and surreptitious observation, Achille learned that his aged client was extremely wealthy. He did not bare his hand until the widow told him she could not endure being separated from her daughters and grandchildren and had decided to return home.

"Pardon, madame," rejoined the ever polite Achille. "Permit me to correct you; but you are not going home now."

"Achille," cried the amazed widow, "are you out of your mind?"

"No, madame. I am the sanest person in Paris. That is why I shall not permit that you go."

"What am I going to do, then?" she demanded angrily.

"You are going to remain in Paris and marry me."

As soon as she regained her voice, the woman stormed. She was old enough to be his mother. He had been no more than a servant to her. Such a marriage would disgrace her.

"None the less," rejoined the deadly Achille, "you shall remain here and become my bride."

He then produced a typewritten sheet and handed it to her. The statement alleged that the most scandalous relations had existed between them. If she did not marry him, the gigolo explained, he would bring suit against her, charging these things. Owing to her wealth and prominence, it would all be published.

TRAPPED and harassed, with no one to turn to, the old heiress finally married the blackmailer. In spite of her decision to hide her disgrace in Paris, the heart pull was too strong for her and she came back to New York to see her children. Her husband insisted upon accompanying her. On the way he flirted with everything that wore skirts.

The marriage had been kept from the woman's family. When she appeared with the former French courier, her relatives refused to have anything to do with her. Broken-hearted, she was forced to return to France, where Achille is now busy with devices planned to make her buy him off.

A middle-aged widow whom I knew traveled gayly over Europe, always in the company of young and handsome men. She died in Rome. Her friends discovered, then, that a ghastly chaperon had been with her all the time. It was Death. Her doctor had given her two years to live, and she had determined to drain life dry before she died.

Last fall a Fifth Avenue modiste struck up an acquaintance with two American widows in that famous bar of the Ritz in Paris. To her they had seemed the gayest and happiest pair in this whole capital of frivolity. The modiste expressed her envy of their wealth and freedom. A wistful smile came over both faces.

"Maybe we should be happy," admitted one of the widows, "but we are not. We are simply killing time. I married the finest man that ever lived. He has been dead three years, but the pain in my heart is as intense as ever."

The other widow protested that her husband had been just as great a loss. The modiste left them sobbing in each other's arms.

It would not be just to close this article without giving some member of our wandering sisterhood a chance to make a statement. Hear, then, what a frank and blooming relict said just before she sailed for Cherbourg:

"One of the most important contributory causes of the wandering of American widows is—economy. Few people realize that you can live on a boat more cheaply than on shore. The last voyage I took was on a French steamer. We were at sea seventeen days. The fare—first class, too—was $160. That comes to less than nine dollars and a half a day. The price couldn't be touched at any good hotel in my home town.

"There is every reason for widows to travel. Their married lives may have been perfect or miserable. Either is a reason for getting away. Men are natural nomads. They want to wander and explore and sleep in strange places. A woman wants to live among her own things. Home, security, permanence are necessary to her.

"Perhaps it is unfortunate, but you can't have a home without a man. He may play a rotten game of bridge, overestimate his cocktail capacity, or snore like a calliope. None the less, he is indispensable. Widows are like other women and if they wander, it may be for the old reason: 'There aren't any attractive men in this town.'

"One thing more: I have traveled some myself and met a lot of widows. But many travelers claim to be widows when, back home, they have husbands alive and kicking—especially kicking. But maybe it would be just as well if you left that out of your story."

THE END

Sergeant Major "Jiggs" of the U. S. Marines

One of the most carefully tended of dogs was "Jiggs," rated as full Sergeant Major in the U. S. Marines. The whole Corps was at his service. He had his uniforms, his quarters and attendants. Thanks to Sergeant's Dog Medicines, his "active service" was prolonged to the ripe old age of eighteen years, an example of what good care and proper treatment will do.

All dogs, puppies especially, should be wormed. Reasons are given on page 15 of Polk Miller's Dog Book

Keep Your Dog Well

Your dog can have as expert care as "Jiggs." In "Jiggs'" kit was a famous book on dog diseases and their treatment and that book will be sent to you on request. Moreover, it is an easy matter for you to get the same safe and effective remedies that were used on this famous dog.

Fleas make dogs miserable and may cause serious skin troubles. Kill fleas with Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap or Powder as directed on page 42 of the Dog Book.

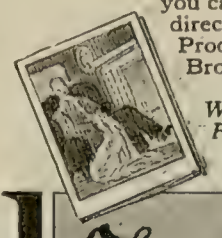
Famous Dog Book Free

Polk Miller's Dog Book is the result of fifty years' experience in caring for dogs and treating their diseases. Each year the book is revised by our staff of veterinarians and kept up to date. In clear, non-technical language, it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and explains the best treatments for each. It explains proper methods of feeding and breeding. A unique Symptom Chart makes it easy to diagnose your dog's ailments. This book has saved the lives of countless valuable animals. You are urged to write for a copy. Mailed free to any address.

Mange is highly contagious among dogs. Proper treatment is given on page 27 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition that puzzles you, write to us at once. State fully age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our own skilled veterinarian and his staff will answer personally. Complete instructions for care and treatment will be sent you promptly without charge. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address, Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1465 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.



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DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write for FREE sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

The *Light-touch* shave is easy on your face

NOW the new way shave—only possible because of the new way Gem Blades are made. Truly a skin-delighting, smile-inviting, *light touch* shave! The merest pressure—and off comes every hair.

No need to "bear down" on your skin! No need to "bear up" under painful shaving! The Gem has a super-keen edge—and holds it.

The Gem Blade is keener because it's built right! First, it is made of heavier, tougher steel. Second, it is subjected to the most rigorous edging process known to blade making! Third, it is reënforced with a backbone of solid steel.

The result is a microscopically keen blade—absolutely rigid. Gem meets the whiskers firmly and shaves them closely *at the lightest touch! Each* blade *guaranteed* 100% perfect!

We are so anxious to have you try this super-keen blade that we're willing to present you with a razor to start you off right. Write us, enclose ten cents in stamps to cover mailing, and a standard Gem frame and test blades are yours with our compliments. We're glad to discuss your shave problems.

Gem Blades sold everywhere. Gem De Luxe Razors, $1 complete.

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

GEM *Double Life* BLADES

The Apple Vendors' *Argument*

A Sam Loyd Puzzle

TONY waved his arms. "We gotta be queeck!" he shouted. "The business have gone to the dogs!"

"Bravo!" chorused Giovanni and Nap. "Take him and sella da app' yourself!"

So they gave all their fruit to Tony. When count was made the total stock of the three turned out to be 72 apples.

The price problem was solved simply by abandoning the old rates and selling off the whole lot at 3 apples for 5 cents.

As Giovanni and Nap had each given Tony at least 20, to add to his more than a score of apples, it looked as if the trio would be pretty well off, after all, provided Tony turned out to be a good salesman.

Sure enough, he did sell every single apple.

"*Bravo!*" chorused his two partners again, though with their eyes on the money and scowls of dismay lining their brows.

For simultaneously the three all realized that to divide the profits was going to be a tougher problem than selling the apples. Then Tony pointed out that if they could only remember how many apples each had in the beginning the rest would be easy.

Here is the puzzle they faced: *All the money Tony collected amounted to just 15 cents less than would have been the proceeds from the 72 apples had they been sold as originally priced.*

Can you figure how many each contributed to the pool of 72 apples?

Sam Loyd

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

THE problem here, as it faced Tom Wing Fong, the Chinese laundry proprietor, was to arrange the ten digits 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 into a column of figures which would add up to 150. Can you do it before reading the answer?

The method is simple, when you know how. Just remove the digits 0, 1, 3, 4, and 5 from the columns and convert them into fractions, to wit: 3/5 and 4/10. Then the sum, correctly totaled, will appear as shown at the right.

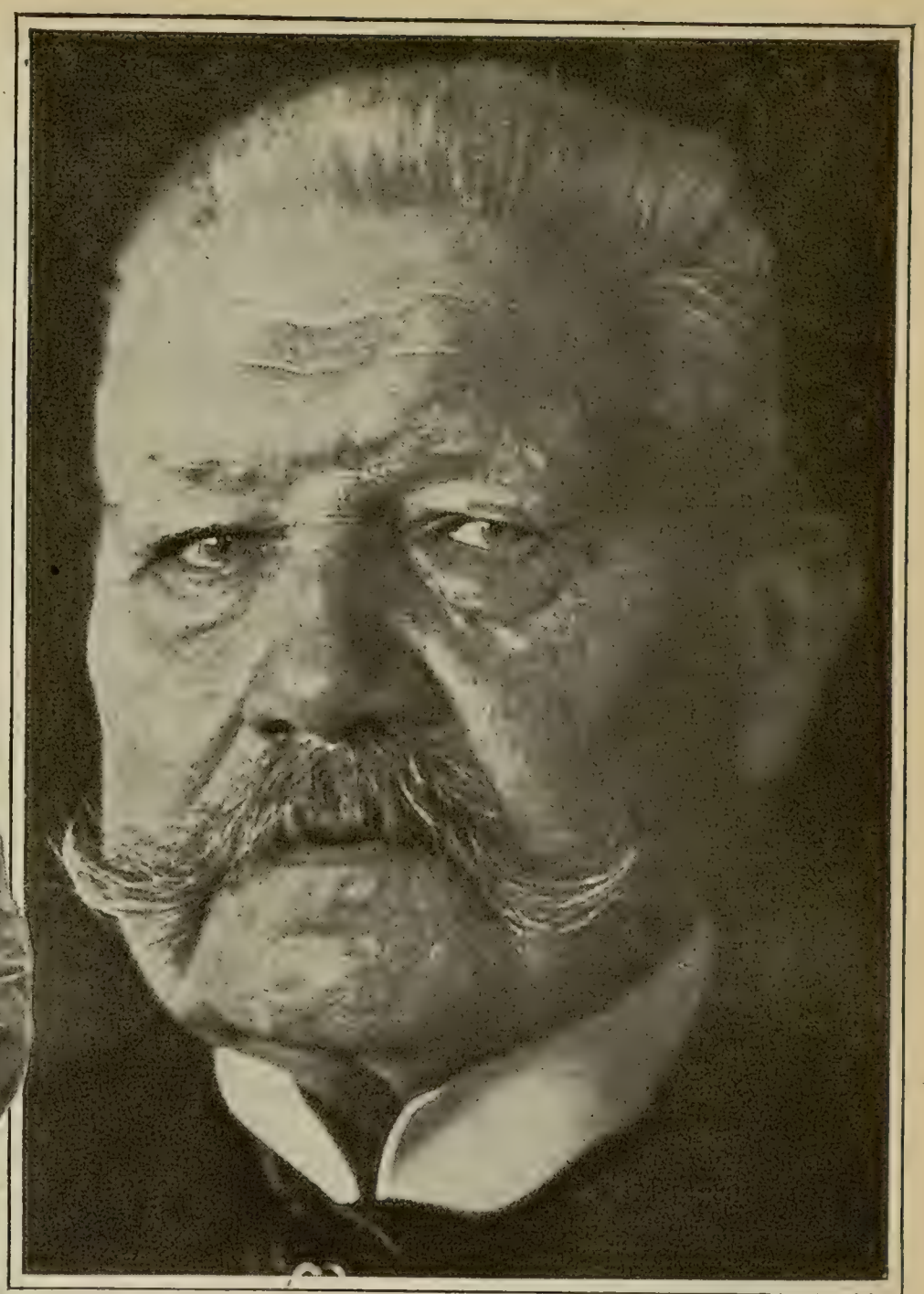
Other answers, employing fractions, require a rearrangement of the whole numbers.

79
68 3/5
2 4/10
150

Hindenburg's OATH

How the German Republic Has Been Built on the Word of a Soldier

An Article by JOHN CLAYTON



The Hindenburg who led Germany against democracy (left), and (above) the Hindenburg who saved Germany for democracy.

MAY 12, 1925, will long be remembered in Germany as a day that shaped the fate of the nation in an entirely unexpected manner. Monarchists, republicans, and communists had been engaged since the German revolution of 1918 in a three-cornered battle, and in the six months preceding May 12 definite steps were being made toward the restoration of king and kaiser. But on that date Kaiser Wilhelm's oldest and most loyal general took an unreserved oath to support the Constitution of Weimar and the black, red, and gold banner of the republic.

A fortnight before, Paul von Hindenburg had been elected President of Germany. Republicans saw in the victory the intensification of a fight, the result of which no man could foresee. Communists saw in it the triumph of the old militaristic idea. Monarchists were openly boastful that it meant a return to the monarchy in the near future.

The name of Hindenburg swept through the nation like a flame, that April. With the first whisper that the old General would consent to run for the Presidency, the sparks ignited a nation that proved tinder to a dominating personality after the long drought of political mediocrities and nonentities who had ruled Germany since Kaiser Wilhelm II fled to Doorn. The German people, like every other normal people, love a man of whom they can make a hero.

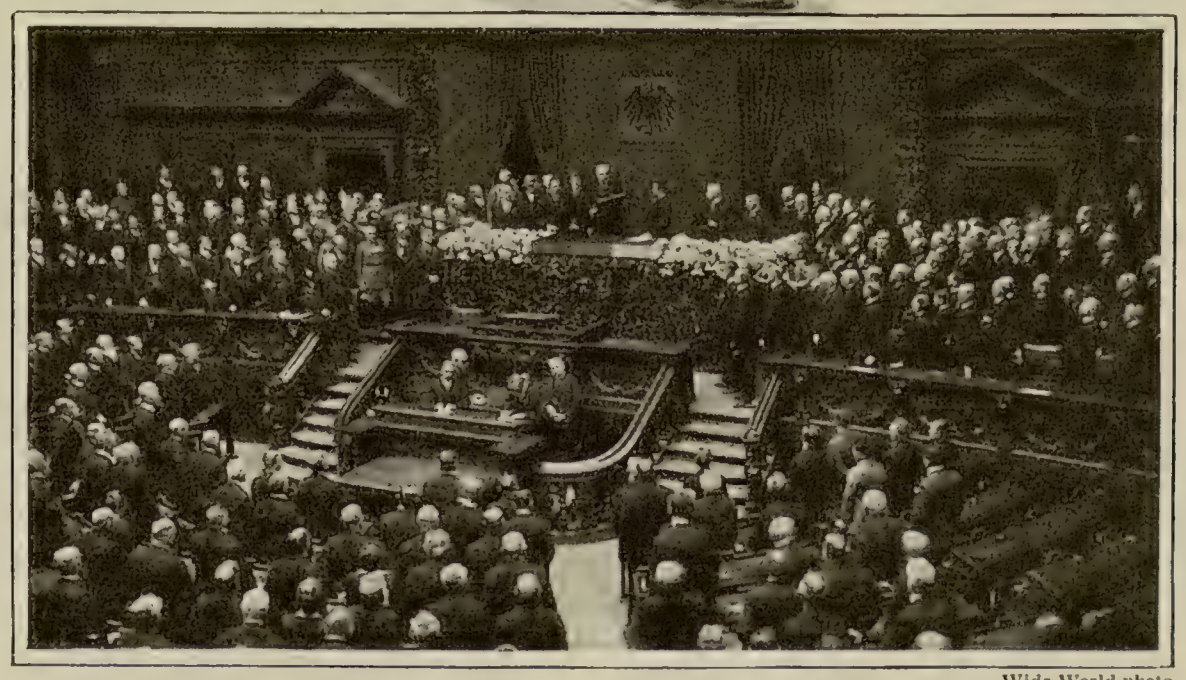
Among the reactionaries—the Tirpitzes, the Ludendorffs, the Westarps, the Reventlows—there was no doubt as to the outcome of the election and the events to follow. There would be a Cabinet dictatorship in which the right parties would hold the upper hand. There would be a dictatorship by the President; then a regent; then, at last, a Kaiser—and Germany again the great empire.

Most of the old monarchists thought Hindenburg had his fingers crossed when he made freedom from party politics a condition of his acceptance of the candidacy. It was good talk to win votes. They did not remember that Hindenburg had always prided himself on his soldier's word of honor.

Then came the first shock—within two weeks of Von Hindenburg's election. From the podium of the Reichstag the old soldier, erect and prideful, spoke of the sovereignty of the people. He took the republican oath without a reservation, and someway, by that mysterious telepathy of ideas, Germany knew that Hindenburg meant what he said when he promised, "with the help of God, the all-mighty and all-knowing," to support the constitution of the republic.

Graefe thundered. Reventlow roared. Westarp protested diplomatically through the columns of the *Preussische Kreuz Zeitung*, whose motto, printed daily in the title, is "With God for King and Country." The reactionaries gave Von Hindenburg solemn warning that if he were determined to follow such a course they would cut loose from him and restore a monarchy of their own. Sovereignty of the people be damned.

In the old Eulenburg palace on the Wilhelmstrasse the cries of those disappointed leaders were muffled by the sanity of a deep responsibility. They disturbed Hindenburg no more than the charges of treason to his party disturbed Friedrich Ebert, saddler-President, who first filled this high office in Germany. Such responsibility as that carried on a President's shoulders is a great leveler. Extremist ideas cannot blossom where power brings high duties toward all classes, if the man in whom that trust is placed is faithful to his pledge.



Wide World photo

Hindenburg taking the oath of office as President of the German republic before the Reichstag.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Marvelous! You say it took only 3 minutes"

"Yes, and see how white and smooth my arm is. Not a trace of hair. I've tried other methods but I give all praise to Del-a-tone." For nearly twenty years Del-a-tone has been enhancing beauty and true feminine charm; a record unmatched.

Nothing Like It!

Del-a-tone Cream is the only pure, white, fragrant, depilatory cream that completely removes hair in 3 minutes. Comes in handy tubes ready to use on arms, under arms, legs, or back of neck. Leaves skin soft, white and smooth. Tends to retard hair-growth.

Removes Hair

DEL-A-TONE

CREAM or POWDER

Sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U. S. in plain wrapper for $1.00. Money back if not satisfied. Or send for trial package; state your preference of cream or powder, and enclose 10c. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 37, 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

And for those troublesome perspiration odors, use NUL—the delightfully scented deodorant cream. Ask your dealer or write us.

[HINDENBURG'S OATH Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

The summer came and went with Hindenburg making good his promises. Every party tried to use the old veteran to its own ends. None succeeded. He accepted the advice of party leaders whom he could trust—Luther, Marx, Stresemann. And when he had weighed their advice he made his own decisions. He lifted the power of his office, designed to be almost negligible, to that of active influence on every government decision of importance.

He accepted the treaty policy of Luther and Stresemann which was to lead to Locarno, but he did not give the two leaders of his Cabinet a free hand in working out details. Only a man above party bickerings could shape that plan of international harmony in its entirety.

CAME October, and Luther and Stresemann, with a corps of experts, went to Locarno. The preliminaries had already been decided at London. The extremists, right and left, had exhausted every trick in their bags to wreck the conference before it met. But the old rock of the monarchy, who had become the firm foundation of the republic, was wiser than they. His simple honesty of purpose was more than a match for their political duplicity. Threats of assassination, cries of "traitor," did not disturb him. Not one inch did he deviate from his chosen line.

Locarno was deadlocked over the question of Poland's borders. Foxy Aristide Briand was supporting to a measure the claims of Benes and Skrzynski. "This far we will go, and no farther," said Von Hindenburg. And that far they went. The Locarno treaties were signed, establishing a basis for peace between Germany and France. Luther and Stresemann shook in their boots when they took back their agreements, but Hindenburg was confident the Reichstag would give him a majority, and it did.

Came another question. Hindenburg had proved amenable to some of the socialist ideas—not because they were socialist, but because they were good for the nation. The pale pinks and the reds believed the time had come to expropriate the princes. They petitioned the Reichstag that the private property of ruling houses in Germany should revert to the state. It was a first step in a class war that might well end in the expropriation of all property. More than 12,000,000 names were found for the petition for referendum, and, in accordance with the law, an election was ordered.

Hindenburg watched the progress of the bitter campaign. Then he made his decision. The world was startled one morning to hear the President's words:

"Vote this expropriation, and I resign."

The referendum lost.

The name of Paul von Hindenburg has always been surrounded with an aura of unreality. In Germany, during the black days of the war, he was little less than a god. Dragged from retirement to take command of an army on the Eastern Front, he soon became the Kaiser's senior Field Marshal.

When the war was over, he remained at his post while the others, even the Kaiser and the heir to the throne, deserted. Thanks to him, the army in Belgium and France was repatriated quietly.

His work completed, Von Hindenburg retired to peace in his home in Hannover. He had become a deity, a tradition, to the German people.

Abroad, the cloven hoof was pictured when our propagandists spoke of the German commander in chief.

Von Hindenburg is neither god nor devil. He is a human being, with many of the weaknesses to which this flesh is heir. Eighty years of age, he is physically an enormous man—tall, broad, and straight. Despite his age and the strain of the war, he retains remarkable vigor and elasticity. His step is the heavy tread of a big man in his prime. His mind is as clear and alert as that of a man of fifty.

On parade, in public, from the platform, the voice of Hindenburg is harsh, high, and with a touch of arrogance inculcated by years of command. But in the privacy of his study or the drawing-room, it is deep, velvety, and freighted with a surprising gentleness. So much has passed before his eyes during his fourscore years of life that he can afford to be tolerant.

HINDENBURG is religious in the highest sense of the word. To him, God is a personal God, a tower of strength, and the everlasting source of wisdom. There is no fanaticism, no Bryanism, but a deep personal relationship between this veteran chief of armies and the Shaper of destinies.

Coupled with this deep religious strain, which gives him a high regard for his responsibilities, is a strong sense of duty, the natural result of long years of service.

The President of Germany is constitutionally minded and follows closely the regulations of his office, studying the political subjects he should know, but of which he was naturally ignorant before his election.

The Von Hindenburg villa at Hannover.

The old Field Marshal does not understand party politics. The grooves of thought formed through nearly seventy years in the imperial army are too deep to be changed. An incident in the inauguration ceremonies impressed this fact on all present.

A brilliant May day it was. The Königsplatz was black with crowding, perspiring humanity.

A crack company of the Third Infantry Regiment, formerly the Third Prussian Foot Guards, sprang to attention. The ponderous ceremonial doors of the Reichstag opened and a tall man in Prince Albert coat and high hat appeared in the portico over which is inscribed "*Dem Deutschen Volk*"—"Dedicated to the German people."

A ROAR from the multitude. A military band crashed into *Deutschland Uber Alles*, and 50,000 throats responded, while red, white, and black flags—the emblem of the monarchy—waved madly.

The mask of military rigidity, which had hidden the secret of the President's thoughts during the ceremony of oath-taking, did not drop as he descended the long flight of stone steps. The guard of honor stood immobile at attention, awaiting inspection. Hindenburg walked to the head of the company and looked down as perfect a line as ever warmed the heart of a man born and bred to the army. There the mask was dropped, and his face betrayed his proud satisfaction.

He loved his soldiers, this old man, and he loves them still. He looked at their buttons, at their belts. He grasped a rifle, broke the bolt, and with practiced eye glanced through the barrel and into those little cracks and corners where dirt so often defies the best of cleaning. Spotless. He complimented the owner and passed on.

But in that moment he had swung back across the years to other parades and other inspections. His act was that of a man who was doing a familiar task, and one he loved.

The President realizes his age. He was elected for a seven-year term of office. More than two years have passed already. If God is good to him, he may live through his term, but a second term is out of the question. So Hindenburg is hampered in no way by the desire for further political honors; nor does he find it necessary to regard the will of a fickle party committee which might hold his political future in its hands. He is, in every sense of the word, independent and above the strife of internal and foreign politics. Within the limits of his office he follows the dictates of his conscience and his oath.

Class dictatorship, be it by nobles or proletariat, the middle classes or the moneyed few, he cannot and will not tolerate.

The old Field Marshal is an early riser. After his tub and rubdown, he walks either in the great garden of the German White House

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

Millions Know What Serves Them Best

FOR more than twenty years the "B.V.D." label has meant to men—underwear satisfaction without a peer—wear that's *money's most*—fit that *assures* cool comfort.

The patented features of "B.V.D." Union Suits—the scientific design, correct drape, and finished tailoring of *all* "B.V.D." garments—offer a combination of fit and freedom obtainable in no other underwear.

How To Be Properly Fitted

Famous-fitting "B. V. D." Union Suits, with their exclusive construction at shoulder, waistband and crotch, are made in over sixty sizes to fit men of widely varying builds.

Be sure to take advantage of this unequalled size range by being correctly measured. Three simple encircling measurements—chest, waist and trunk—can always determine your proper size.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining your proper size, send your three measurements to the B. V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York, who will be glad to advise you.

DEMAND TO SEE IT'S "B.V.D."

IT ALWAYS BEARS THIS RED WOVEN LABEL

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York

Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

"B.V.D."
Union Suit
Men's $1.50
Youths' 85c

"B.V.D."
Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment

Extra large sizes obtainable at an additional charge

©1927, The B.V.D. Co., Inc.

BENRUS *Exclusively* in LIBERTY Has Swung Public Buying to Strap Watches

Here, again, is compelling proof of LIBERTY'S *far-reaching pulling power.*

LIBERTY,
New York.

May 9th
1927

Gentlemen:—

Our advertising campaign in LIBERTY has been so successful that we want you to know what we think about it.

In 1925 we concluded that our product called for a new and aggressive idea in watch advertising. We carefully considered the entire publication field to find a magazine which would carry the Benrus message with the greatest force. Accordingly, we placed our advertising for 1926 *exclusively* in LIBERTY. The results were so successful and our business showed such remarkable increase, that in 1927 we unhesitatingly doubled our appropriation, again using LIBERTY *exclusively*.

We have now reached the end of the first quarter of 1927 and our increase in sales is even greater than for last year. In addition, there is a marked general swing of the public toward buying strap watches, as a result of our advertising in LIBERTY.

In every way our campaign is a great success. The right kind of advertising plus the power of LIBERTY circulation, makes an unbeatable combination.

Very truly yours,
BENRUS WATCH COMPANY.
By *Oscar M. Lazrus.*

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Endorsed by AMERICA'S GREATEST SPORTSMEN

WALTER JOHNSON
"I find great pleasure in wearing my Benrus watch because it is always on time."

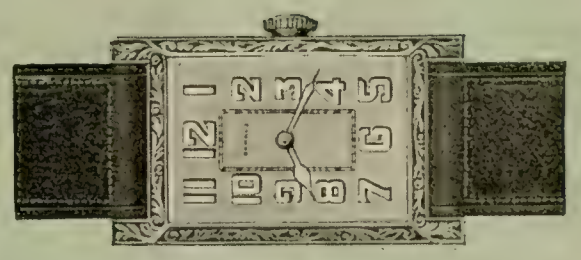
FOR brawny, wind-tanned wrists—the Benrus strap watch! Accurate as a swift ball grooved right over the plate—sturdy and dependable as Walter himself!

That's why the outstanding leaders in every sport are wearing Benrus strap watches. These men demand service, endurance, and precision far beyond all usual requirements. Such men appreciate the Benrus.

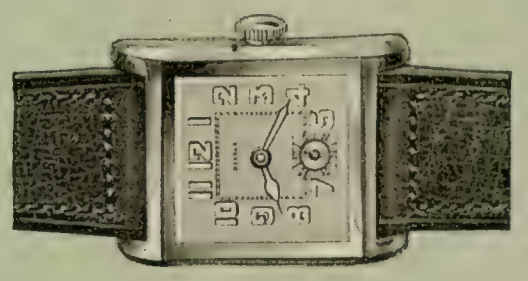
Whether you are an athlete or not, you'll value Benrus performance. In its masculine way, a Benrus is both dignified and handsome. At business, as well as outdoors, your Benrus will be an essential.

Select *your* Benrus today!

BENRUS WATCH COMPANY
New York City



HILLCREST
14 kt. white or green gold filled; carved; 15 jewels; radium dial $37.50



ETON
14 kt. white or green gold filled; 15 jewels; radium dial $35.00

PRINCETON
14 kt. white or green gold filled; carved; 15 jewels; radium dial $45.00

BENRUS

The STRAP WATCH *of* SPORTSMEN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

or through one of the outlying parks, where he is seldom recognized and never bothered by the early-morning work-goers. Always, on these tramps, he is accompanied by his big shepherd dog, Rolf, who is his constant companion.

An hour in the open air, summer or winter, to keep his body fit and his mind alert, and then breakfast with his family—Major Oskar von Hindenburg, his son and adjutant, and Oskar's charming wife, who performs the duties of hostess at the palace. Sometimes his two little granddaughters, Gertrude, aged four, and baby Helga, who is just learning to talk, share the meal with grandfather.

Nine o'clock finds the President, jealously watched by Rolf, in his study—a big, comfortable room with somber hangings and furnishings.

Here he discusses the reports from his own office with his Secretary of State, receives members of his Cabinet or the Chancellor, looks over the digest of the day's press, and discusses the previous day's happenings with a permanent official appointed for these duties. He receives deputations of all sorts, and if the work before the Cabinet is important, he presides over its discussions.

This occupies the President until the time for lunch, at which there are usually official guests.

Over this meal Frau Oskar von Hindenburg presides with tact and charm.

After lunch there is usually an hour of recreation, spent with books, either in the study or, if the day is fine, in a little summerhouse in the garden. The President is a great reader, following the newspapers closely and finding much time for the reading of good literature.

Despite the strenuous nature of his duties, he keeps pace with new publications of value in scientific, historical, and political fields. Books of travel are a favorite recreation.

AFTER this brief rest there are official duties that occupy the President until six or seven in the evening. Then a short walk and dinner. Almost invariably the old Field Marshal dines at home. He has made it a rule not to accept social invitations, preferring to conserve his strength for the demands of his office.

Once in a while political guests are invited, but as a rule dinner is an early and simple meal with the family. Eleven o'clock finds him in his bed.

This almost monastic routine of life has enabled the President to stand up under the severe strain of his office.

His two years have hardly touched him. He appears much the same as he did when he came from Hannover to Berlin for his inauguration.

What are the monarchists going to do with this man, now that he is in office? They do not know.

His doctrine of sovereignty of the people and sanctity of the constitution angered and amazed them, and they have been at pains to let him know it. For all the good it has done them, they might have been talking at his statue.

HINDENBURG remains steadfast in his faith. He speaks little to the public. He makes few definite decisions, preferring to guide the course of events in Germany by a word of admonition here, a word of praise there.

The old German war lord with his grandchildren.

There were many in Germany and abroad—I was among the number—who believed the election of Hindenburg heralded a Hohenzollern restoration. Instead, Hindenburg has proved the strongest prop of the republic in the bitterness that surrounded the vote on Locarno and the referendum on expropriation.

He took the side of the princes, not because they were princes, but because they were being dealt with as private citizens, and their private moneys and property were at stake. Despite their former positions, he regarded them as ordinary citizens entitled to the protection of the law.

Their public property had long since been seized by the state, and this was well and good, for they were merely tenants of the state that was, and the state that is succeeded to the rights and titles of these domains. Their private estates, however, were in another category, the President believed.

That is the only time Hindenburg has acted as the champion of the class that formerly ruled Germany.

In his official capacity he has cut himself off from monarchist organizations and denied them the use of his signature in collecting funds. He has sworn a soldier's oath, and Germany, which believed him when he took it, believes him doubly today, after a proving time of more than two years.

Monarchist Germany, to its sorrow, saw its dreams rudely shattered, and perhaps that is why many a picture, among those that blossomed in thousands of German homes after the battle of Tannenberg is reluctantly being turned to the wall.

Sadly, and with untold regret, monarchist Germany said farewell to the man who, a few months before his election, they had termed savior.

But if monarchist Germany has deserted him, the rest of Germany has flocked to him. Were there an election tomorrow the President would poll triple the majority he did in the last election.

Democratic Germany has discovered, to its delight, that the name Hindenburg is not synonymous with restoration; that its fears were groundless. Industrial Germany has seen the reconstruction of its great production machine nearing completion under his wise guidance.

German bankers have found their credit restored abroad and foreign capital eager to invest in German bonds. The bank rate has gone down from a high 10 per cent to a normal 6, and Germany today is finding capital within its borders to finance its own issues of bonds.

The large number of unemployed, natural result of the period of readjustment to the Dawes plan, is decreasing. Reparations payments are being met regularly and without too great difficulty. The great iron and steel industry is in excellent condition.

In all of this the President has had a hand. Not alone responsible, he played a large part, for he was one of the biggest factors in restoring foreign confidence in Germany's future. He still has nearly five years before him, during which time the reconstruction should be complete.

THE German President treads the last mile of his journey with head erect and heart filled with pride and satisfaction in a new task well begun.

He turns neither to right nor to left, but walks steadily along the middle way, by which he has accomplished much and promises more for sane government, peace, and order in the land whose armies he directed, under orders of his Kaiser, to the greatest disaster of modern times.

The election of the veteran soldier, far from being the catastrophe many feared, proved to be the turning point in that struggle from the depths begun when the young German republic was organized on the war-shattered empire in which one man's will and one man's whim could ruin a great nation's destiny.

Nearly five years remain of Hindenburg's term as President of the German republic and they promise to be years filled with continued progress.

THE END

Properly Salted

There's a salty tang to these big, brown Planters Peanuts that makes them irresistible. Make sail for the nearest confectionery counter. Stow a glassine bag in your pocket. Look for MR. PEANUT on it. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

Planters Nut & Chocolate Company
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

WHY appear older than you are? Why be less popular than others of your age? Why limit your opportunities in the business and social world? Why have gray hair at all?—others of your age conceal it and place you at a disadvantage. Look about you; nearly all your friends have dark hair. You know some of them use dye; others you suspect; still others conceal the coloring so well that you do not even think of their "using something" on their hair. They are probably users of Q-ban.

DARKEN Your Gray Hair With Q-ban at Home! Q-ban Hair Color Restorer is totally unlike any other preparation you may have tried. It is a clear, colorless, daintily scented liquid made especially for use in the privacy of your own home. It darkens the hair *gradually*, very gradually; so gradual is the process that you yourself cannot name the day when the change takes place, except you will know that from week to week your hair is becoming darker and darker and not even your friends notice the change. Your hair will have the *natural appearance* you desire and will not have that metallic glint which marks the use of dyes.

Free Offer! Miniature bottles Q-ban Tonic and Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo sent free together with our book on the care of the hair. We are hair specialists and study the subject constantly. Our book is valuable. It also tells about the *seven* different Q-ban Preparations for the hair.

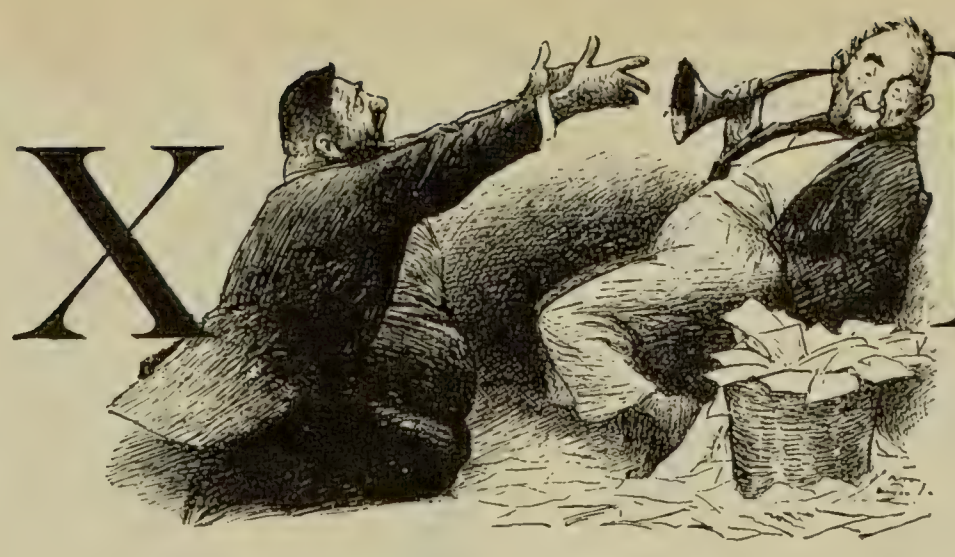
HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists
Dept. L-4, Memphis, Tenn.

Q-ban
Guaranteed at Druggists, 75c a Bottle

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer works so gradually that a sample would prove nothing. Therefore we authorize all druggists to refund your money if you are not entirely pleased. You to be sole judge.

Q-ban
HAIR COLOR RESTORER
MAKES GRAY HAIR DARK

Vox Pop



An Episcopalian Speaks

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mr. Hugh Fullerton, in his article entitled, Their Brothers' Keepers, aligns the Episcopalians with some Protestant reforming denominations, particularly with the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and what not.

By implication, the Episcopalians "look to that group for information and for leadership."

Will you please ask Mr. Fullerton not to be so ridiculously superficial? The clergy and laity of the Episcopal Church may not reasonably be identified with the political reformers. Your contributor ought to be better informed.

There are unquestionably some few communicants of the Episcopal Church who share the queer notions of these reformers, but, relatively, they are few indeed—as you must know.—*L. R. Anderson.*

"Free" to Prohibit, Perhaps

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—Just finished Their Brothers' Keepers by Hugh Fullerton, on top of having argued most of the evening with my esteemed pastor on the two paramount questions of this section of the world: prohibition and race tracks.

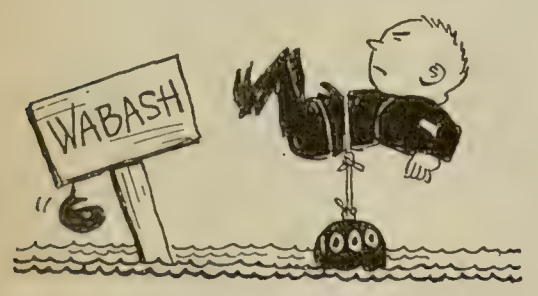
I left the dominie feeling that I had the best of the argument and after perusing what Mr. Fullerton has written I wonder just what this word "free" means in the American language? My dictionary seems to be incomplete—or might I say *passé?* —*H. W. Graves.*

Knowing Isn't Everything

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Their Brothers' Keepers, by Hugh Fullerton, was an eye-opener. Thanks, LIBERTY. First know your enemy and the battle is won!—*M. C. M.*

It's a Gift

WEST LAFAYETTE, IND.—Where does Ruth Ridenour—who wrote After All, Why Do Men Lie?—get her "info" that it takes a woman to



lie with imagination, humor, and deftness? Lordy, Lordy, how some people can be misled! Any time I can't outlie any woman I'll jump in the Wabash.—"*Forty-Niner.*"

Lil Blushes

CŒUR D'ALENE, IDAHO—Regarding For the Love o' Lil: Never mind what the critics say. Keep it up—anyway, until the baby has its first tooth!—*James Collier.*

One Side at a Time

WHEATON, ILL.—Just a line in regard to the article published recently in LIBERTY, giving Mussolini's secret police record.

Benito Mussolini is the greatest man in the world today, while your magazine attempts to make him the most hated.

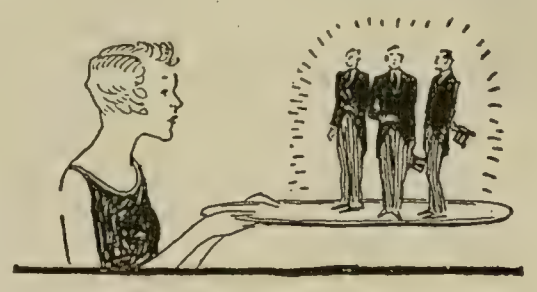
In your recent article you presented only one side of Mussolini's life. It is true that you published the facts, but the facts were written by Italian police who desperately hated the rising conqueror.

Why not give both sides of this great man's life?—*Richard M. Huston.*

Piffle

NEW YORK, N. Y.—How could you print such an unfair and ugly article as The American Girl in Europe, by a simp named Larry Rue?

Does he think that all the money and heiresses are in America and that good breeding and fortune-hunting are confined to Europe alone?



Piffle—all of it! I'm in a position to say that, too. Why? Because I'm from Europe—English, as a matter of fact.

In spite of what most Americans think, the average British aristocrat is a gentleman and good sport, with a chivalrous regard for women. Fortune-hunting is repulsive to him!

What about those ambitious American mothers who make a point of buying complete outfits for their pretty daughters, take them to Europe, and make it their business to throw them continually in the vicinity of titled gentlemen? I have seen that done *quite* often and it sickens us on the other side just as much as it sickens you over here.

Then again, if, as Larry dear says, the European youth is nothing but a tea-drinking lounge lizard, what on earth are your college sheiks, with their horrible baggy trousers, their booze, and their silly talk?—*English Reader.*

Facts vs. Fiction

NEW YORK, N. Y.—For crying out!! I'm fed up on champions and temperamental celebrities. Let's have some *stories.*—*R. C. Gibson.*

Exposing a Diabolical Plot

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Come to My House! Is this really a serial story or a continuation of the advertising for the manufacturers of cigarettes, in their malicious campaign to also manufacture nerve-racked, emaciated girls and women to consume their diabolical products? If Arthur Somers Roche, Charles D. Mitchell, and LIBERTY are not receiving good, substantial sums from cigarette sales agencies, then they are certainly losing a golden opportunity to collect on demand; for it's worth more than billboard space.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred men prefer their girls, either in life or stories, untainted by cigarettes. Let us build to a stronger, better womanhood in America rather than to a deterioration of the race.—*J. C. Van Buskirk.*

We Have—Watch for 'Em

ELKHART, IND.—Why not have more short stories in LIBERTY like *On the Front Page Again,* by Mabel McElliott Clarke?—*F. T. D.*

Mr. Shelley Reincarnated

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Can one understand why a nickel they pay
For a copy each week, then turn round and say:
All LIBERTY prints, including the cover,
Is nothing but rot, and there's not another
Magazine in the world would publish such trash;
It's merely a mess of bum literary hash;
Long stories are short, and the short are too long;
All the articles punk—Gosh! everything's wrong!
And that cover with Lil, who'll soon be a bride,
Just makes me feel sick, without what's inside.
The editor drinks, and so does his crew—
They're a fine bunch of soaks filled up on home brew.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

—*F.*

Hush! You'll Ruin Him

CANTON, OHIO—Your article, Be Your Own Sky Pilot, certainly was fine! One of the best articles on aviation I have ever read. It should make people realize the possibilities of private aviation as a sport. It was also wittier than most so-called humorous stories.

Elliott White Springs is your finest writer. Let's have more of his work! —*Forest L. Phelps.*

Painless Education

TULSA, OKLA.—I have just finished reading an article, The Rising Tide of Color, by Lothrop Stoddard. I think this is the most readable presentation covering the subject that I have ever read.—*J. B. Burckhatter.*

Shall We Cage Him?

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Please dispense with the disgracefully imperialistic tone of your editorials. Quit trying to sic the American Eagle on the weaker Spanish-American republic. —*R. A. Peters—Arthur Korteling.*

Dangerous Knockers

COLUMBUS, OHIO—In a recent issue, a Vox Popper advises the poppers who are forever popping against LIBERTY to discontinue buying it. Mr. Editor, please don't allow this to happen.

As you (should) know, the secret of Henry Ford's $400 auto is mass production. So with LIBERTY, I think. These kickers seem to be about 60 per cent of the readers—the guys who unerringly place their orders with the newsdealers several days ahead, to be sure to get it, read it with great relish (it could not be otherwise), then give it h—.

Now, supposing they should act on that suggestion and quit. Mass production goes kerplunk, and where would we be? Why—paying ten or fifteen cents for LIBERTY. Of course, we'd pay it, but . . .—*Mac.*

Love and Leslie

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I have read so many letters telling you to throw Leslie Thrasher out. You can just bet that the people who send in such letters have never been in love.—*Ida Hedlund.*

Nickel Kickers

CHICAGO, ILL.—Good Lord, what is the world coming to, that a magazine can force *five pennies* from so many of these Vox Pop kickers? Literally, they "give until it hurts."—*Louise McDonald.*

Reassuring a Suspicious Wife

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Now, I don't know or care where Ruth Ridenour's hubby—the hero of After All, Why Do Men Lie?—spends his nights, but

let me assure her that if he does belong to the K. K. K. he certainly is *not* "attending an important lynching."

This is just one of the slurs LIBERTY has printed concerning that organization, so now let's see if it dares to print a few letters in Vox Pop upholding its great ideals. The Ku Klux Klan vows absolute allegiance to the United States flag, stands unanimously behind our Constitution, our public schools, prohibition, law enforcement, and every other decent American principle there is—so why do so many fear and hate it and lay all sorts of dirty work against it?—*An American Citizen.*

. . . . and then, what?

Wouldn't it be a pity to rob your delicious salad of one iota of its fine flavor and texture by using vinegar not in full keeping with the fine quality of the salad itself?

Vinegar should not be simply a disguising sour taste. Rather, it should be *flavor* itself in order to bring out the delicate flavors of all foods with which it is served.

Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar is that kind—the whole juice of fresh, sound apples, aged in wood until mellowness, flavor and aroma are at their best—a vinegar which raises your salads to new heights of perfection.

How much better it is to use the best, especially when the best costs so little! The taste is the test. The name is your guarantee.

Write for

HEINZ BOOK OF SALADS

The Heinz Book of Salads, profusely illustrated in full color, and containing over one hundred tested recipes for salads, salad dressings, sandwiches, etc., will be sent free upon request. Address H. J. Heinz Company · · Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEINZ PURE VINEGARS

ASK GROCER FOR NEW PRICES

TIME for Kellogg's Corn Flakes and—

SERVE Kellogg's with juicy peaches and enjoy one of summer's most wonderful treats! A great dish for kiddies. For everybody!

Kellogg's are the world's favorite corn flakes. Never tough nor thick. Always easy to digest. More than 11,000,000 people each day prefer them. For matchless flavor and crispness! For breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Sold by all grocers. Served at all hotels and restaurants. Order them on dining-cars. Eat them with milk or cream—add fresh or canned fruits or honey.

Always oven-fresh in the inner-sealed red-and-green package. Imitations cannot equal such wonder flavor. Demand the genuine—Kellogg's!

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, *Pep, Krumbles and New Oata. Other plants at Davenport, Iowa; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.*

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

When Peaches are in Season

By ETHEL SOMERS

FOR eating between meals or with fruit knives as a dessert, nothing can quite equal the juicy Northern peach. For eating fresh, the clingstone variety deserves popularity, as it is juicy and possesses an excellent flavor. Convenience of preparation together with appearance are factors favoring other varieties, such as Elbertas and Crawfords. When thoroughly washed, rubbed free of fuzz, and chilled, the peach is healthful and delicious.

Southern peaches are more meaty and colorful than the Northern varieties. They merit use for canning, cooking, and salads.

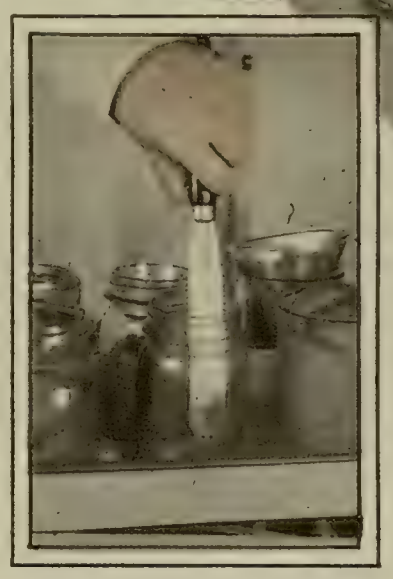
If the fruit is loosely packed and the oven temperature right, cobbler crust bakes quickly without being syrup-soaked.

Pack hot fruit carefully and closely into hot sterile jars. Sterilize all tools.

Canned Peaches

Select peaches
Syrup (3 parts sugar to 2 parts water)

SELECT peaches that are ripe but not soft. Use the riper ones for peach conserve or fruit butter. Scald or blanch by dipping in boiling hot water for 1 to 2 minutes or a sufficient time to loosen the skins. Dip into cold water and let stand one minute before removing the skins. Boil the sugar syrup for 5 to 10 minutes. For open-kettle canning, add the peaches whole, halved, or sliced, and cook tender. Then pack with sterile tools into sterile jars and seal. For cold-pack canning, fill scalded jars with whole or halved raw peaches, pack closely, then fill the jar to within ½ inch of the top with the syrup boiled for 5 to 10 minutes. Place the scalded rubber in position and adjust the lid loosely. Process in a 250° F. oven for 1 hour for quarts, or 40 minutes for pints, or in a vat of boiling water (212° F.) 20 to 30 minutes, or at 5 pounds steam pressure for 10 minutes.



Paddling out air bubbles with a spatula prevents spoiling.

Pickled Peaches

3 pounds peaches
1 or 2 cups sugar (white or brown)
¼ ounce stick cinnamon
1 cup strong vinegar
⅛ ounce whole cloves

PEEL the peaches before weighing. Mix the vinegar with the sugar in a large preserving kettle. Add the cinnamon and boil for 20 minutes. Blanch the peaches as for canning (see foregoing recipe), and remove the skins, but leave the peaches whole. Place in the hot syrup and cook gently until the fruit may be easily pricked with a straw. Carefully remove the fruit from the liquid and stick with whole cloves as desired (allowing 3 or 4 to each peach). Pack rather loosely into sterile jars, that the shape of the peach may be retained. Cook the remaining liquor to a thick syrup and pour hot over the packed fruit, filling the jars to capacity. Seal while hot.

Peach Cobbler

1 quart sliced fresh peaches
1 to 1½ cups sugar (brown or white)
1 to 2 tablespoons butter

Cobbler Crust

1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon sugar, if desired
2 tablespoons butter
½ to 1 egg, if desired

PLACE the halved or sliced peaches in a buttered casserole, packing loosely so as to provide plenty of air space for the collecting juice during the baking. Sprinkle with the sugar and scatter the butter in bits over the top. Prepare the cobbler crust as for Baking Powder Biscuits (see page 5 of LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes). Spread the finished soft dough over the top of the fruit and bake at once in a very hot oven (475° F.) for 40 minutes, then reduce to 450° F., and continue cooking until the fruit is tender. Serve while still warm with cream or peach sauce.

Peach Upside-Down Cake

Peaches
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
⅛ cup pastry flour
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
3 tablespoons butter
⅔ to 1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup of shredded blanched almonds

MELT the butter in a frypan. Add brown sugar and cook gently until melted. Add the halved or sliced peaches with the shredded almonds. Mix the cake batter as follows: Beat the egg yolks until thick. Gradually beat in half the sugar, using a mechanical egg-beater. Add the lemon juice and grated rind. Beat the egg whites until frothy, add the salt, beat until stiff, and cut and fold in the remaining sugar, using a wire egg whisk and mixing as little as possible. Gradually sift the thrice-sifted flour into the egg-yolk mixture, alternating each addition of the dry ingredients with one of the egg-white mixture. Mix these in by cutting and folding with a spatula or whisk. Pour the cake mixture over the butterscotch fruit. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for 40 to 50 minutes right in the frying-pan. Remove the cake from the pan while hot and turn it upside down for service so that the glazed fruit is on top. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream.

Peach Pie—See recipe for Two-Crust Pies, page 20 of LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.

Peach Ice Cream

¾ cup sieved peach pulp
1½ cups medium cream
¾ cup sugar, or to taste
1/16 teaspoon almond extract, if desired
1 teaspoon vanilla

PREPARE the peach pulp by rubbing the peaches through a sieve. Add the sugar, flavorings, and cream. Pink or orange coloring may be added if the peaches are a white variety. Freeze, churning slowly, with a 6-to-1 ice-and-salt mixture.

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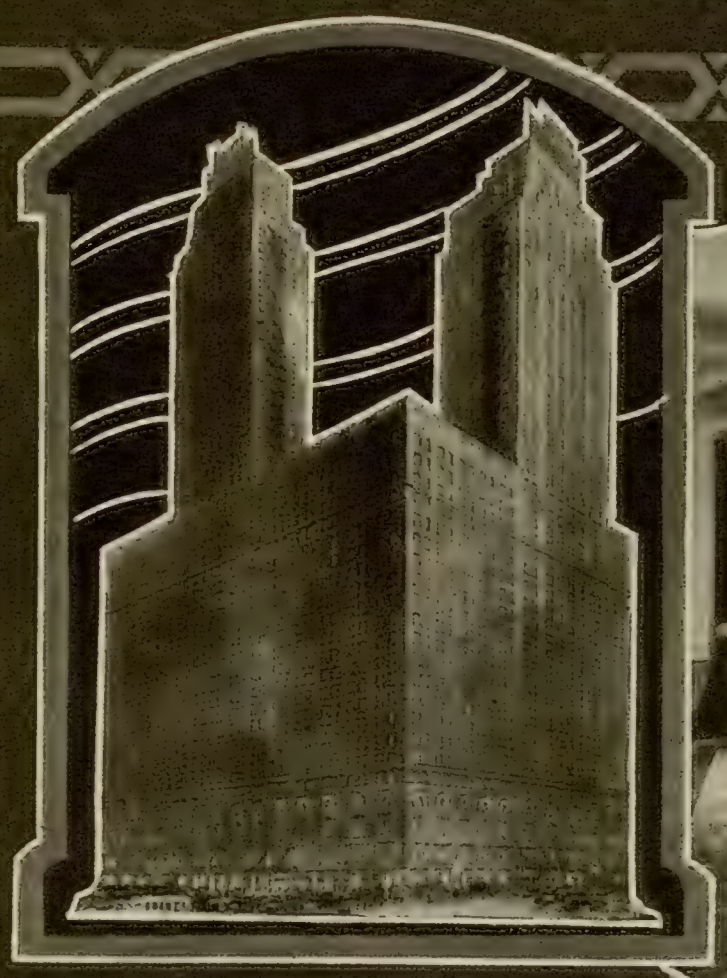

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"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

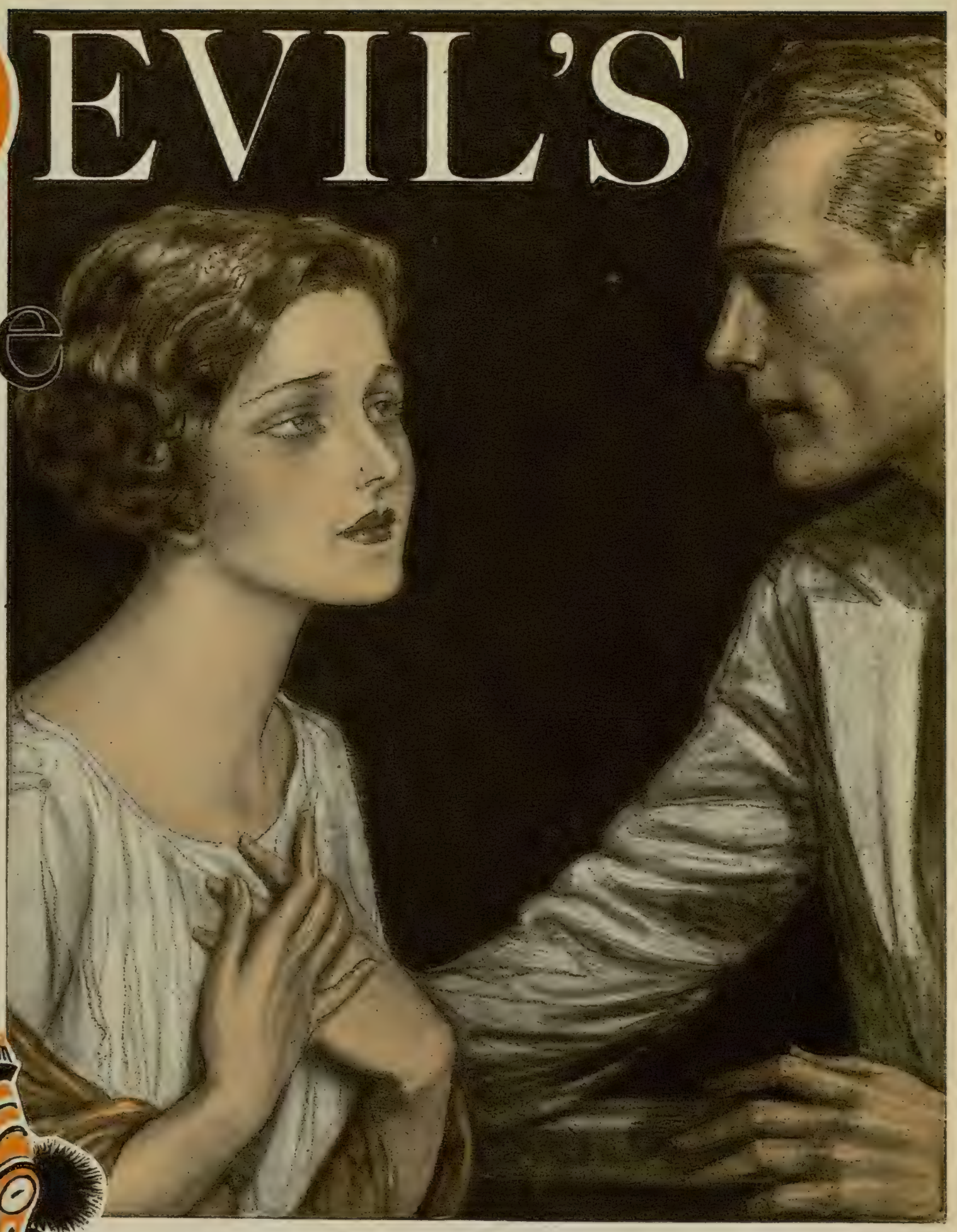
The DEVIL'S Mantle

A Romance of the South Seas

A Serial by

FRANK L. PACKARD

Pictures by W. T. BENDA



THOMAS MURCHISON was murdered in his bed, and his collection of valuable pearls stolen. That same night, Peter Blake disappeared. Murchison was a planter on an East Indian island and Blake was his assistant. The fact that the planter's launch was also gone seemed positive proof of Blake's guilt. Humphrey Garth, the richest man in Sydney, and Murchison's pal, accepted it as such. He offered five thousand pounds for the apprehension of Peter Blake! After this *beau geste* he steamed off in his yacht, the Isis, with his daughter Marion and his bachelor friend, Herman Rand, to visit Rand's island home.

Captain Josephus Mumm, of the schooner Break o' Dawn, was the lucky man who found the launch, then Peter, ill on an island inhabited by savages. Blake then had the amazing experience of hearing himself referred to as a murderer and a five-thousand-pound prize. Hastily he gave Mumm the facts: on the fatal night he himself had been almost murdered, dumped for dead into the launch, and towed out to sea, to be sunk. By a sort of miracle he saved himself by cutting the towrope.

Mumm, who didn't believe this story, forced him to board his old tub. But, there, the lucky find turned gradually to a hoodoo. The weather was foul and accidents numerous. The crew decided that Peter was surely a Jonah, and they mutinied. Peter, his health recovered, helped the captain subdue them. Whereupon, as if to prove the truth of the Jonah theory, Humphrey Garth's steam yacht, in a fog, cut the old schooner almost in two. Peter, pitched into the water along with Mumm, managed to save him.

These two were the only souls from the Break o' Dawn the Garth yacht picked up. And so old Captain Mumm's ruse worked when he introduced Peter—whose innocence he at last believed in—as "Alec Dunn." Mumm was determined he and Blake should demonstrate that innocence by running the real murderers to earth.

He leaned closer to her, drinking in every feature of her face with his eyes.

PART FOUR

PETER BLAKE was practically penniless, and a man hunt costs money. He thrust his hand into his pocket and, with a wry smile, displayed its contents to Captain Mumm.

In the palm of Peter's hand were six shillings and a long, slender, curiously shaped key.

Captain Mumm leaned a little forward.

"What's that?" he inquired. "The key, I mean."

"Oh, that!" Peter laughed shortly. "That's a souvenir of the occasion we're talking about. I found it in the bottom of Murchison's motor boat the next morning when I regained consciousness. The sun was shining on it and it hurt my eyes."

"Humph! Murchison's, probably!" observed the little skipper, with a grunt. "He probably dropped it there the day before. I dunno as it's wise for you to hang on to it."

"I don't think it was Murchison's. I never saw him with one like it," Peter answered.

He stared for a moment thoughtfully at the key; then returned it, with the money, to his pocket.

"Anyway, I've kept it so far, and I can't see where it is going to do me any harm. Let's get back to what I was saying. You talk of running those devils down. How is it to be done, without money, without freedom of action, and without a clew to either their identity or their whereabouts?"

"How?" spluttered the irascible little skipper. "Damme, I don't know how! That's to be thought out. But I'll tell you something. There's been some strange doings going on around in these parts for the last few years. Queer things! And I've heard queer things.

"I go where most men don't—up around the fringes of civilization and where there ain't any civilization at all. There's been a murder here, and a wholesale beach robbery there—a lot of them. It's mostly been put down to marauding Malays—the *orang-laut*, or sea pirates, as they call 'em. But opinion is beginning to change. And I'll tell you why.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

"About a year ago, a small packet boat left Singapore with her owner aboard and about ten thousand pounds in cash to settle some deal he'd made with some chap up in the Natuna Islands. There wasn't any bad weather—but nothing was ever heard of the boat or anyone aboard her again.

"They put that down to the *orang-laut*, too—till the owner's wife swore her husband had kept the fact that he was carrying that sum of money a secret even from his crew. How d'you account for the Malays knowing that?

"And since then there's been a dozen other occasions through the islands where large sums were secured, and where it looked as though there must have been inside knowledge obtained by some devilishly clever work.

"And, on top of that, there's rumors—I've heard 'em myself from all kinds of natives in all kinds of places—about a man they call the Great White Devil. A bit queer, ain't it? A dozen different languages, mind you; but, translated, it always means the same—the Great White Devil. And there's more than me thinks today it's a white man's brains that's back of the whole business."

"There were natives of some sort there the night Murchison was murdered," said Peter quickly; "but there was a white man, if not two, at their head."

"Would you know the white man again?"

Peter's face hardened.

"Yes—if I heard him laugh," he said, with a twisted smile. "I didn't see his face, but he had a laugh like—like a woman's, so soft—rippling—like velvet. It was diabolical, under the circumstances. Once heard you would never forget it; but you would have to hear it yourself to—"

"Damme! Maybe I will!" interrupted the little red-haired skipper suddenly. "Peter, my lad, it stands to reason that the crowd with that ship of theirs, schooner or brig or whatever it was, that did Murchison down that night, ain't to be found walking around the streets of Sydney, Auckland, or Singapore. Somewhere up in the islands—somewhere, say, between the Navigator's and the Peninsula—they're bound to have their filthy nest. D'you follow me?"

Peter nodded his head.

"Now, the one man more'n any other who can poke his nose into places up there where no one else goes, and who can do it without arousing any suspicion, is Captain Josephus Mumm. 'Cause why? 'Cause I've been doing it, trading wherever the wind blew, since before the time you swapped your safety pins for pants buttons. D'you see?"

PETER leaned sharply forward in his chair.

"Yes," he said tensely. "And I'd understand, if the Break o' Dawn—"

"I ain't worrying none about the Break o' Dawn," cut in the little red-haired skipper. "I had a bit of insurance on her—enough to buy a better boat—a small brig, she is, that I know of, and that I've had my eye on for a year past.

"Here's the idea, my lad. I'm going trading again with that there brig, and you're coming along. The trading'll put as much money in my pocket as ever, only maybe we'll wander about a little more'n usual, and take a look at some of the out-of-the-way places I ain't never been to before. Savvy? On top of the trading we'll be man-hunting.

"I ain't saying it won't take time; I ain't saying that even a year or two'll do it. But in the meantime you're safe, and at the end I'll stake my davy we'll run 'em down. What do you think now, my lad, about turning up your nose at the name of Alec Dunn?"

Peter's hand gripped suddenly hard on the arm of his chair.

"I think," he said slowly, "that you are right and that I'd be a damn fool if I did. But—"

Peter's voice broke off sharply. Someone was knocking at the stateroom door.

Peter looked inquiringly at Captain Josephus Mumm. The knock was repeated.

Captain Mumm raised his voice: "Come in!"

The door opened, and a young man with small black eyes, attired in dinner clothes, stepped forward.

"I AM afraid I am intruding," he said apologetically. "You are just retiring."

"Don't worry none about that," said Captain Josephus Mumm with unusual civility; and then he added, as the sound of a tenor voice, low but remarkably clear and true, floated in through the open doorway: "What's going on—a concert?"

"It's that infernal steward, Lahat Khan!" said the young man. "He sings all over the place. I'll stop it at once!"

"Let the beggar alone and come in, Mr.—" Captain Mumm paused interrogatively.

"Jaffray's my name," supplied the young man. "J. George Jaffray," he added, stepping in and closing the door behind him. "I'm Mr. Garth's secretary."

Peter pushed a chair forward. "Sit down, won't you?" he invited.

"Well"—Jaffray glanced at the pajama-clad Captain Mumm—"if you feel fit enough for a few minutes' chat, I'd be glad to do so. Mr. Garth thought the full and detailed report of what has happened should be sent out as promptly as possible. The bare announcement of the sinking of your schooner has already been made by wireless; but we've also a broadcasting set aboard. If you'd step into the lounge—we've a neat little station partitioned off there—you might like to tell the story yourself."

"What!" ejaculated Captain Josephus Mumm humorously. "And cut in on that chap broadcasting his song, as I dare say he's doing if he and the 'set,' as you call it, are both in the lounge? No fear!"

"To answer you literally," Jaffray said, "I can only say that he'd hardly have the temerity to do that. But, seriously, Captain, would you care to act on my suggestion?"

"No!" said the little red-haired skipper bluntly. "I ain't no hand at spinning yarns into those kind of things. I never saw one of 'em in my life. I'll tell you anything you want to know—and you can go as far as you like."

"Very good!" said Jaffray pleasantly. He pulled a notebook from his pocket. "I'll jot it down as you go along. Begin, if you don't mind, from the beginning of the voyage."

"Right you are!" agreed Captain Josephus Mumm readily, and began.

One might assume from the skipper's version, if it ever occurred to anyone to assume anything in connection therewith, that Peter had been a member of Captain Mumm's crew from the beginning of time.

"I'm much obliged to you, Captain Mumm, I'm sure," said Jaffray heartily, when the story was ended. "And Mr. Garth will be, too. He has taken the matter very much to heart—the loss of life, you know. I won't keep you up any longer, except that I'd—er"—he hesitated slightly—"I'd like to ask you a question on my own account."

"Fire ahead," invited Captain Mumm.

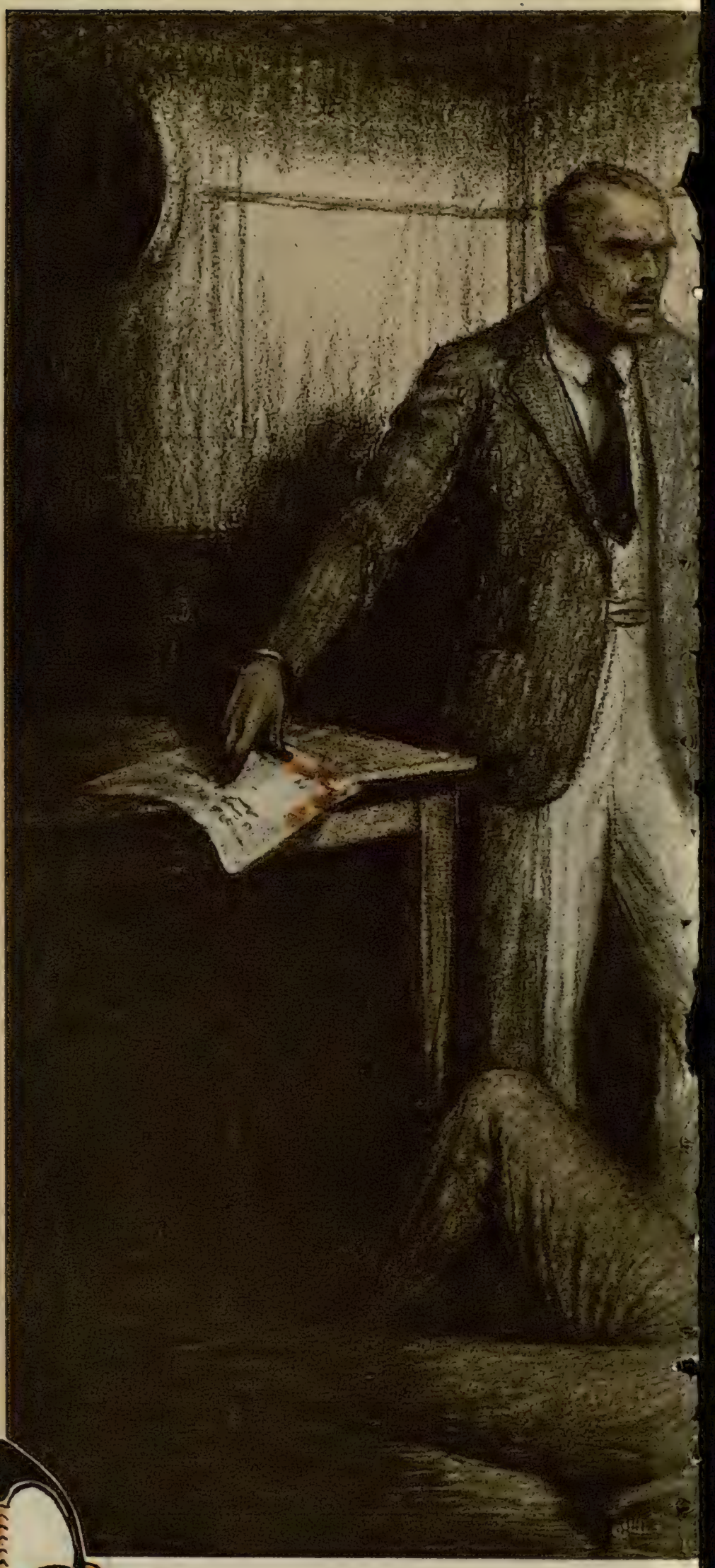
"Well," said Jaffray, "you spoke of having traded for years among the islands; and, in fact, that you've just come from the neighborhood of Fiji."

"Came from Fiji itself," corrected the little skipper bluntly.

"Yes," said Jaffray. "Then perhaps you've heard of that Murchison case—the chap who was murdered on one of the islands of the Tuamotu group by a man named Peter Blake?"

"I have," said Captain Josephus Mumm lazily. "Heard about it in Fiji. There's a big reward out for him, isn't there?"

"Five thousand pounds," said Jaffray in a slightly lowered tone.



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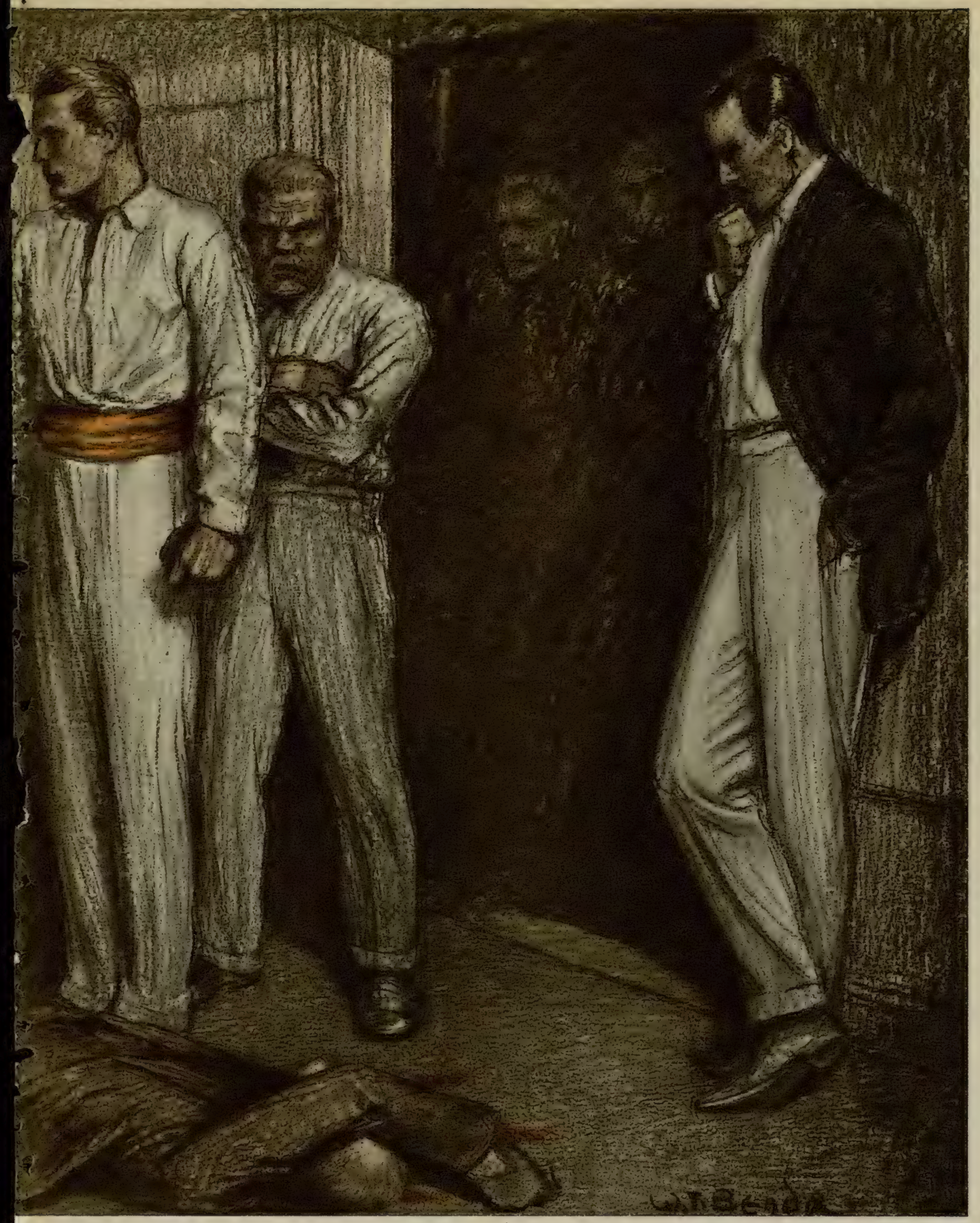

that was blotched with huge crimson stains, lay the body of J. George Jaffray, Mr. Garth's secretary.

"Well," drawled Captain Mumm, "there's a description of him out, and so I guess somebody'll cash in the winning ticket."

Jaffray shook his head.

"I'm not so sure," he said. "There're a lot of men who would answer to any description, no matter how detailed and exact it was." He turned and stared at Peter for a moment. "Why, look here!" he exclaimed. "Here's a case in point! Mr. Dunn, here, as an example, would answer to it perfectly; and if his identity wasn't unquestionably established as not Peter Blake he'd be worth taking a flier on for that five thousand."

Peter straightened up a little in his chair. He glanced at Captain Mumm. Captain Mumm was grinning broadly.

"I fancy that's the nearest Dunn's ever come, or will come, to being worth five thousand pounds," chuckled the little red-haired skipper. "You seem to have the description down pretty pat, Mr. Jaffray."

"I have," said Jaffray, almost eagerly. "In fact, it was—that is, Mr. Garth is very much interested in the affair. What I want to ask you is what you think a man in Blake's position would do—where'd he go and all that, you know?"

CAPTAIN MUMM, scratching dubiously at his head, eyed the secretary blandly.

"That's a bit of a question, ain't it?" he countered.

"Yes; but the answer's worth five thousand pounds," said Jaffray significantly.

"My word!" ejaculated Captain Mumm. "So that's the lay, is it?"

Jaffray hitched forward in his chair.

"Look here," he said, his voice lowered. "I take it that, under the circumstances, since Mr. Dunn is a man who has sailed with you, he's rather a factor in the case, too. You won't mind my speaking out quite plainly?"

"Anything you say in front of Dunn won't go no farther," said Captain Josephus Mumm confidentially. "Go ahead!"

"WELL, then," said Jaffray, "for private reasons, that five thousand pounds, or some of it, would be a big lift to me; and it struck me, if there's any man living who would be able to figure out this fellow Blake's possible and probable movements after he got away from Murchison's island, it's you. I think I could arrange to have any likely suggestions you made followed up, and if anything came of it I'd split with you on any basis that you considered fair. What do you say?"

Captain Josephus Mumm pondered the other's words.

"Well," he said at last, "after what's happened to my bit of a hooker tonight, I'll say flat I'd consider it providential, as you might say, if a slice of that five thousand, big or little, came my way—and you can count me in, Mr. Jaffray, and no blooming error! But so far as giving an opinion as to what's most likely become of this Blake, I've got to know a whole lot more about it than I do now. Suppose we let it go until tomorrow, and then we'll get our heads together."

"Fine!" said Jaffray heartily. He rose briskly from his chair and looked from one to the other. "And —er—I'd be just as glad if—well, if nothing were said about there being any little working agreement between us. I'll explain why more fully tomorrow."

He moved toward the door.

Peter, too, had risen from his chair.

Jaffray he had now put down as a bit of a fool—if not something worse.

"I think you said everybody was up on deck, Mr. Jaffray," Peter said calmly; "so I presume Miss Garth is there? I wonder, then, if I could see her for a few minutes?"

Jaffray looked his surprise.

"Miss Garth? Why, yes—certainly. Shall I tell her?"

"Yes, if you will," said Peter. "I'll be up on deck in a few minutes."

The door closed. Jaffray's footsteps died away along the little alleyway outside.

Captain Mumm raised himself on his elbow and stared at Peter.

"Well, what d'you think of that!" he exclaimed.

"Not very much," said Peter, with a grim smile, "except that I wouldn't trust the man unless he were bonded."

He stepped toward the door.

"Hm!" said the little red-haired skipper—and lifted an eyebrow quizzically. Then, abruptly: "Where're you going?"

"You know," said Peter. "You heard me say I was going up on deck to see Miss Garth."

Captain Mumm plucked at his beard.

"Yes, so you did!" he grunted. "And that brings us to the main question. We're standing by, it seems, on the chance of still picking up one of my natives; but there ain't a chance in a million. So what's the answer? You ain't given none yet. Alec Dunn—or Peter Blake?"

Peter opened the door and stepped across the threshold.

"That's what I'm going up there for now—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

to decide," he answered quietly—and closed the door behind him.

He stepped out on the promenade deck and stood for a moment by the companionway entrance, looking about him. They were still searching in a forlorn hope for Yar Lal and his mates. The yacht was moving very slowly, with scarcely any way on her at all. The fog seemed, if anything, more dense than before; but the deck lights outlined two forms who were walking toward him from the direction of the bridge—Jaffray and the cloaked figure of a girl.

SHE was coming! He stepped forward. He heard Jaffray speak:

"Miss Garth, this is Mr. Dunn."

And then Jaffray passed on, and they were alone.

Her hand, cool, and yet it seemed with a sort of strange timidity, lay for an instant in his. His own was hot, fiery, burning, trembling a little, he felt. He leaned closer to her, drinking in every feature of her face with his eyes—the gold of her hair, shining even in the misty light.

A silence fell awkwardly between them for a moment. It was Marion who broke it:

"You—Mr. Jaffray told me you wanted to see me."

Something within Peter tore restraint ruthlessly aside.

"I have wanted to see you ever since that night in London, two years ago," he said hoarsely. "That night—you have not forgotten it! You knew me again as I stood there at the gangway a little while ago—just as I knew you."

"Yes," she said in a low voice. "It is very, very strange."

Marion led the way to where, in a recess formed by one of the deckhouses, there were some steamer chairs.

As she seated herself, Peter, still standing, spoke again.

"When I managed to get out into the street that night, you were gone," he said. "Afterward, for weeks, I haunted the theaters, the hotels, the supper places—I never saw you again until tonight."

"I sailed for home—Australia—the next morning," she said.

"I see," said Peter. He drew a chair close to hers and sat down. "And I've been pretty well all over the globe since then. I was sure that some day I should see you again—but I did not expect it would be like this."

He was looking at her eagerly again. The dream face that he had carried with him for those two years was real—and in its reality now more wonderful and dear than ever before.

"You—you look just as you looked that night," he said involuntarily under his breath.

"But *you* don't!" she cried gayly, as if seeking to turn the conversation into a lighter vein. "That night you were in irreproachable evening attire, and tonight when you came aboard it was from such strangely different surroundings— Do tell me how it happened, Mr. Dunn."

Dunn! It came like the prod of a knife thrust into a wound.

"Tell me first about yourself, your own life," he said.

"Oh, but there is really nothing to tell about myself," she protested laughingly. "I am just Marion Garth, the daughter of Humphrey Garth, and that embraces everything. Our home is in Sydney, and we are frequently abroad. I go to women's afternoon affairs—bridges and teas and that sort of thing—and I am interested in some of the island missions, and I go to dinners and balls, and—and I am afraid that's all. It's really more an indictment than an autobiography, isn't it? And now it is your turn to tell me about yourself."

Peter's voice broke off sharply. Someone was knocking at the stateroom door.

Peter raised his head—met her eyes, and found them smiling, wide, full of interest.

"Well," he said steadily, "everything begins with the war nowadays, though it seems so long ago since it ended. Like everybody else, I was in the scrap—though only for the latter half of it. I"—he smiled faintly—"I wasn't quite grown up enough when it began, you see. I was at the university. The O. T. C. took me in hand, and I got over early in 'sixteen. About a year later I was wounded, and the old pater died suddenly while I was in the hospital. They didn't tell me for a while.

"WHEN I got back to England on sick leave, things were in rather a bad way. The pater had always been considered fairly well off; but it seems that he had backed a syndicate that had gone in for land and timber tracts out in western Canada, and, as I believe they say in that country, was left holding the bag. It was rather a crash—even the old place down in Sussex had to go. The mater had been dead for many years, I had no brothers or sisters, and so there was only myself.

"On that night when I saw you in London, my worldly possessions, apart from a fairly extensive wardrobe that was still unimpaired, consisted of ten pounds and a few odd shillings—what was left of my officer's pay. I could have borrowed plenty of money—there were many old friends of the pater, the old solicitor himself included, who offered it to me. But—well, I—I refused it. Some of them offered me a situation. I refused that, too.

"There's a lot been blamed on the restlessness of the fellows when they came back from the front. I fancy it's rather true. I had it—a pretty bad attack of it. It—it was that night in the theater that kept me for those extra weeks in London."

Peter paused again—but this time abruptly, for she had drawn in her breath with a sudden little gasp.

"Do—do you mind my saying that?" he asked.

"No-o," she said slowly; "but I—I—oh, I don't know just how to say what I want to."

"Let me say it for you, then," said Peter, his voice a little out of control. "I think I know. It was an incident that you remembered—that at odd moments now and then recurred to you—that perhaps you wondered about a little, and perhaps wondered why you should wonder about it at all—and that, until tonight, you never thought would hold a sequel."

"No," she said, without looking up. "You—you are not entirely right. Sometimes, most times, it was like that, and yet there were times when I was strangely sure that there would be—a sequel."

"I was *always* sure," said Peter, and in his voice there flamed a sudden passion and an intense yearning that would not be denied. He saw the color mount and sweep across her face; but she made no answer, and he went on:

"I MEANT to take a year of it, two years of it, anywhere—everywhere. To—to find myself, if you know what I mean. I went out to India in the forecastle of a P. & O. boat—worked my way out, of course. From there I went to Ceylon, then across to Singapore. And eventually, after a year of knocking about, with short stretches of shore life here and there, I stranded on the beach at Apia. For the next six months, a bit of a beach comber, I am afraid, I batted about from one island to another. I don't know whether you know anything about the life in the islands, but—"

"Oh, but I do," she interrupted. "I think I quite understand. It's rather deadly dull on some of the smaller ones, isn't it? I used to go to one quite frequently. There was a very old friend of father's and a very, very dear friend of mine, my godfather, Mr. Murchison—"

"Murchison!" It came in a low, involuntary cry from Peter.

She drew back quickly, staring at him with suddenly startled eyes—and then quietly bent her head again.

"But, of course, you would know," she said, her voice shaken a little. "Everybody in this part of the world must know by now. Yes, it is the same Mr. Murchison who was murdered a number of weeks ago in his bungalow for the sake of a few pearls by a—I can't call him a man, for it was done in Daddy Tom's sleep—by a fiend named Peter Blake. It was father who offered the reward of five thousand pounds that you must have heard about."

She sprang to her feet.

"There is not a night that I have not prayed, without pity and without mercy, that they would catch him and bring him to his miserable end!"

Peter did not move. His eyes were fixed on the deck. The bitterness in her voice! Tell her *now* he was Peter Blake, expect her to believe his story and his unsupported word—and still hold her faith?

Marion's voice broke in upon him—quiet, normal.

"Forgive me," she said as she reseated herself. "Please do not let us say anything more about it. Won't you go on with your story?"

There was a sudden confusion of sounds aboard the ship—movement, an increased vibration, voices, footsteps along the deck.

The footsteps came nearer; a voice called: "Marion!"

"Yes, father!" she answered. "I'm here."

And then, as two figures appeared around the corner of the deckhouse, she rose from her chair. "What is all this sudden disturbance about? But first—you know Mr. Dunn, but I don't think Mr. Rand does. Mr. Dunn—Mr. Rand."

Peter found himself staring into the face of the man who had scowled at him at the gangway. He took the proffered hand, conscious of a certain sense of mutual antipathy.

"Father," Marion repeated, "what is the sudden commotion all about?"

"We're getting in the boats and going on again," said Mr. Garth gravely.

"Going on!" Marion drew in her breath quickly. "But—but those poor men out there! It—it seems like desertion, doesn't it?"

"I am afraid there is nothing else to do, Marion," said Mr. Garth heavily. "I think we'd better all turn in," he said soberly. "Come along."

They moved away along the deck, Mr. Garth and Rand leading. At the saloon entrance, Peter held out his hand—the two men had already gone inside.

"I'll keep the deck for a bit," he said. "My mind's too active, and it wouldn't be fair, you know, to toss around down there and keep old Mumm awake."

"I do not think that I shall sleep much, either," she said.

She was gone.

PETER went slowly back along the deck, and came to the two chairs in the shelter of the deckhouse, and sat down in his own chair again—and stared at the other. *Her* chair.

He sat with his chin in his hands, sometimes moving slightly. A star came out—a single star—and hid itself coyly again behind a racing cloud. Rifts began to show through the drifting fog. Time was without measure.

At last he rose and made his way below.

At the foot of the main companionway, a sailor—a quartermaster, probably, making the rounds—stepped aside and touched his cap.

The ship's bell struck once—half-past twelve or half-past four, Peter did not know which.

There was no light in the little alleyway. He fumbled for the knob of his stateroom door.

"Who's there?" demanded Captain Mumm, as if suddenly aroused from sleep.

And Peter answered: "Alec Dunn."

* * * * *

PETER sat suddenly upright in bed. It did not seem to him that he had closed his eyes, and yet he must have slept a little, for the first gray streaks of dawn were filtering in through the cabin porthole.

Captain Josephus Mumm, in the other bed, was already dangling his feet over the side, preparatory to jumping to the floor. Someone was knocking imperatively and repeatedly at the door.

"It's Mr. Garth," a voice called curtly. "Open the door!"

The little skipper swung himself to the floor and opened the door.

Peter, still in bed, stared. The alleyway seemed to be literally packed with men. Besides Mr. Garth, he recognized the yacht's commander, Captain Stone, who, with Mr. Garth, had accompanied the Break o' Dawn's skipper and himself to the cabin here last night. Behind these two were Rand, with set, threatening face, a bald-headed, grimy-faced man in a greasy white uniform, and, flanking the latter, still two more men, obviously of the crew.

THE yacht's commander and Mr. Garth brushed by the little skipper unceremoniously and came into the cabin. Captain Stone held a revolver in his hand.

"Get up, you!" he rasped at Peter. "And get your clothes on!"

The little red-haired skipper projected himself forward.

"Damme!" he exploded. "A bit thick, I call this! What's all the blooming row about?"

"Perhaps you would better get your clothes on as well, Captain Mumm," said Humphrey Garth in a repressed voice.

Peter's eyes, as he rapidly donned his clothes, swept the ring of unfriendly faces around him. What did it all mean? Well, he was dressed now. Why speculate about it? He looked steadily around the circle.

"I'm ready," he said.

The yacht's commander motioned toward the door.

Peter stepped out of the cabin, and found himself under the close escort of the two sailors. Humphrey Garth and Captain Stone led the way. Behind were the others.

They turned out of the alleyway, went along aft, descended the companionway leading to the deck below—and, halfway along the main alleyway on this deck, halted before a closed door.

The yacht's commander waved the two sailors to stand aside, moved a little to one side himself, as did Mr. Garth, and threw the door open.

For an instant Peter stood like a man stunned; and then, as the horror of what confronted him drove in upon his senses, he drew back a little.

No one else moved. No one spoke.

In front of a low writing-table that was blotched with huge crimson stains, lay the body of J. George Jaffray, Mr. Garth's secretary. The man's face was half hidden by an outflung arm, but the neck and the throat were bare—and *red*.

Jaffray's death is attended by strange circumstances that give an amazing twist to next week's installment. Don't miss it.

Plop! Down fell a long snake.

GREG *to the* Rescue

More Exploits of the Adventurous Three

Greg dived toward the snake.

A Story *for* Children

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

ALL day the rain had been coming down upon the Witch's House. It rained and it rained and it rained! The locust trees leaned forward in the wind, and the willows turned the under side of their leaves outward.

Nutmeg, Greg's Fairy Godmother, had gone home. I sat alone in my little Separate House, knitting and watching the rain. Voices from the Witch's House were carried to me by the wind. The children were playing there with Dodo.

A soft, faint, bumpy noise came from above me, up in the peaked roof of the Separate House. I looked up and around, but there was nothing to be seen.

Suddenly Greg set up a mighty shouting. His voice sounded loud and clear. He must be outdoors.

"Let me in!" he cried.

He *was* outdoors. I could hear him pounding the front door with his fists.

Dodo's voice came muffled from inside. She was a terrible tease. She was too much of a child herself to be quite a success as a nurse. But the children liked her.

"We won't let you in!" she called. "You went out yo'se'f, an' now you'll have to get in yo'se'f."

Greg ran around the house. I could hear his voice now at the side door, now at the back. Why didn't Carlotta hear him and let him in? Now he was at the front again.

I started to gather up my knitting and go, when—plop! right down from the roof, almost into my lap, fell a long snake. It lay, half stunned, on the floor, not a yard from my feet.

But my feet weren't there any longer. They were in the air. I crouched on the chair and stared at the snake. The snake looked back at me dully.

"Tony! Dodo!" I screamed.

They were making so much noise down in the house that I knew I could never make them hear me. Greg was the only one within hearing.

"Greg! *Greg!* Gregory!" I called.

It was an absurd thing, I knew, for me to call for that baby to come and save me. But what was I to do? I couldn't sit here with the snake for the rest of my life. And the snake was between me and the door. If Greg couldn't save me himself, he could get Tony and Carlotta. But Carlotta was as much afraid of snakes as I.

Still the noise in the house went on, and still Greg ran around outside, beating on the doors.

"Greg! *Gregory!*" I called frantically.

Greg's pounding stopped. The snake stirred on the floor and wriggled an inch or two.

"*Greg!*" I shrieked.

Greg's little pointed face, pale with anxiety, peered round the big sliding door.

"What's ze matter, Muzzer?" he panted.

Then he saw the snake. His eyes brightened and his whole face lighted up with joy.

"Oh!" he said. "It's only a milk snake. Zey don't hurt us!"

HE made a dive toward the snake. The snake wiggled away from the door. Greg went after it, talking happily.

"Zis will make up for my gween gwass snake!" I heard. Then I slipped behind him through the door, and ran like a coward for the house.

When I had gasped out what had happened, Tony ran up to my Separate House. Emmy and Nicky and Dodo were close on his heels.

But they didn't have to rescue Greg. He came out to meet them, holding the long, limp snake by the tail. And a prouder child you never saw. They all came back to the Witch's House in triumph, Greg looking happier than anyone had ever seen him before.

Emmy threw her arms around me.

"Poor little Mumsy!" she murmured condescendingly. "Were you so frightened?"

"Poor little Mumsy," Emmy murmured. "Were you so frightened?"

"Well," I almost snapped, "wouldn't *you* be if a great snake fell nearly *on* you?"

"Yes," she agreed, considering. "But I wouldn't be frightened almost to *death*."

I thought it was time to change the subject.

"It's a good thing, isn't it," I asked, "that I have children who can look after me?"

"It's a good thing," said Nick solemnly, "that you have children that are snake-keepers."

But, no matter how kind they were, I knew I could never again be the Protector of the Family.

In next week's LIBERTY we'll tell you of the stagger that Greg found, and what it turned out to be.

Soft-Hearted GENE

Some Puzzling Complexes of the World's Champion

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

IMAGINE John L. Sullivan, his jowls swelling, his mouth drawn sideways into a contemptuous sneer; the bearlike Jeffries, with his stolid face frowning with dumb astonishment; the killer Dempsey, with eyes narrowed into his Indian glare of hate—standing by and watching Gene Tunney, world's heavyweight champion, with tears in his eyes because he had killed a deer, vowing never again to shoot one.

The champion that nobody "champs" furnishes a new puzzle of the prize ring. He is a boy raised in lower New York, educated among tough street gangs, a daring fighter with the marines in France, and heavyweight champion of the world. He battered the killer Dempsey to helplessness, and yet is too tenderhearted to kill deer. Tears start in his eyes when he recalls the only one he ever shot.

The boys who glory in gore—from the ringside—and who believe the proper after-dinner speech is, "Git the hell outa here; I can lick any blankety blank in de woild," cannot understand a champion who is interested in the welfare of small boys, who reads Keats, and who hates to hurt any dumb animal—even a dumb opponent after he is helpless.

Never having read the poet who wrote,

> The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring,

they do not understand. They cannot understand how anyone who does not demonstrate the "killer instinct" can be a great fighter.

"Him a champ? Say, dat high-hattin' stiff ain't no fighter! He don't like it."

That is the verdict of a large part of what is called the sporting world. I wanted Tunney's ideas on the matter, and I went to see him.

"Hello, Gene," I greeted him.

"Hello, Hughie," he responded, with that boyish smile. "Tell me something: You always say, 'Hello, Gene.' How did you greet Dempsey and Jeffries and Corbett and those fellows?"

I thought for an instant. "Why—I always said, 'Hello, Champ.'"

"Funny, isn't it?" he said, smiling thoughtfully. "I've been the title-holder for six months, and only three persons among all the thousands I've met have said, 'Hello, Champ.'"

"Always 'Hello, Gene'?" I asked. "I'd rather prefer that."

"I do," he admitted frankly. "It is more friendly, more personal. But why is it?"

"I give it up. Now I'll ask you one: Do you like hunting?"

I had heard a tale—and wanted the inside story. A look of pain, of uneasy remembrance, came over the big, graceful fellow's face.

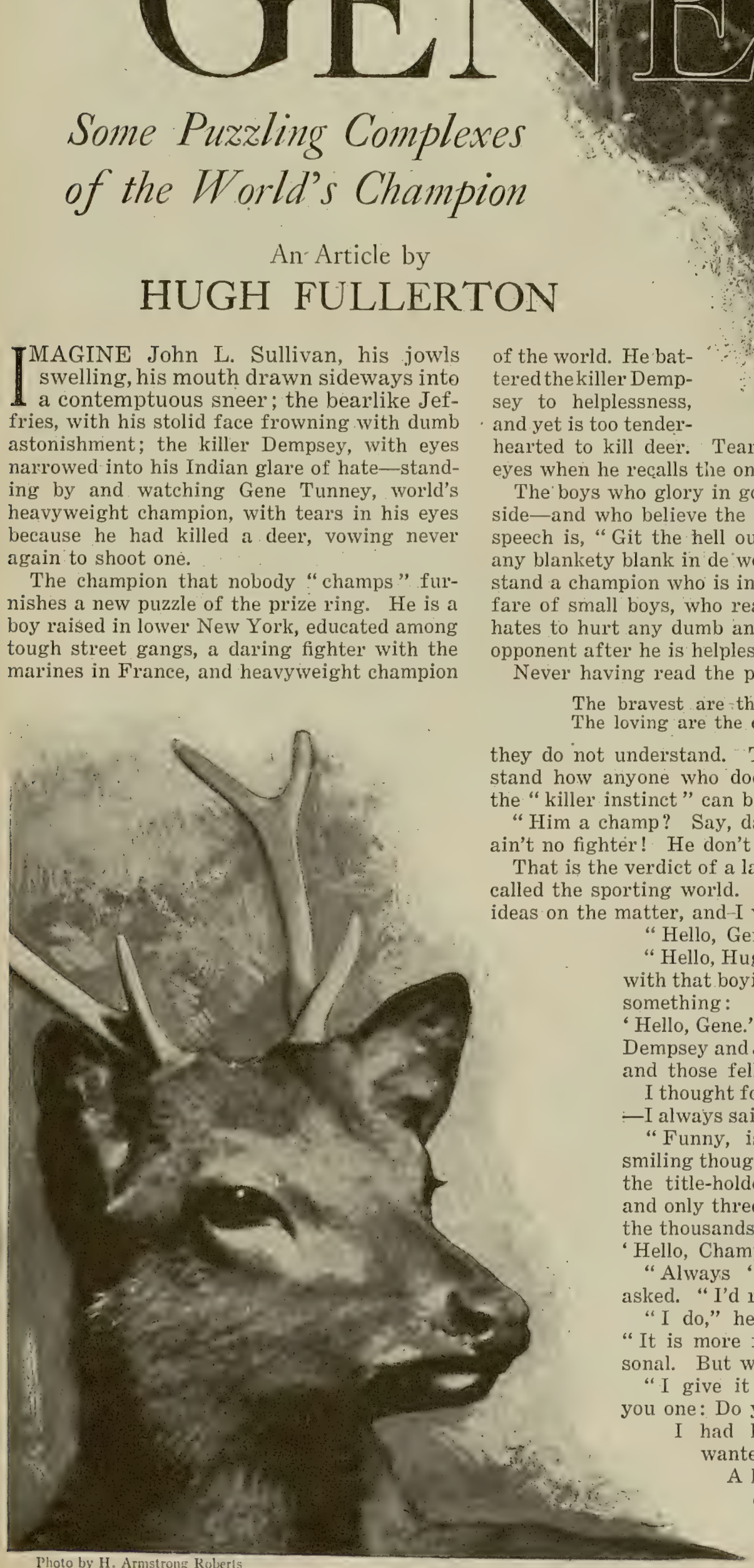

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

"It turned and looked at me with those big, hurt, innocent eyes."

"Well, I like the outdoors. I like to hunt duck and quail. But I'm off deer-hunting.

"You see, I killed a deer once. We were up near Moosehead Lake in Maine—a grand, wild country—and we were going along a road in an automobile. I had become a fair shot in the marines, and was hoping for a crack at a deer, having heard about the joy of hunting them.

"We caught sight of several, and finally the man with me stopped the car and pointed ahead. There was a deer in the road—a fairly long shot, but not a hard one.

"'Aim low,' he said quietly. So I shot, and the bullet ripped through the abdomen of the deer, tearing it open. It plunged down into a ditch by the roadside, struggled out with its intestines dragging, and plunged into the woods. We followed, trailing it by its blood until finally it fell—and I rushed up to finish it. It turned and looked at me with those big, hurt, innocent eyes, as if saying: 'Why did you do this thing to me?'

"I was sick—sick at heart and physically sick—and I shot and finished it. One of the fellows came rushing up, all excited, and began to praise me for the good shot—he seemed to think it was something to be proud of. I was so shaken I couldn't even speak as I looked at the poor little thing whose life I had taken.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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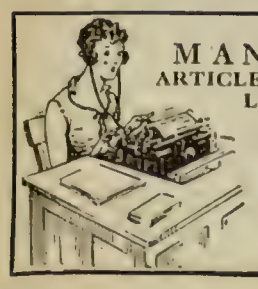

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

I was choking—and remembering the look in those eyes.

"After thinking it over a few days, I vowed never to kill another helpless thing. I cannot see sport in that. I'd rather kill a dog than kill a deer, much as I love dogs. The idea that it is sport for a strong, intelligent man, with every advantage, armed with a high-powered rifle that will kill at a mile, to shoot a gentle, timid animal that hasn't a chance to defend itself, doesn't appeal to me. A deer is the most helpless and the gentlest animal in the woods. Well, I wouldn't kill another if I were starving—I couldn't."

Honestly, the rather handsome, expressive face—the same face that was a mask as he battered Dempsey around the ring at Philadelphia—was drawn with lines of pain as he talked.

"Yet you fought with the marines," I said.

"That's the point," he argued. "I never killed anyone with whom I was personally acquainted. It was war—impersonal, terrible—and they were trying to kill us. I didn't meet anyone who took any pleasure in killing, even then."

"But in the ring," I protested, "you can knock an opponent kicking without compunction."

"I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't derive any pleasure from knocking out a helpless opponent who had fought fair. There is a lot of joy in a contest with a fellow your own size and in a give-and-take battle—he trying to get you, you trying to get him. There is nothing brutal about that.

"BUT to have all the advantage, and kill something that is helpless and defenseless, is another matter entirely.

"I love hunting duck and quail. They have a sporting chance, matching their speed against yours. But deer! Never again."

"As a kid didn't you kill cats?"

"Never. I don't remember even killing a mouse.

"It seems to be a tradition that because a fellow is a boxer he ought to have what they call a 'killer instinct.' I think a good deal of that killer-instinct stuff among the fighters has been pose—pretense with some idea that it might scare an opponent. It has been my experience that a fellow can hit you just as hard on the chin when he is smiling as when he is scowling, and that the killer instinct cools down a good deal when it meets its match.

"SOMEHOW, I draw a line between a good, even contest and bullyism, and I believe most sport lovers do. Come to think of it, how many of the big figures of fiction showed any of that killer instinct? I never heard of *D'Artagnan* busting a sparring partner on the jaw and knocking him out for the love of it; or of *Robin Hood* pulling any unsportsmanlike stuff.

"In other words, I don't see why it is necessary for a boxer, even a champion, to go around beating up smaller men, or killing defenseless animals. To me, those are signs of weakness rather than strength."

"Didn't you really get a thrill out of battering Jack Dempsey?" I insisted.

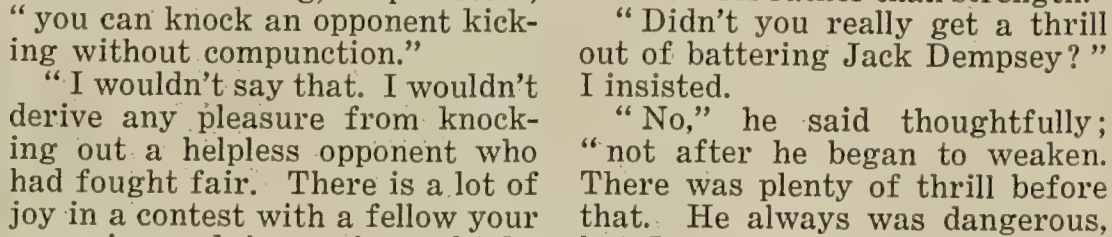
"No," he said thoughtfully; "not after he began to weaken. There was plenty of thrill before that. He always was dangerous, but I wouldn't have had any joy out of knocking him out late in the fight, allowing I could have done it. He was beaten, and there would not have been any pleasure in hurting him worse."

"I didn't notice any of that appealing look the deer gave you in Jack's eyes," I remarked.

"No," Gene laughed. "And he still had that wallop left if I got careless!"

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know



The Daffodils

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[William Wordsworth (1770-1850), one of the English Lake Poets, was the contemporary of Scott and Byron and the friend of Coleridge. His first poems were published in 1793. From 1843 until his death he was poet laureate. Much of his poetry shows a deep feeling for and understanding of nature.]

I wandered, lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

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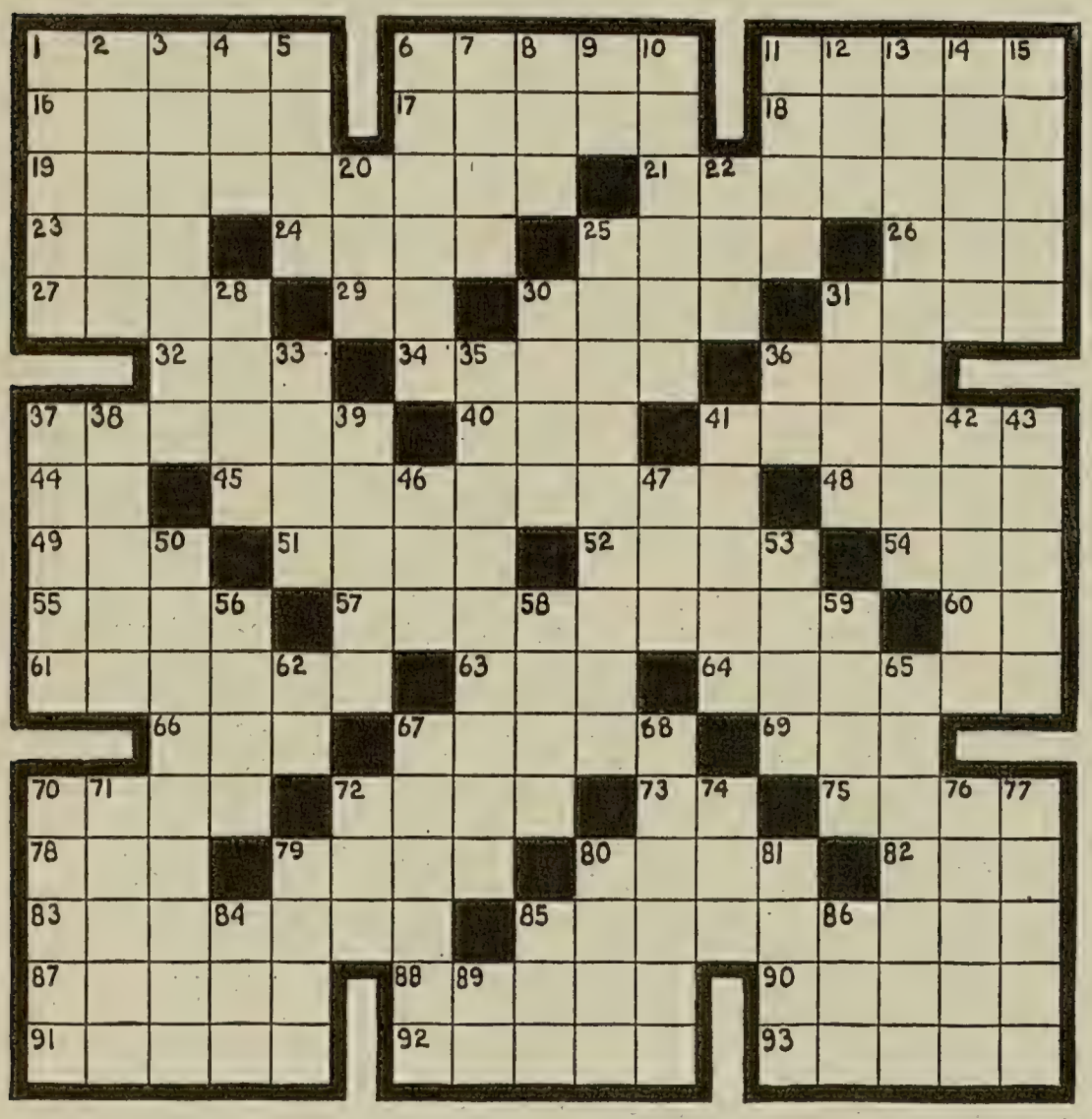

Prize Puzzle No. 45

By ANNE SANDERS, Newark, New Jersey

HORIZONTAL

1 Pulverized lava
6 Pertaining to a pole
11 A tree
16 Slatelike rock
17 A size of type
18 Section of an amphitheater
19 In a like manner
21 Pompous procession
23 To equip with weapons
24 Blaze
25 A container
26 Fitting
27 Well deserved reward
29 A pronoun
30 The thing here present
31 Retained
32 To move over with friction
34 The son of Jahath (I. Chron. iv.)
36 Mortals
37 A mounted trooper
40 A morass
41 One affectedly precise as to diction
44 One indefinitely
45 Custodian of funds
48 Upon
49 A nervous twitching
51 To amend and revise
52 District nearly corresponding to ancient Babylonia
54 An opening made by parting
55 A school town in England
57 Estranged
60 To partake of reality
61 To abide
63 A brood of pheasants
64 To pass away, as time
66 Middle
67 Bamboolike grasses
69 Pastry
70 To line an inner roof
72 Dispatch
73 In the direction of
75 A small thin cake
78 A worthless leaving
79 Orient
80 A shaded walk
82 District including mineral springs
83 A round disk or shield
85 Eternal death
87 A sacred lyric or song
88 Angry
90 Brief
91 Vends
92 Provides with an inner covering
93 Probes

VERTICAL

1 A province in India
2 English district corresponding to a county
3 Beats with heavy blows
4 One of the Prophets
5 Ego
6 A jackstay
7 An amorous look
8 A song
9 By
10 Recompensed
11 A place of confinement
12 Sooner than
13 Impairing in force or activity
14 To make void
15 Classified
20 Point
22 Equine quadruped
25 Mortified
28 Fine particles of earth
30 A pronoun; second person
31 One of distinguished valor
33 Nude
35 Abstemious
36 Letter of the Greek alphabet
37 Detester
38 To join
39 A kind of fortification
41 To prattle
42 Punctures
43 A pith helmet
46 To be indisposed
47 An age
50 Commitment
53 Seaweed
56 A fastening device
58 Gazed fixedly
59 A platform
62 Small fish of the carp kind
65 Allowance for past services
67 Renavigate
68 Looks searchingly
70 A military division
71 Irregular as if eaten away
72 Salt
74 Long-lived
76 Toward the larboard side
77 Breathes in short gasps
79 Trees
80 To apportion
81 A register
84 A measure of length
85 Cooking utensil
86 Definite article
89 Japanese measure of length

Answer to Puzzle No. 44

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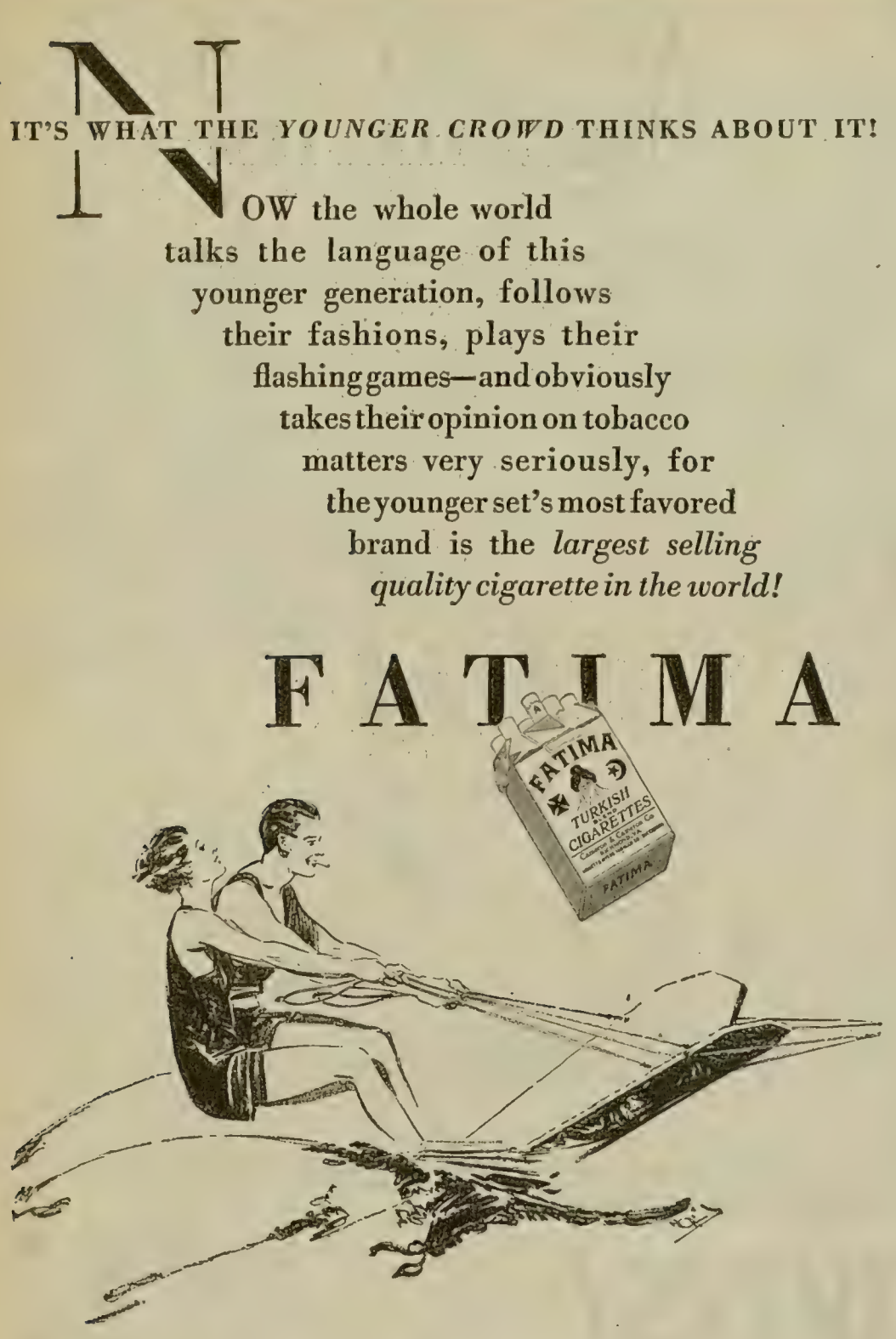

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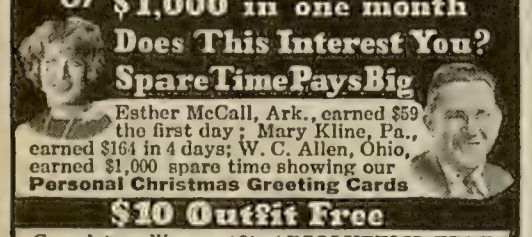

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SHIP AHOY!

Lil and Sandy Are Outward Bound on the Great Lakes

A Nautical Chapter in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Serial

For the Love o' Lil

By Leslie Thrasher

"WHICH Great Lake is it?" Lil asked Sandy as their taxi stopped at the pier. And the driver winked at a porter—meaning "Honeymooners!"

Sandy didn't answer. He was suddenly surrounded by excursionists and a rather pronounced onion-and-fish odor.

Inspired by gay European travel-pasters just glimpsed on a trunk, Sandy's bride walked with the manner of a Riviera-bound metropolitan prima donna waving off reporters.

There was a gentle rise and fall of the deck, and Sandy slipped a peppermint into his mouth.

The boat's nautical player piano was rendering five cents' worth of In a Little Spanish Town. Sandy tipped a steward fifty cents (having no smaller change) and found himself in a deck chair next to Lil. They were in a secluded spot between a white funnel and a lifeboat.

"It's nearly noon and you haven't kissed me since breakfast," he told her, holding her hand.

"O-O-O-o-o-o!" bellowed the funnel. They both jumped.

"I'll get a steward to move the chairs," Sandy said, trembling like a leaf.

"I'll do it," Lil told him. "I want to buy some post cards and I'll be right back." She threw him a kiss as she went away.

Sandy had slept very little on the train the previous night, and now he closed his eyes to shut out the motion of the rail against the receding pier. Somebody treated his helpless ears to a five-cent selection of The Desert Song on the player piano, the rise and fall of the deck seeming to keep time to this waltz tune.

A boy passed by, selling halves of lemons.

"O-O-O-o-o-o!" from the funnel.

A group of picnickers now picked this secluded deck space—parking out on coats and papers. A portable talking-machine added to the general din of popping bottles and a loud rapid-fire conversation in a guttural foreign tongue.

Sandy's head was aching badly, and he rose dizzily to drag the two chairs around to the other side of the funnel.

The largest body of water he'd known to date was the mill pond in his own home town—and it took a typhoon to coax a three-inch wave upon its placid surface. Now he was outward bound on one of the Great Lakes (he couldn't remember which one).

"Hello!" It was Lil's voice, and he forgot his headache.

"Let's take a promenade?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, trying to fool, "or some other fellow will!"

"I couldn't find a steward," Lil told him as they walked slowly along the deck, "but I wrote a lot of post cards—and look what I bought you!"

Sandy looked. A menu card, listing its two-dollar table d'hote assortment of rich food!

"O-O-O-o-o-o!" from the funnel.

"I'm going to have Lobster à la Erie," he heard Lil say in a far-off voice.

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Just Rebuke

Two-year-old Theresa had been given a two-week-old pup, much to her delight and to the exasperation of her mother. One morning, after the mother had stumbled over the pup three or four times, she picked him up and put him in the front yard. The pup crawled up the steps of the porch and began scratching on the door and whining pitifully. Finally Theresa could stand it no longer, and said:

"Mother, please let him in; he's nothing but a baby."—Mrs. P. H., 308 N. Middle Street, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

'At a Boy!

Joe was having his first lesson in ice-skating. At the end of an hour he struggled from one side of the pond to the other, to report proudly:

"Daddy, that time I got across in three downs!"—Mrs. B. D. Edwards, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

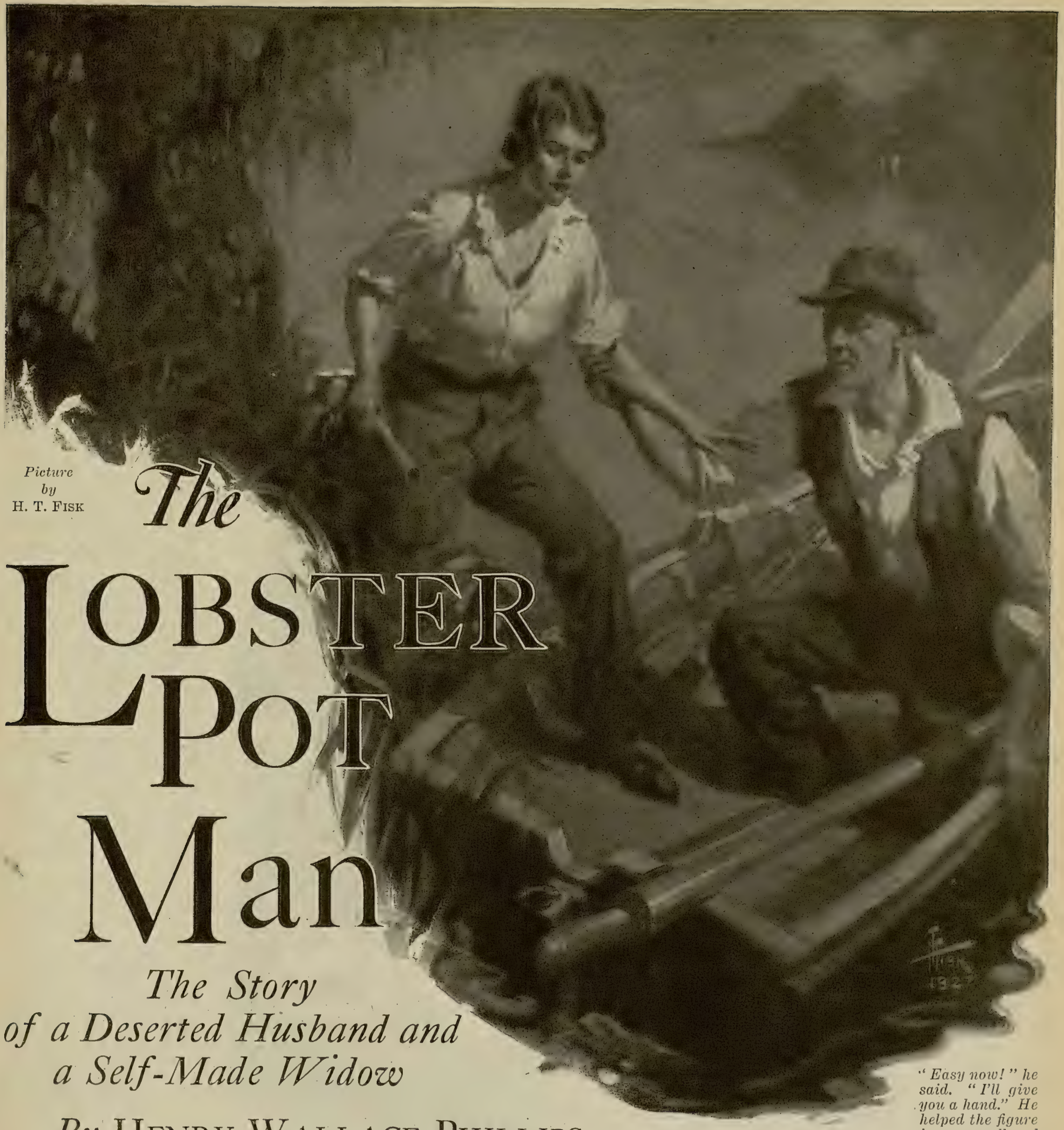
* * *

Hear! Hear!

Auntie asked my four-year-old nephew:

"Well, John, how do you like your new baby brother?"

"Asleep," he answered.—Mary Shroad, 439 Broadway, Newport, R. I.



Picture by H. T. Fisk

The Lobster Pot Man

The Story of a Deserted Husband and a Self-Made Widow

By Henry Wallace Phillips

"Easy now!" he said. "I'll give you a hand." He helped the figure in—so small and slight—a boy?

THE big man moved as if swimming through the gray grass. Careful foot felt its way over the treacherous salt meadow. You could easily go into a mud hole up to your neck. Finally he felt a sort of path that yielded muddily to his step.

He reached the house. "No light?" he said. "Funny! Must be near eight o'clock."

He entered the house and struck a match. There was an empty feel. He strode to the table, lit the lamp, and traveled the creaky stairs. No one.

The pincushion on the bureau held a note:

I'm sick and tired of this dam swamp. Never seeing anything day in and day out. So I emptied the teapot and left—Good-by.

He put the note down, took a roll of bills from his pocket, looked at them.

"If you'd waited overnight, you'd had five hundred more," he said. "But you'll never get it—running out on me like that!"

There was little expression on his heavy face. It was over; that was all. Little amusement he had from watching lobster pots. He, too, would have liked to mingle a little with his fellows. He couldn't remember that his wife was such a good companion—always jawing and kicking into his silence.

No, not *much* good; but *all*. The only creature he knew; the only purpose he had in life. Blank and trivial as that purpose was, it was the thread that held his head above the water. And the thread was broken.

He tramped down the stairs again; made as if to blow out the lamp. "Naw!" he said. "I'll let her burn as long as she will—looks a little cheerful."

Then down the squashy path and into the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-NINE]

punt. A clump of willows above him dripped white blood—ghost's blood. The place was full of ghosts. But he was not afraid of them. "I'll know what they're like before long," he thought.

He intended to row out to the big water, then swim as long as muscles held, and then—good night.

It was all very simple. Any man had a right to leave a place he didn't like.

He rowed quietly—there was no hurry, and the creek turned and twisted quite a bit. Well he knew the creek, but in this murk he had to use care not to run ashore.

At the next clump of willows he thought he heard a something between oar beats. Then a sudden wind ripped and tore the fog away in places, swirling off in spectral shapes. Not moonlight, but the light of the moon, shone through, ghastly.

Then a thin voice, dry, cracking, called, "Halt!"

He turned slowly. There stood a figure, a shining tube in its hand.

"Pull in here or I shoot," commanded the voice.

Calmly he looked at the apparition, resting on his oars. Why not that way—quick and no struggle?

"Shoot," he said.

A moment of silence. Then the voice again, in its dry agony:

"I *can't* shoot! It's nothing but a dipper handle. But won't you pull in? For Gawd's sake, give me a hand!"

FOR the first time in days, he laughed a little. That sure struck him funny. But, as he was essentially a kindly man, he said, "All right!" and sent the punt to shore.

"Easy now!" he said. "I'll give you a hand." He helped the figure in—so small and slight—a boy?

"Where you going now?" pleaded the voice.

"Say, tell me what it's all about," he asked.

"All right—but we gotter hurry. I'm a lifer from the pen. They let me out to work outside and I made my getaway in this fog. But they'll be chasing me close. Won't you hurry?"

"What did you do?"

"Killed my husband—shot him."

"What for?"

"He run away with another woman and took every damn cent I had. So I croaked him. Won't you hurry? If you knew what I got in that hell-hole!"

"All my life it's been the same old thing," the man thought. "Whenever I start to do something, I gotter turn around and go plumb back to where I started."

The lamp, still burning, cast a yellow cloud around the landing place. He noted something.

Easily he leaned forward and said to the woman:

"They're here. Up on the bank."

He saw the form shrink still thinner.

"You sit still," he whispered, "and follow my play. You stay in the boat. I'll go ashore."

He walked up to the two men.

"Hello!"

"Hello!" they answered. "You seen anything of a woman out on the meadow?"

"Woman? Naw, I ain't seen any woman."

The quivering figure in the boat listened—balanced on a razor edge. They were not fifteen feet away from her.

The man turned.

"Hattie," he said, "you seen anything of a woman around here?"

SHE called on the limits of her soul for a steady voice. These men did not know her. She could pull through.

"Naw," she said, "I ain't seen no woman. How could you see a woman in this thickness?"

"That's right," said the men.

"We're only monkeying around to keep the record. Talk about your dirty jobs!"

"Yeh," the lobster-pot man said to them; "mind your eye you don't land in a mud hole."

"You've said it," they answered. "S'long—good night, lady!"

"Good night," she called. "Wish you luck in getting back."

The two men left.

The lobster man and the convict entered the house. He placed a tin basin, soap, and a towel before her.

"Better wash up," he said.

He was a very clean man, and she was a very dirty woman.

"Now go upstairs to the bureau and comb your hair," he told her. "Look in the closet. Mebbe she left an old dress and a pair of shoes. Your feet is soaked."

She went upstairs, lighted the candle, and carefully combed her hair. In the closet there was an old gingham dress, an apron, and a pair of worn but dry shoes. In the bureau drawer she found two pairs of much-darned stockings. She did the best she could—poor thing!—to look a little less undesirable. Life hung on it, she thought.

She came downstairs, breathing difficult breaths. "How do I look?" She asked with a pitiable attempt at coquetry.

He gazed at her and nodded his great head. "Very nice. Yes—very nice. What's your name?"

"Fine name I got! My name is Hope."

"Why, that's a darn good name. I need a little hope, just now." That made the second time he had smiled in one day. His own little joke pleased him.

"Now, listen," he said. "You're safe as a bug in a rug. We ain't got but two neighbors, and they're a mile away. And they're like me. Don't tell nobody nothin', on general principles. My wife's gone and you come here. Nobody'll know the difference. We might hit it off all right together. What d' you say?"

She crumpled down on his knees.

"Well," he said, "I guess you seen a mort of trouble. Best now you go upstairs and get some rest. Good night."

LATER he took the candle and went to her door. "She's so thin she hardly makes a lump," he thought. "All drug out, poor little critter!"

Downstairs he went. To the window. There were now splashes of brilliant moon.

"Fog's broke," he said. He pulled up his big chair, kicked another in place for his feet.

"I don't know but what things is much better than they was," he mused. For the third time the same day he smiled. "If this one starts bullyragging, I got her stopped. I'll tell her I'll turn her over to the police."

Well pleased, he sat himself on one chair, put his feet on the other, and settled down for the night. He was not at all the kind of man who would intrude on the privacy of a woman.

THE END

The Right Frock in the Right Place

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

IN selecting your vacation clothes, what you omit is as important as what you take. This is true also of the things you choose for your wardrobe as a whole. By what it is free of we shall know it, and one of the most important rules is to keep it clean cut. But you cannot do so if you allow it to be cluttered with things half appropriate and things that are your second choice out of collections.

Once, when three of us were going to Deauville, two of the party kept saying, "Oh, I wonder if I might need this!" The other would remark, "If the weather should be warmer than it usually is, this would be smart."

The result was, they had far too much baggage to make an appropriate first entrance into the grand hotel; and although they wore something like two of the outfits they had with them, you always somehow had the sense of those unused things, chosen from their belongings in a spirit of not being sure of themselves or of the new surroundings. You had a feeling that they had come out into a smart setting that happened to be different from their provincial neighborhood back home—even although that provincial neighborhood did happen to be Paris itself.

You look provincial, you know, in any society if you don't take it easily, even if Paris itself is the city you have just left. Even if it is New York you leave inappropriately equipped for the spot you are going to, you will look countrified in that place, although it is the country and you are citified in your dress.

What, then, is smart for leaving this center of chic and going on a holiday, either week-end or prolonged?

First of all, don't wear your sports clothes on the train. Many do; but this kind of costuming is only for after you have arrived. To travel, get yourself a dove-colored frock, or something in dull blue crepe de Chine, like the accompanying travel model (5814), of which bands of the material and plaits are the only trimming. To be actually in the mode, it should be without a collar and should have a belt at the waistline, as indicated in the sketch.

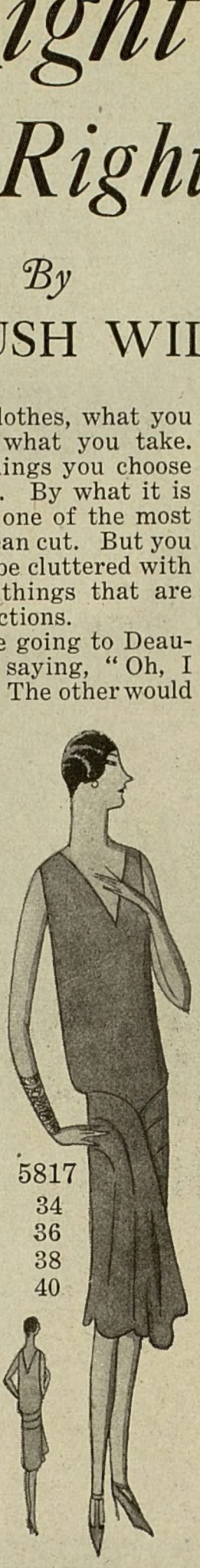
Somebody asked whether the other three dresses were what one girl had in her baggage. They are. She will probably get into that light green sports frock as soon as she arrives. It is good for practically everything except playing sports in.

They have grown so particular about what you wear for actually taking part in games that you will have to have your tennis dress and your golf dress, if you play, just as much as your swimming dress if you are going to swim.

The green dress would be good, however, for the side lines or even the beach, as well as for tea at the country club afterward. Indeed, it would do for the entire week-end. And whereas it must not help out in the business of traveling, the traveling dress may supplement it after they have arrived.

Following the hard business of watching sports all day, if one wishes to return to headquarters and bathe before the afternoon siesta, one may relieve any long monotony of costuming with the pretty fluted dress of chiffon (5816), just arrived from Paris. It is an excellent thing to have in one's wardrobe on general principles, and is good for both town and country.

Chanel so often uses the device of plaiting or fluting printed materials, and it very cleverly gives the effect of elaborateness to something that is simple. When the fluting flares into a ruffle it conveys the impression of being in a different pattern from the part above it, which is held tightly lined in fine plaits. This dress is done in the bolero and tiered effect that makes one of the favorite combinations of features for dress clothes this season.

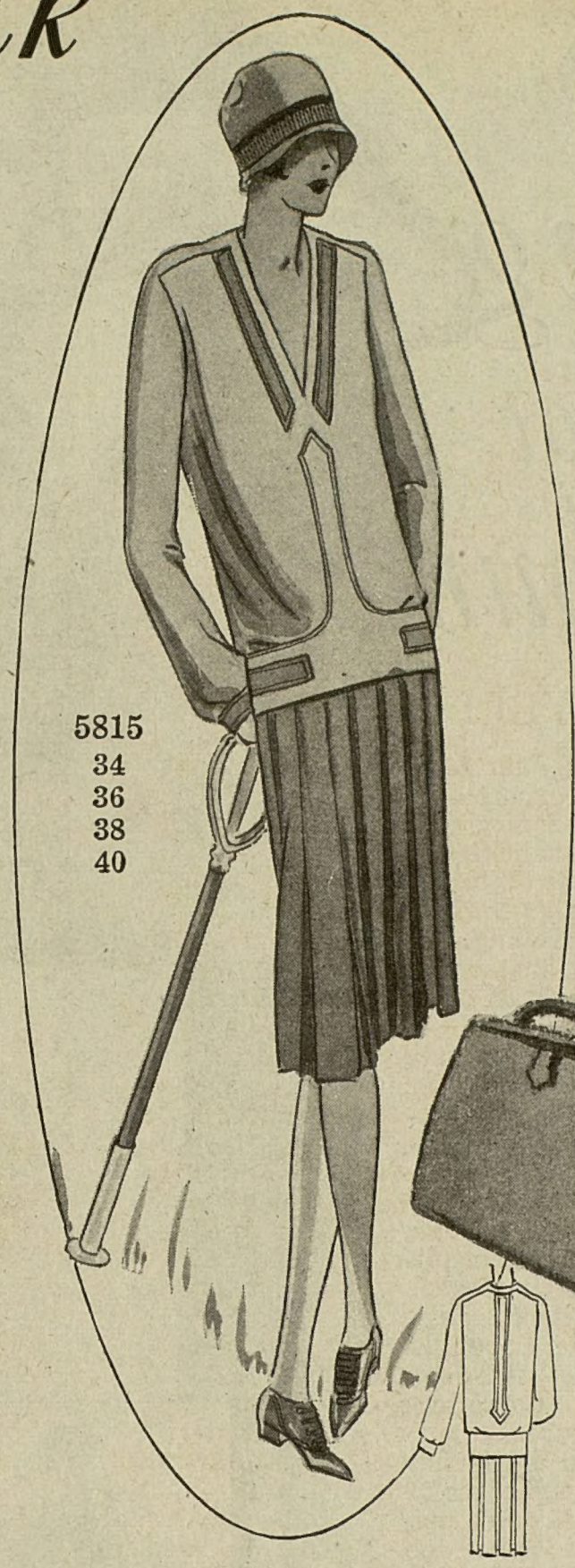


5817
34
36
38
40

This simple evening dress is in pale rose crepe satin.

5816
16
18
20

Finely fluted printed chiffon in yellow, ivory, and orange made this afternoon frock for town or country.



5815
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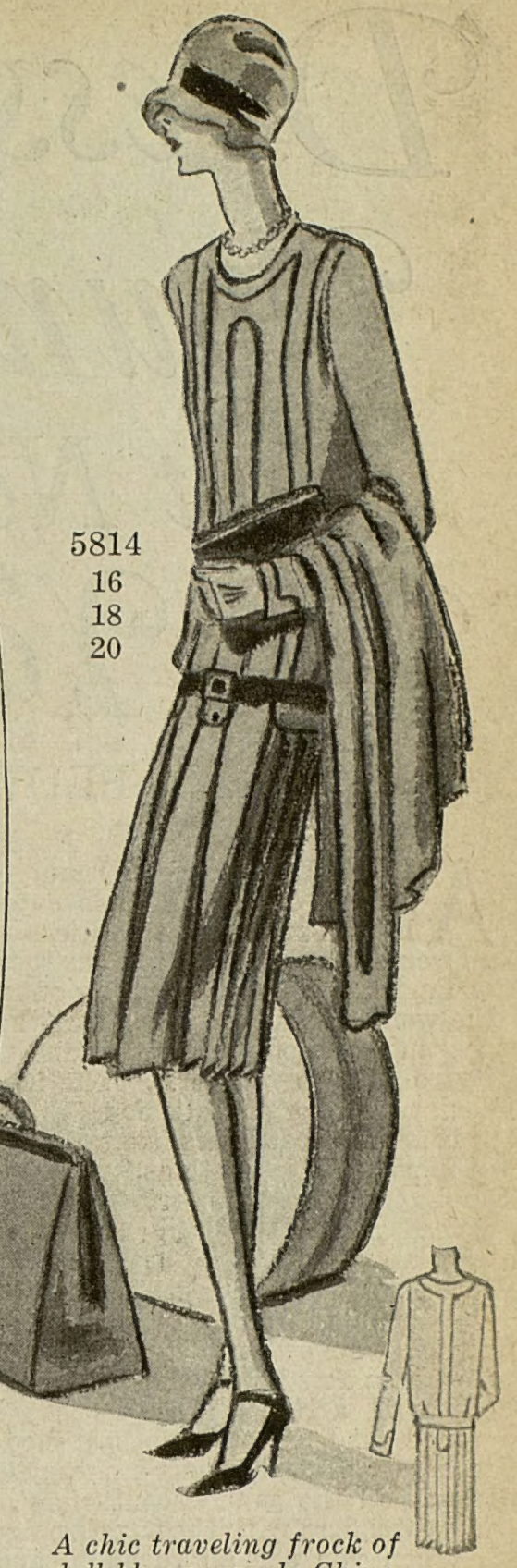
Bands of the dark green skirt material are here applied to the blouse of light green crepe de Chine.



5814
16
18
20

A chic traveling frock of dull blue crepe de Chine, with a plaited skirt.

On the above wardrobe we may make variations and compromises, choosing two of one species of costume and none of another. But one thing is past dispute: we must have an evening dress.

The accompanying model (5817) is excellent in its look of sophisticated simplicity. This is attained by its extremely well managed drapery, keeping a line of clean-cut slimness while observing the new decree for fullness somewhere along the bottom edge.

This dress is especially well adapted for showing your jewels.

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Dress Young But Not Too Young

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, June 19.

A FAMOUS American beauty expert once said to me: "The one commodity that has a sure sale in limitless quantities to all women is—youth. It seems to me that most of Paris is occupied in ladling out this elixir to the women of all nations. But there ought to be some restrictions based on individual capacity to get away with it. The result of overdosing is either pathetic or frightful."

It is true that Paris has tapped the fountain of inexhaustible youth as far as clothes, beauty appliances, and accessories for women are concerned, and is supplying the demand for that priceless commodity at a certain cost to the purchaser. But there is still something lacking.

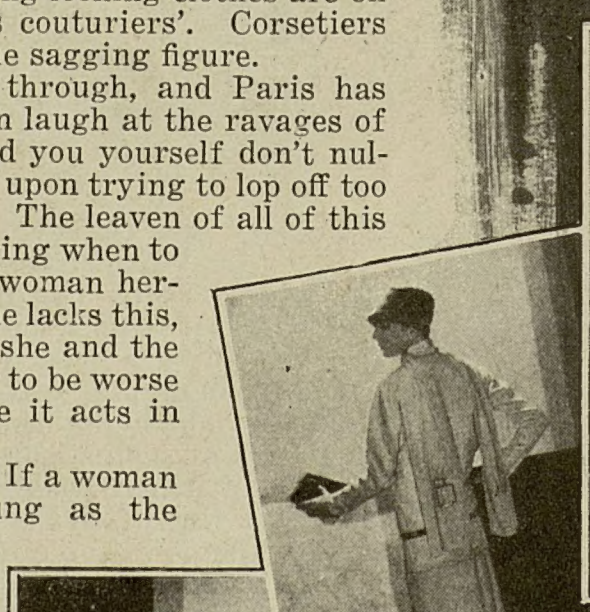
A débutante crop of not-too-auburn hair, girlishly bobbed, may be had for the expenditure of a few hours and dollars with a Paris tonsorial artist. Wrinkles are successfully ironed out here, and youthful bloom is bought in boxes. Smart, young-looking clothes are on tap at all the grands couturiers'. Corsetiers work wonders with the sagging figure.

When you are all through, and Paris has done her best, you can laugh at the ravages of fifteen years, provided you yourself don't nullify it all by insisting upon trying to lop off too much of time's span. The leaven of all of this youth process is knowing when to stop, which only the woman herself can supply. If she lacks this, then all of the effort she and the experts make is going to be worse than wasted; because it acts in the reverse manner.

Paul Poiret says: "If a woman doesn't look as young as the clothes she wears, then she will certainly look older than she is." The contrast between herself and her apparel will call attention to the very thing she wants to hide.

There is so much solid truth in this that any woman who hasn't sure judgment as to just how far she can set the clock of her appearance back toward the morning of youth, shouldn't try it without the help of someone competent to decide for her.

There are certain styles that are charming for all ages of women. One of these is the tailored suit. I mean the present smart suit with a hip-length jacket and a simple straight-line skirt. It is capable of infinite grades of interpretation for every age and size.



Chantal created this gown of black lace over silver.

This Drecoll sports model is of white crocodile - embossed crepe.

A tailleur of blue woolen that has a striped coat.

Bernard, who created the tailleur shown at the left, tells me that this model has been adapted in his salons to women ranging from eighteen to sixty. "In different fabrics, naturally," he added. The material shown, a striped Cambridge-blue-and-beige woolen, with a blue skirt, makes the tailleur for the young woman. But the same cut of jacket, with its double-breasted closing, little pockets, and classic revers, is suitable for any woman.

Another smart outfit that any woman who wants to be youngly dressed, but not silly, may safely choose is the two-piece jumper of the type shown in our model from Drecoll. The minutely plaited skirt is graceful, wide enough to circulate in, and at the same time slender. The waist of crocodile-printed crepe de Chine is straight, but not at all fitted; and the sleeves with the loose upper-arm portion are masterly details for camouflaging a too thin or too heavy upper arm—both age-betraying defects. The scarf of white crepe, with its black-and-white monogram, is long enough to add grace to any figure.

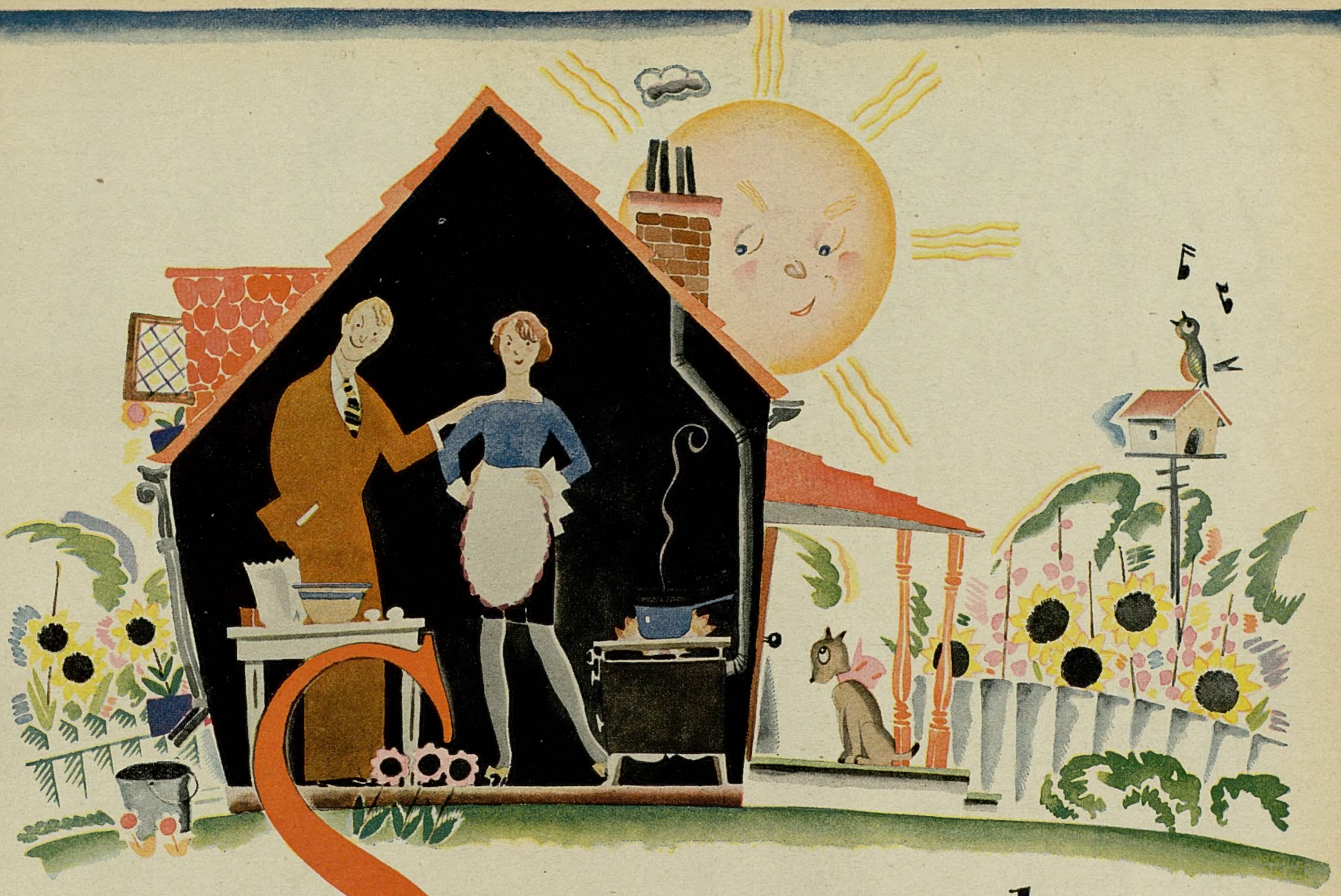
For the young woman this Drecoll frock of black tulle incrusted with silver is ideal.

Our two photographs of evening frocks should be scanned together, because the silver-embroidered net from Drecoll is the dance frock for the young, and the black lace frock is an ideal stepping-out costume for her who can only hope to appear younger.

This lace model, from Chantal, is worn over a silver slip, and the lower skirt is made of many shaded bands of blue tulle. It was designed for the Vicomtesse de Janzé, and is worn with a blue chiffon shawl.

The Drecoll dress, with its circles of silver embroidery, is unreservedly for the supple young figure; for it is cut very straight from neck to hem. The girdle is of black and silver.

A good thing to do, before indulging in any cradle-clothes snatching, is to have a heart-to-heart session with the mirror in broad daylight.



SHE can make it!

'course she can! —*the finest home-made candy* EVER *made*

and
here's how:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Did anything ever taste so good as home-made candy? Nothing but Oh Henry!

And the reason Oh Henry! tastes just like home-made candy, is that it is made on this original home recipe, multiplied thousands of times for the folks who know what's good!—

Oh Henry!

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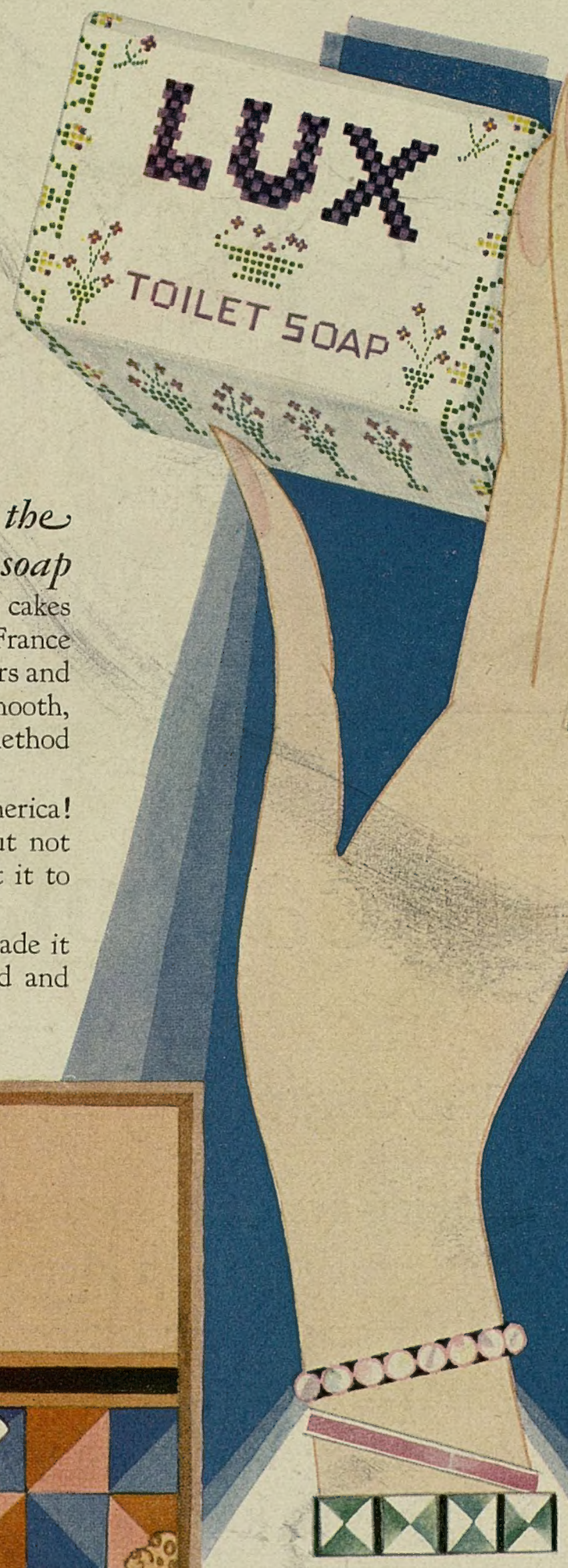

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